

MOTHER AND BABY NUMBER



No. 34



No. 16



No. 40

The Key to Happiness and

a Million and a Quarter Homes



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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

The Nation Is Inexpressibly Shocked and Grieved by the Untimely Death of President Harding

THE shock and grief caused by the sad tidings of President Harding's unexpected demise were world-wide, for in foreign lands he was esteemed a broad-minded and able ruler under whose guidance the United States could be relied on by the troubled nations of Europe and Asia to exert a benign influence for the reconciliation of their differences and the promotion of peace with happier conditions founded on right and contentment in place of strife, envy and mutual distrust. Abroad, where judgment of his character and achievements is not warped by prejudices engendered by American political considerations, his passing is mourned as a world bereavement.

Mr. Harding's death is sincerely mourned by his countrymen regardless of party affiliations because he was universally beloved as a kindly and genial gentleman and respected as an honorable man of sterling integrity, sincere in his beliefs and true to his principles, even by those who differed with and opposed him politically. He was a fair and square fighter, accepting defeat without resentment and winning his victories without arousing animosity; therefore he had no personal enemies.

President Harding died a sacrifice to duty. He has been worn out and his vitality exhausted by the excessive labor that he has performed during the past two and a half years in executing the exalted trust that devolved upon him as head of the nation. Without the slightest warning or premonitory symptom a stroke of apoplexy brought instantaneous death upon him. His attending physicians report that his brain lesion, from which he died, was not caused by the acute attack of indigestion complicated with congestion of one lung, for he was recovering from this illness and apparently beyond the danger point. He was run down by overwork and needed a complete rest before he started on his arduous tour of inspection of government works in Alaska, and due consideration for his health should have prevented him from undertaking it at that time; but he regarded it an immediate duty which he was unwilling to neglect or postpone. It overstrained his depleted strength to the breaking point.

His political followers feel that by the untimely death of Warren G. Harding their party and the nation at large have suffered the loss of a great leader at a critical period when his services are most needed.

The widow of our late President, who accompanied him to Alaska, nursed him in his last sickness and sat at his bedside reading to him when the fatal stroke extinguished his life and her dearest earthly hope, has the heartfelt sympathy of the entire country in her bereavement by the loss of her devoted husband. Herself an invalid, she is bearing her sorrow with Christian faith and fortitude.

What to Expect of the New President

OWING to the commanding position of the great American republic, and because its chief magistrate is vested by the Constitution with greater power than is possessed by any other ruler, Calvin Coolidge has suddenly become the cynosure of world-wide interest and attention; everywhere his record is being scrutinized and his character studied in an effort to learn what manner of man he is, and to form an estimate of what to expect of the new President. So inconspicuous are the functions of the Vice-President that this official is generally regarded as the spare wheel to the Government machine, and little attention is given to the personality or qualifications of the man who holds the office unless he happens to be called to higher service by the death of the President.

Calvin Coolidge was born and reared on the farm, in the hills of Vermont, which his father still owns and tills. It was there that the then Vice-President and his wife were visiting his

father when, at about three o'clock in the morning of August third, he was awakened to receive the message that summoned him to Washington to assume the duties of President as successor to late President Harding, deceased but a few hours before. His father, as notary public, administered the oath of office, and then President Coolidge and his wife hastened to the Capital.

President Coolidge was 51 years old last 4th of July. He graduated from Amherst College in 1895. His home is in Northampton, Mass., where he has practiced law since 1897 until official duties claimed his entire attention. Besides minor offices that he has held, he has been Mayor of Northampton, served in both branches of the Massachusetts legislature, has been President of the State Senate, Lieutenant-Governor and then Governor of Massachusetts. By making good in every position that he held he rose rapidly in public favor and confidence in his home State, but it was the ability and uncompromising firmness displayed by him as Governor in his masterful handling of the Boston police strike that attracted nation-wide attention and resulted in making him Vice-President. Although a convincing speaker when need be, he is noted for being a man of action rather than words and is called the "silent statesman." He has made no political promises and has not announced his policy, preferring to let his deeds speak for him. Judging from his record he will do his duty faithfully, as he sees it, without fear or favor. The North-Eastern States look to President Coolidge for action in September to prevent a repetition of their last winter's sufferings from lack of fuel in case the strike threatened by union miners in the anthracite coal region should not be called off.

Grave Consequences of Negro Exodus from the Cotton Belt

THE northward and westward migration of Southern negroes in the United States began long before the Civil War but, until the abolition of slavery, consisted chiefly of the movement of runaway slaves under the auspices of that secret anti-slavery organization in the North known as the "Underground Railroad," which unlawfully aided their escape either to Canada or to some distant places of refuge in the free States. The slave emigration from Dixie land during that period, though comparatively small, was, as may well be understood, exceedingly exasperating to the South, and the activities of the "Underground Railroad", in flagrant violation and defiance of the act of Congress known as the "Fugitive Slave Law", was a potent factor in bringing about the secession of the Confederate States. After the Civil War negro migration from the South increased considerably but not to a troublesome degree until the abnormal shortage of labor and the high wages consequent to our entering the World War began to attract large numbers of Southern negroes to the industrial centers in the North and West. Until then the ever increasing labor needs of our expanding industries in the Northern States had been supplied by the million or more European immigrants that each year landed on our shores; but the amendment of our immigration law, which during the past two years cut the annual influx of foreigners to one-third the normal number, has largely augmented the demand for negro laborers in the North and West and has correspondingly stimulated negro migration to those sections.

No disparagement of the negroes is intended or implied in the assertion that this shift of colored population presents some grave problems and already has been productive of some troublesome results. Although it has been helpful to the employers of industrial labor it has caused a shortage of farm laborers in the cotton belt, which, if the movement should continue at the present rate, would soon greatly impair, if it did not bring to an end the growing of cotton in this country. This in itself would be a calamity, not

only to the section pal agricultural production large. Much has been said by agriculturists deploring the depopulation of our cities and the proportion to the country, and various means of checking the migration from the farms to the cities. A complaint has appeared that the color of our great majority of rural and employed being attracted in the cities.

Conditions of life favorable as they are for whites, are much more favorable for negroes. A people who for generations have lived in outdoor life and labor evidenced by the vitality of the negro. Eliminating the results in the United States, the ratio of births over deaths made 1910 to 1920 was the same period increased 100 percent. E. V. Wilcox, a student, asserts that, in his research, he found that the number of negro deaths in the Northern and Southern States was 127, but that the ratio of 100 births on the part of the negroes in the South is extinct but for the Southern farms. He also [than on the part of the negroes exceed births in the North. The Urban League reports that pneumonia and tuberculosis among negroes is three times as high as among whites. And with the high wages cities negroes find the children as on the whole the deduction who emigrates to a Northern State is a considerable risk & healthful climatic and conditions best adapted of his race are on the whole where he is most numerous. In the past century foreign-born population in the South because that the negroes are amply supplied with the natural increase of the race.

Some magazine number of newspaper editors, in commenting on the sudden increase of negroes largely to lynching treatment and oppression in the South. But to us, and without foundation, to discuss the internal race problem that has since the Civil War, reason to believe that any better by the North. In support of our view, black and white race since the World War Chicago and in other West. The facts do section of the country another. It seems that negro migration from the industrial centers to the cities. The movement and is caused by wrong remedied, however difficult.

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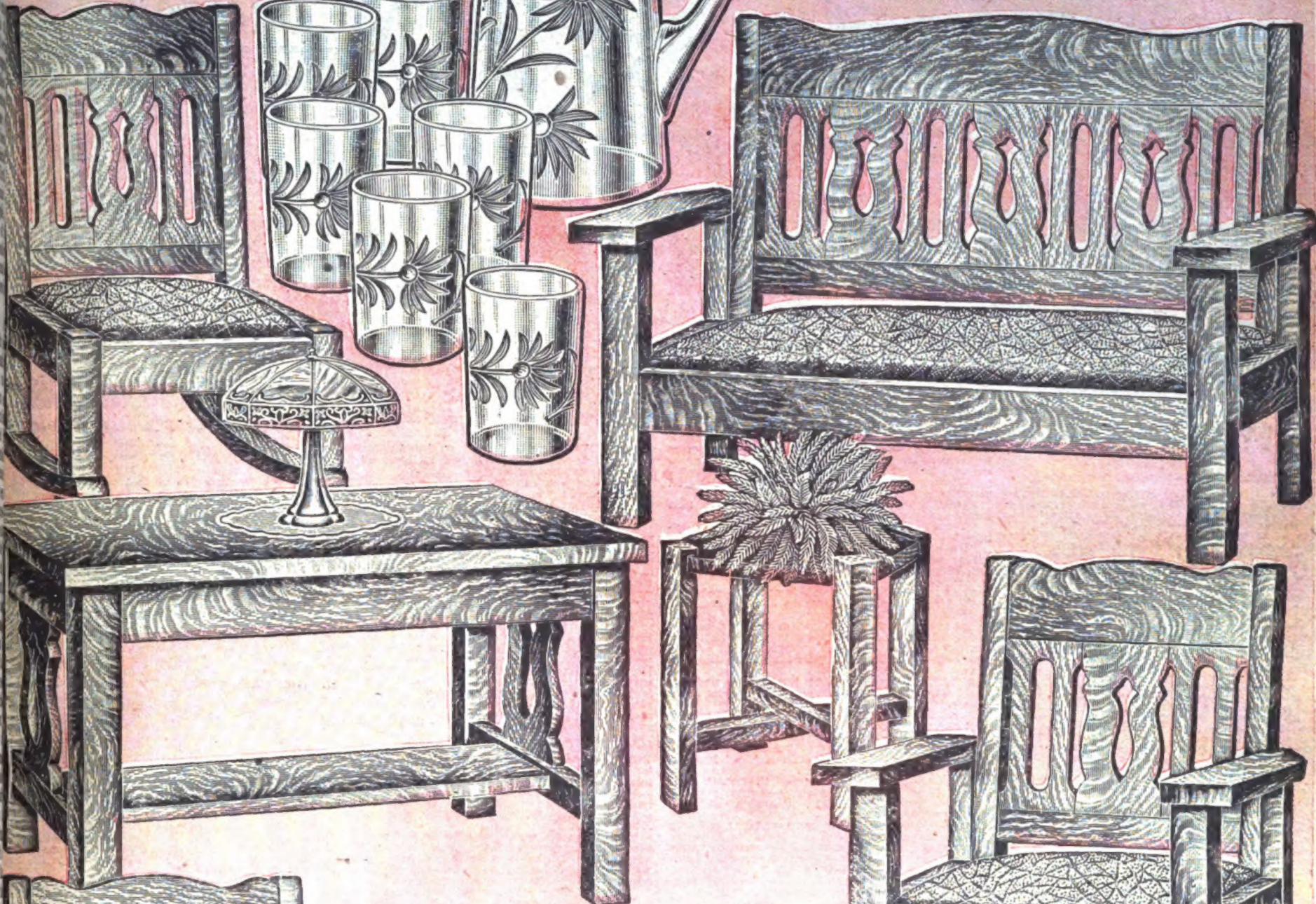
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Brownie's Triumph

by M. Sh.



"Thief!" hissed the woman, under her breath. "How dare you? Where did you come from?"

She was forthwith angrily commanded to go and find Miss Dundas and not return until she did.

"I am deceiving my betrayer."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, attracts the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt who gives her the name Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants and the word "Brownie" upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her betrothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to Count de Lusan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command, Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Dunforth. That night she dies and upon the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the care of her aunt's property admits using and losing money entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all debts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hundred dollars. Refusing help, she secures a situation in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge to be governess to their two younger daughters and a companion and interpreter on a proposed trip to Europe. Mrs. Coolidge and the eldest daughter Isabel admit her personal charms but are jealous of her beauty and many accomplishments. Boarding the steamer, Brownie is saved from an accident by Adrian Dredmond. Wilbur takes her to his mother and sister who realize Wilbur's infatuation for Brownie. Adrian Dredmond overhears their determination to prevent Wilbur's further attention. Going to London they take house near where Miss Mehetabel lived. Wilbur buys tickets for the opera and insists that Miss Douglas shall go too. Selecting her jewels, among which is a coral cross, Mrs. Coolidge finds her so radiant decides it shall not occur again. Adrian Dredmond entering the Coolidge box, is introduced to Brownie and, when leaving, escorts her to the carriage, where she receives insults from Mrs. Coolidge. Isabel, envious of Brownie's elegant dress and jewels, queries to her mother Brownie's honesty. Seeing her go for a walk, Isabel enters Brownie's room and securing her jewels takes them to her mother, who requests that Brownie, upon her return, be sent to her. She asks Brownie if she has anything in her possession not legally hers and accuses her of stealing jewels and clothing. Brownie demands the return of the casket. Mrs. Coolidge refusing, Brownie threatens legal measures for their return. Wilbur intercedes and promises upon his father's return justice shall be done. Knowing she is to leave, Wilbur orders a cab and directs that Brownie be driven to "The Washington." Adrian Dredmond calls, requesting to see Miss Douglas. Asking for her address, Isabel does not know and he leaves distressed and indignant. Wilbur sends it and Adrian going to "The Washington" fails to find her. Mr. Coolidge hires a detective without success. Going to Lady Pease's party, Isabel wears Brownie's jewels. She meets Sir Charles Randal, who conducts her to the conservatory. Passing Lord Dunforth, he detects the ring and demands where she got it, also the other jewels. Claiming they are heirlooms, did Mehetabel Douglas give them to her. They were my last gift to her. Sir Charles appears and Lord Dunforth begs her to forget what has occurred. Two years after, Sir Charles's birth there was a prospect of an addition to the family. Lady Randal was traveling and coming home a year later said it was hard to lose one's children. Mr. Coolidge returning to New York, Lady Randal, who was Helen Capel and a cousin of Lord Dunforth, invites the Coolidges to Villingham Hall, Isabel being engaged to Sir Charles. Isabel walking with him sees Lady Ruxley leaning upon the arm of a young woman. The next day a dinner is given by the Earl of Dunforth and Isabel is presented to his grandson, Adrian Dredmond, who meets her with scorn and recognizes the jewels she wears. Introduced to Lady Ruxley, she predicts dire things through Isabel Coolidge. Adrian saves Brownie from death and determines to make her his wife. Lady Ruxley, reaching home, finds a summons to Villingham Hall. Adrian asks his grandfather's permission for his marriage, which is granted until he learns his future wife was born in America and is in reduced circumstances, and leaving her position as governess under false accusations, withdraws his consent and threatens disinheritance. Lady Ruxley brings a box of papers to Brownie requesting her to find an opera, among which is the note written by Mehetabel Douglas and suppressed by Helen Capel, now Lady Randal. Going for a walk Brownie meets Isabel in the hall and demands her jewels. Isabel refuses to return them. Later, passing Isabel's room, the door being open, Brownie sees the casket, secures it and faces Mrs. Coolidge as she leaves the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ENTRAPPED.

"Thief!" hissed the woman, under her breath. "How dare you? Where did you come from?"

She had not seen Isabel since her encounter with Brownie, therefore did not know until that moment of her proximity.

She had come out of her own room just as Miss Douglas entered Isabel's, and, seeing the door open, glanced in as Brownie had done.

She recognized Miss Douglas in an instant, and comprehended at once her object there.

She glided in noiselessly, hoping to come upon her unawares, and wrest the casket from her without much trouble, but the girl turned just in season to confront her.

Brownie herself grew pale at this unexpected encounter, but, clutching her recovered property firmly in her hands, she held herself proudly at bay.

"You are the thief, madam—you and your daughter," she said, haughtily.

"Liar! Put down that box!"

"I shall not, madam!"

"Then I will ring and have you arrested. I

know not how you happen to be here; I devoutly hoped you would never cross our path again; but fate seems to decree that you turn up as a marplot wherever we go. Will you put that box down, or shall I ring?" and the angry woman grasped the bell-pull vigorously.

Brownie never relaxed a muscle, except that the proud lips curled into a scornful smile.

"You can ring the bell if you choose, Mrs. Coolidge."

"Have you no fear of the consequences?" her enemy asked, eying her wonderingly, and her lips twitching with wrath.

"None!"

"But you will have to face this whole household."

"Gather the whole household here, if you will, and have the facts regarding this property brought to light; also the way in which you became possessed of it. Methinks Sir Charles Randal would not be pleased to know that his betrothed wife entered the room of another and purloined such things as these."

Mrs. Coolidge winced at her words, and she could have trampled her under foot for her scorn and fearlessness.

"You are insolent, Miss Douglas," she breathed, in suppressed, wrathful tones.

"Insolent or not, I only speak plain truth; and I shall not yield up this casket unless personal violence is used to wrest it from me," Brownie answered, with calm dignity.

"You are cool, truly," sneered the woman, exasperated by her manner more than by her words, and as desirous of treating no disturbance as Brownie herself could be.

"Yes, I am cool. This box is mine, I tell you and this much I will say, if you persist in disputing my right to it and its contents, I have only to appeal to a certain nobleman of the realm to substantiate my claim and protect me from your abuse," Brownie said, suddenly resolving to appeal to Lord Dunforth, if Mrs. Coolidge persisted in her abuse.

"A nobleman of the realm! You!"

Intense scorn was breathed in these few words.

"Yes, madam! I have but to tell my story of these jewels to prove that they belong to me, and reveal your wickedness to those whom you do not care to have know it!"

"Pray, why did you not make this appeal in the first place?" queried Mrs. Coolidge, skeptically.

"Because I did not know then if he were living. I have since discovered that he is. Now, as I have no desire to prolong this interview further, I will wish you good-day."

Brownie took a step toward the door, but her enemy, rendered desperate by her undaunted bearing, and the fearful consequences which would result if Isabel should thus suddenly be deprived of wearing the jewels, darted before her, shut the door, locking it, and put the key in her pocket.

"There! We will see who will win in this little game Miss Douglas," she said, between her teeth, while there was a dangerous gleam in her eye. "You do not leave this room," she added, "until you give up that casket. How do you suppose Isabel will account for the disappearance of all her elegant jewels, which have been so much admired?"

"Madam, truth is a virtue which is safe always to cultivate," Brownie answered, with quiet sarcasm.

She utterly baffled her; while she was so cool, so haughty, so beautiful, standing so fearless there, with her jewels closely clasped in her arms, that she became enraged beyond endurance.

"Will you give me that, once for all, I ask you?" Mrs. Coolidge whispered, hoarsely, with livid face and a deadly light in her light blue eyes.

"I will not!" and the beautiful brown eyes met hers fearlessly, defiantly.

Mrs. Coolidge took a few steps forward, as if impelled by some hidden force, hesitated, bent her head a moment in thought, while an evil smile flitted over her hard features.

Then, assuming a more conciliatory tone, she said:

"Really, Miss Douglas, you are so persistent, and so positive, that you almost persuade me into the belief that the jewels are yours, after all."

Brownie made no reply to this concession, but stood quietly regarding her enemy.

"Come into my room and let us talk the matter over quietly," the wily woman added, flashing a cunning look at the young girl from her half-closed eyes.

"I think we can come to a better understanding, and I have a proposition to make to you," Brownie felt somewhat suspicious of this smooth talk, and feared that the sudden change in Mrs. Coolidge's manner was only assumed for some hidden purpose; yet she thought it might be better to temporize with her, and it would, perhaps, save publicity.

She could not leave the room, as things were, without making a disturbance, for the door was locked, the key in the woman's pocket, and she knew of no other means of egress, although there were several arches in the spacious apartment, hung with draperies, which she thought must conceal entrances to some other portion of the house.

"I do not know what better understanding you may wish for," she replied, coldly. "Your daughter took this box from my room, and I have told you repeatedly that it and its contents belong to me, and you know, as well as I, Mrs. Coolidge, that any fudge would decide in my favor should the case be brought into court. But we can talk it over here as well as anywhere."

"Then why did you come sneaking into this room, like a thief, to get them? Why didn't you take the matter into court, and let the judge decide in your favor?" sneered the exasperated woman almost losing her self-control again under Brownie's coolness and her refusal to go with her.

"I did not sneak into the room like a thief madam. I was passing along the corridor, the door was open, and, glancing in, I saw my casket upon

the table, I entered and took it, intending to inform Miss Coolidge of the fact as soon as I had it beyond her reach."

"You say you can prove your claim. Who is this nobleman who knows so much about these jewels?" asked Mrs. Coolidge, with sudden interest.

Brownie thought a moment before answering. She disliked to implicate his lordship in the matter if she could possibly help it; but she saw that Mrs. Coolidge was desperate about the jewels, and perhaps the power of his name might frighten her into letting them go, and the matter would drop there, so she said:

"It is Lord Dunforth!"

"Lord Dunforth!" she exclaimed, with a violent start of surprise.

Then she suddenly remembered, with a thrill that made her feel faint, Isabel's account of her strange interview with his lordship at Lady Pease's, and she began to fear that she was getting beyond her depth in this matter; and yet this very revelation made her more determined than ever to keep the jewels, at least until after Isabel's marriage; for their absence would occasion a great hue and cry, and necessitate such awkward explanations that Sir Charles would mistrust something, wrong, and then all their plans would be ruined, for he had only that day named the wedding day.

Yet, if she resorted to force to keep them, Brownie, on the other hand, would instantly take active measures to recover them, and if she could, she said, prove through Lord Dunforth that they were hers, they would immediately be brought into open disgrace. Whichever way she turned, it looked dark.

There was only one way of escape from this threatening danger, and that was very hazardous, but she had resolved from the first, if worse came to worst, that she would try it, and that was why she appeared so anxious to get her into her rooms.

She stood measuring her strength against Brownie's, while these thoughts passed through her mind, and that same cunning gleam lurked in her eyes as before.

"Lord Dunforth!" she repeated. "Do you know him?"

"No, madam; at least, not well enough to claim his acquaintance and protection, except in case of stern necessity; but he knows all about these jewels, and when I told my story he would know that I spoke the truth."

"How would he know it? When did he ever see those jewels before he saw Isabel wear them?" the woman asked, inquisitively, and burning with a desire to know more about them herself.

"Madam," Brownie answered, haughtily, "I decline answering any more questions. I insist that you let me go quietly; you can then make whatever explanation regarding the absence of these gems you may see fit. But, if you persist in giving me further trouble, I shall immediately make the whole matter public, and doubtless you know what the consequences will be."

Mrs. Coolidge's eyes flashed, and the young girl, catching their gleam at that instant, involuntarily shivered, they looked so evil.

"My dear Miss Douglas," she began, politely, after a moment, "can we not temporize in this matter? You know if Isabel ceases suddenly to wear those jewels it is going to make matters very awkward for her. Could you not be persuaded, for a handsome consideration, to loan them to her until after her marriage, which will be in a little more than a month?"

Brownie's lips curled with scorn at this proposition. The woman who could make it under the existing circumstances seemed so little and small of soul to her.

"No, madam; I think I have loaned them long enough already," was her quiet but scathing reply.

The angry woman's lips twitched nervously, and her hands were clinched with passion that this poor, friendless girl should dare to thwart her so—that she should dare to stand so proudly, defiantly before her, and fling out so coolly her scathing sarcasms. She grew white as the delicate lace at her throat, and her eyes burned with a lurid light which boded mischief.

"Hark," she said, suddenly. "Somebody is coming. It may be Isabel, and we shall have a scene. Come into my room, and I will let you out through there."

She walked swiftly across the room, seemingly much disturbed, although Brownie had caught no sound of any one approaching.

She pushed aside some hangings and revealed a narrow door.

Brownie wondered that such a narrow, peculiar door should connect two elegant rooms, but she reasoned that this must be part of the original castle, and that all these elegant hangings had been put up to conceal the awkward doors.

Before opening it, Mrs. Coolidge shoved a heavy bolt (another circumstance which struck Brownie as singular), and, opening the door, revealed a small, square room or passage, dimly lighted by a dormer window set high in the stone wall.

The place was perfectly bare, and there was a damp, uncanny feeling in the atmosphere, as if it had not been opened before in a long while.

Brownie involuntarily drew back, as she reached the door, and again glanced suspiciously at her companion.

Mrs. Coolidge, who was watching her prey with the intention of a cat watching a mouse, noticed her hesitation, and, with a light laugh, said:

"It isn't a very nice way to take you, Miss Douglas, but it saves going through the corridor, and I would not have Isabel meet you now, with that casket in your hands, for the world. My room is at the end of this passage, and we use it when we want to run back and forth. I do not think it can have been used much of late years, for it is so damp and full of cobwebs; but I discovered it while gratifying

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This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE readers of COMFORT are indebted to a member of the Sisters' Corner, Mrs. Wash Jones of Vilonia, Ark., for quite the best front cover design we have ever had. She furnished the idea, the mothers had already furnished the photographs and the combined result is a cover page of real Comfort babies, with as many more on inside pages. They were obliged to be designated by numbers, and they have such pretty names—but their names, with other information are given elsewhere.—Ed.

VILONIA, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:
A bundle of COMFORTS, as large as a house, comes to Vilonia every month, but I have never seen a letter from here in the Sisters' Corner.

I should like to sit with Mrs. Allie Crowley long enough to get her to change her views in regard to the baby faces on COMFORT's pages.

Let me suggest that we have a whole cover page of them, with a halo of sunshine for a background. How many will agree with me? Mrs. Crowley says she is a "saint of the Lord" and I suppose she expects to go to Heaven when she quits this world of trouble. How many baby faces do you suppose she will see there? I think the majority will be babies, so let's get used to looking at them here on earth, then the change will not be so great.

I am much interested in the poultry page too, for I am a poultry woman.

I love children, flowers and my work.

Now for a pen picture: I have two eyes that try to see all the good in others and judge accordingly; two ears that try to hear the best and sift out the chaff; and my nose is to inhale the fragrance of beautiful flowers.

Love to all, MRS. WASH JONES.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL THE SISTERS:
I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for several years—silent because I always found so many more interesting letters than any I could write. Because it is a subject in which I am vitally interested, and because it is a subject I have never seen discussed in these columns, I wish to ask the opinion of Mrs. Wilkinson and the Sisters, in regard to a man giving to his relatives everything he works for. I have been married one year but during that time, have been very unhappy on this account. My husband works hard; I continued to hold my position after we were married, therefore, I make my own money and am absolutely no expense to my husband, yet he never has any money. I beg him to save for our future, and he promises me he will, but when I look at his bank-book, he never has more than a few dollars. He has several brothers, all of whom are better off than he is, still they come to him for anything they want, and he never refuses. What do you think I should do? I cannot help thinking he is being unjust to me. In several other ways he is just as good as an idiot, but this one thing worries me a great deal.

Won't some of the sisters kindly offer me advice through these columns? I do not want letters direct. I have thought of separating from him, but I love him and feel that I would not be happy away from him. At the same time, I am not happy as long as he does this way.

With love to each and every one of you,

UNHAPPY WIFE.

Unhappy Wife.—Because many wives have had to face the same problem you are facing, they may be able to tell you how to overcome it. Don't leave your husband. There must be a better way than that.—Ed.

LOVE STAR STATE.

HI, FOLKS:
Freckles wants admittance with others. Isn't this a jolly crowd! That is, most of them. Of course some tell old stories but who is going to blame them? I am not, because we all have our "sins" and who doesn't like sympathy and advice, even if we don't take it? If we can't get it at home it is sweet from strangers—if the Comfort Sisters are such. Anyway, all the worried sisters have my heartfelt sympathy. I'm not capable of giving them advice.

I suppose I'm as happy as most married women. I've a good, hard-working John, two boys and a daughter. We haven't our home yet but expect to have it some day.

Descriptions seem to be in order. I'm twenty-three years young, five feet, five inches tall and weigh about 135 pounds. Have brown hair, a lot of freckles and a very choice collection of mixed colored hair. Taken all together it is a reddish-brown. On the whole, I am a lovely little, country-raised, uneducated person.

Mrs. Marsh's travel letters are interesting. So are Nello Fischer's.

I wonder if many of our Northern sisters imagine we've a sort of ideal climate in the South? I'll tell you of our seasons. October and May are usually our most pleasant months. Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb., except for a few days at a time, are usually very cold. March and April are our sand-storm months, and sometimes February too. This year we had a few even in May, June and July. August and September are "hot enough to roast lizards."

We raise mostly cotton here. It is also a good country for such feed as milo-maize, kafir corn and sorghum. Corn does very well but not extra well. Wheat and oats are raised but not as extensively as a little farther north and west.

Something else about our immediate location is that poultry of all kinds does well.

My parents are living for which I am thankful, although I am away from them most of the time.

We live within twelve or fifteen miles of the "Cap Rock." Perhaps some do not know what that is. It is almost a bluff and is the dividing line between the plains and "our country." The roads up the Cap are very rough and far between. Sometimes they run with a three feet of a direct drop of 1,000 to 1,500 feet. From the Cap looks like a long range of mountains but when you get on top it is just a level stretch of plains. You can see for miles in any direction and not a tree in sight. It is a wonderful farming country.

I know Mrs. Wilkinson has a job sorting and choosing the most interesting letters and I realize how unworthy my efforts are.

I am trying to be a Christian and to raise my little ones, to love God. I want them to be good, honest, upright Christian men and women. I read Bible stories to them and talk to them of God and how they should live. I tell them the story of the Cross and the lowly Nazarene and His resurrection and ascension. They like to hear me talk about these things. If I could choose for them one of the exalted statesman, great hero, or an excellent education and no christianity, or one of toil, ignorance of everything save God, I should choose the last. The unbelievers and unchristian people do not realize the joy they miss.

Long live COMFORT, the best paper printed. God bless you all,

FRECKLES.
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

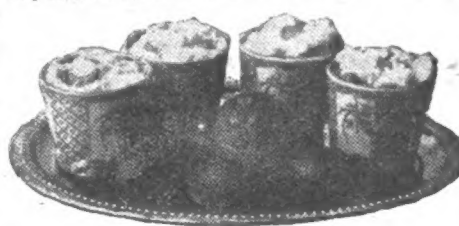
Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE Pepper Mangoes, recipe for which was sent by Delphia Smith, of Taft, California, may not be any better than the chow chow or beet relish recipes sent by some other sister, but she gave the exact quantities to be used and explained clearly how to go about putting them together. This constitutes a "best" recipe, so the Comfort Sisters' Pin will be sent to her, but COMFORT's thanks go to every contributor.—Ed.

PEPPER MANGOES.—Two and one-half dozen peppers, eight cups finely chopped cabbage, eight cups finely chopped celery, four cups finely chopped onions, two red peppers, finely chopped, discard seeds, one tablespoon ground allspice, one tablespoon ground cloves, one tablespoon mustard seed, and one tablespoon ground cinnamon. Cut peppers in half, scoop out and discard seeds. Cover with cold water, add one cup salt and allow to stand over night. Mix cabbage, celery, onions, red peppers and spices and allow this also to stand over night. Drain the peppers, fill the cavities with the mixture and fasten the halves together. Place in a sterilized crock, cover with cold vinegar and allow to stand twenty-four hours. Drain off vinegar, add one-half cup of sugar to each quart, bring to the boiling point and pour over the mangoes. After letting them stand twenty-four hours, again drain and bring same vinegar to boiling point and pour over mangoes once again. Cover crock and store.

DELPHIA SMITH, Taft, Gen. Del. California.

APPLE FLUFF WITH TEA CAKES.—Wipe and quarter five tart apples without paring or coring. Steam until very soft, then press through a fine sieve and sweeten to taste.



APPLE FLUFF WITH TEA CAKES.

Beat four egg whites until stiff and dry, and gradually beat in the cold prepared apple. Serve in fancy cups at once. Top with whipped cream if desired.

TEA CAKES.—Cream one-fourth cup of butter and gradually add one-half cup of sugar and one well-beaten egg. Sift two and one-half teaspoons of baking powder with one and one-half cups of sifted flour and add it alternately with one-half cup of milk to the butter mixture. Beat hard and bake in small gem tins.

MUSTARD CHOW CHOW.—One quart of green beans, one quart of yellow beans, two quarts of silver onions, two heads of cauliflower, divided into small pieces, six red peppers, six green peppers, one large cucumber, six sour pickles, and one-quarter peck of green tomatoes. Clean and cut all the vegetables. Make a brine of four quarts of water, two cups of salt and put vegetables in this and let them remain twenty-four hours. After that, heat the vegetables in this same brine, just enough to scald them, and drain. Mix one and one-half cups of flour, six tablespoons of dry mustard and ten cents' worth of tumeric powder with enough vinegar to make four quarts in all. Boil this mixture until it thickens and is smooth. Stir all the time or it will burn. When thick remove from stove, add vegetables and let stand until heated thoroughly. Put in jars and seal. This will keep several years.—Mrs. FRANK KELLER, 2117 Hudson Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PEAR BUTTER.—The pears should be ripe enough to cook up well. After being peeled and cut into slices one inch thick, put into a preserving-kettle with a close-fitting cover, add one cup of water to each quart of pears and cook slowly until soft. Then the sugar is added, one cup to one quart of sliced pears, and cooking is continued very slowly, with very frequent stirrings, for one and one-half to two hours. The butter then should be smooth and the consistency of thick apple sauce. Add one teaspoon of lemon juice with a half teaspoon of ginger and cinnamon, or other spices to taste. Fill hot containers while the butter is hot, place in the sun for a little while until the top of the butter hardens, then seal and store in a dry, cool place. If desired, pack the hot butter into hot containers and sterilize fifteen minutes.

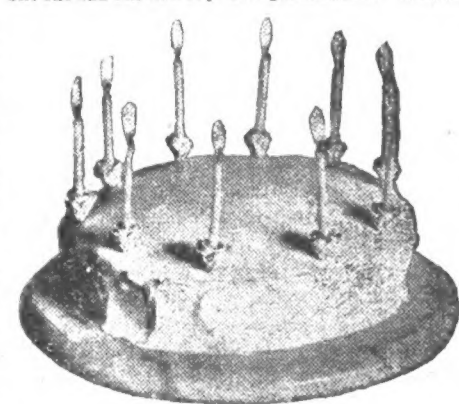
APPLE BUTTER.—To each gallon of peeled and sliced apples, cooked into sauce and strained, add one pint of grape juice, one cup of brown sugar and one-quarter teaspoon of salt. Cook slowly and stir often for two hours, or until of the desired thickness; then stir in one teaspoon of cinnamon and pack while hot into hot containers and sterilize thirty minutes. Seal and store in a dry, cool place.—Miss ARGENT McALISTER, Morristown, R. R. 2, Tenn.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Select only good, firm tomatoes. Wash them and scald and remove skins if you wish. Cut out all hard places and put to boil in a good-sized pan. Boil at least ten minutes after they come to the boiling point. Have ready scalded jars. To each quart of tomato, add one teaspoon of salt, on top of tomatoes after jar is filled, seal, turn bottom up a while. Wrap each jar in paper and put in a cool, dark place. I never lose a jar this way.

To can cucumbers, gather small ones and wash in several waters. Put in a pan, sprinkle with salt and pour enough boiling water over them to cover. Let stand fifteen minutes. Have jars scalded. Remove cucumbers from water and place in jars. Pour pure vinegar into jars and add one-half teaspoon salt to each quart jar. A little mixed spice may be added if desired. Don't stand jars upside down. Be sure and seal tightly. A large jar can be filled this way by adding some every day, then salt and sealing. When opening a large jar, take out some and put in a small jar and pour a little vinegar over them. Be sure the cucumbers left in large jar are covered with vinegar. Seal tightly and they will keep. Cut fruit from vines with sharp knife, leaving a short stem.

Mrs. EFFIE GENTRY, Slaton, R. R. 1, Box 96, Texas.

BIRTHDAY CAKE.—One cup of sifted pastry flour sifted six times with one teaspoon of cream of tartar. Sift one and one-half cups of sugar six times. Beat the



BIRTHDAY CAKE.

whites of 12 eggs very stiff and dry, add one teaspoon of vanilla, and then fold in the sugar, and lastly the flour. Do not beat, but use the folding motion until smooth. Bake in a slow oven 45 minutes.

CORN SALAD.—One dozen ears sweet corn, boil and cut from cob, one large head cabbage, cut fine, one-half dozen green peppers and one red pepper, cut fine, and one cup of sugar. Mix well together and cook twenty minutes in five pints of vinegar. Add salt to taste. Dissolve one-quarter pound mustard and one teaspoon tumeric in cold vinegar and stir in while hot.

Mrs. ETHEL TILLOSON.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Slice one-half bushel of green tomatoes and one-half peck of onions. Add two cups of salt and let stand over night. In morning drain and place in a large saucepan. Then add nine green peppers from which the seeds have been removed, one teaspoon ground cloves, one stick of cinnamon, one teaspoon ground mace, one-half cup whole pepper-corns, two tablespoons mustard, five pounds brown sugar, three quarts of vinegar and cook one hour. Seal.

Mrs. J. W. McCaskill, West Tampa, Fla.



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THE STORES that prominently display "Uneeda Bakers" Products are dependable.

"Uneeda Bakers" glass display covers show many inviting and delectable biscuit, cookies, crackers, wafers and cakes. You will find them crisp, fresh, and most appetizing.

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NATIONAL
BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

A Forgotten Love

by Adelaide



*A cup more bitter than death
was at her lips*

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CHAPTER XXIX. A SCAPEGOAT.

IT was well for Jacky Hamilton that she could not know for many a day just what those letters of hers had done.

All London was ringing with the news that Lesard—Lesard, the clever financier, whose hard honesty had been a byword—had been arrested for selling stolen jewels to a woman known as the Red Mouse. And, more, had been accused in a letter written by the missing girl, who was thought to have killed Marchmont, of having been in his house on the night of the murder and having stolen the diamonds in her presence.

It was incredible—but half the town flocked to Bow Street to hear the inquiry. To have the impeccable Lesard turn out a scoundrel would be sweet indeed to the man who owed him money. People he had injured and people he had served went alike to stare at him in the dock.

They marvelled at his hard, quiet face, as at the brazenness of guilt. If he were innocent, why did he not look perturbed, furious?

Not one of them imagined that to the man himself the whole thing was a bitter farce that could be explained by four words when he chose to speak them.

The thing was clear as daylight to him—which was more than it was to any one else but Mrs. Gibbs, choking with joy in the safe retreat of a retired lodging house! He remembered those diamonds the instant he was confronted with them. They had belonged to a sham Austrian countess, who, five years since, had startled all London with her audacity and her lovers. She had been in a certain kind of society till one unlucky day, when she met Paul Marchmont. He was at the end of his tether with debt, and moved heaven and earth to make his new acquaintance love him. And love him she did; giving the go-by to princes for his sake; paying his debts starting him afresh. And the reward she got was that he stole her diamonds—"her luck," as she always called the gorgeous necklace, being superstitious about it.

She had been rich then, had had the whole detective force searching for her jewels, while the man who had stolen them sympathized and consoled with her. But her luck had gone with the diamonds. She lost her money, aged as some women do, with one leap, and vanished into the country, when one day Marchmont left her for good and all. Her superstition about the necklace seemed, curiously enough, to hold water. Her luck went with it; Marchmont's grew and waxed till he lost it, and his life, too; Victor Lesard's good fortune had struck his first rock when he sold them. But his ill-luck, had fallen on his brother.

For Jacky's vengeance had miscarried utterly. As the morning went on the Lesard she loved began to see that unless something turned up—which was unlikely—it was not four, nor twenty, words of his own that would clear him.

A tall woman in black, whom he knew to be the Countess Altenstein, the original owner of the jewels sat close to the dock. He saw her start when the first piece of evidence was produced.

It was Jacky's letters to the police and the Red Mouse, the same and both to the effect that Lesard had stolen the jewels from Marchmont on the night he was killed.

To the Countess Altenstein the news that Marchmont was the thief took away all the joy of the discovery of her diamonds. When she was called to the witness stand she only turned dully toward Lesard.

"If Mr. Marchmont took the diamonds," she said, in a strained voice that pierced the crowded room, "that man may easily have known he had them! For I used to see them together at theaters, often," and she pointed to Lesard.

There was nothing more to be got out of her, but she had thrown the first stone.

The Red Mouse threw the second.

Mad with fury and greed, she scarcely looked at the man in the dock, and, indeed, between a thick veil and the belladonna in her eyes, all she could see was the general outline of his face, and that was line for line like the Lesard she knew. That the soul of the man shone through—with a difference—she neither saw nor cared, if his conviction would get her money out of him. She dwelt at large in the sinfulness of taking away her diamonds and giving her nothing till the magistrate cut her short without ceremony.

"You swear the prisoner sold you those jewels?" he asked curtly.

"Of course he did!" furiously. "He said he got them from a connection of his wife's. He told me that the girl who recognized the necklace and wrote that letter afterward was his wife." Her rage would have been funny if it had not been dangerous. The prisoner smiled. Victor had overshot the mark. But he smiled no more when the next witness was called.

He had never laid eyes on her, but to see her brought back Jacky, who had trusted him not at all for his brother's sake, who was in the most sanguine view of things, hiding somewhere in London, having sent him to the dock of a police court when a little loyalty would have saved her and him.

Gillian, white-faced, bronze-haired, never raised her eyes when she had kissed the dirty Bible.

A cup more bitter than death was at her lips, a cup she had vowed never to drain. But she would drain it now, and not she alone. Charles Vivian, who sat in court, must share it.

The man in the dock had been her husband; she had loved him, and now loathed him. Yet for that very reason she could not deliberately swear his life away. If she proved him guilty and cleared herself, it would be that she might walk over his dead body to the new love that was sweeter than the old. She knew what the pain was that she must deal to an honest heart that loved her, to

Vivian, who had come to her in jail when there was no one to help her, and nearly broken her heart with his kindness and his belief in her; who had engaged lawyers for her that she might fight to the end what she could not fight without staining her soul with her husband's blood.

Almost inaudibly she answered to her name; but at the next question she spoke out.

"No! I never wrote any letters!" for they had been signed with a short J that might have been a G, and it was merely a supposition that the missing sister had written them. "I could not write any. I never saw or heard of any black diamonds."

The letters were handed to her.

"Did your sister write these, to your knowledge?"

"Not to my knowledge," truthfully enough.

"Are they in her handwriting?"

"Yes!" pale as death.

"Do you know where she is?" sharply.

"No!" Her lips quivered, and she lifted her hand to hide it.

"Were you also in the cave the letters speak of, on the night mentioned?"

"Yes."

"If you saw nothing of any diamonds, could your sister have done so?"

"I don't know. We were not together."

Each answer seemed dragged out of her. She was afraid to tell the truth, and equally to lie.

"Did you see the prisoner there on the night in question?"

For the first time Gillian Hamilton looked up, but at the magistrate, not at Lesard. She had learned in the past three days what a man's self-forgetful love could be, and she must kill that love that had grown dear to her, whose height and depth had wrapped her round when she was deserted and desolate. Whatever course she chose would kill it, for to deliberately go to it by swearing away the life of another man who it must come out had been dear to her, would do it equally with the only other way—the hard way she had chosen.

"You cannot compel me to answer," she said very sharply.

The magistrate gasped.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to state why not?" he said, his judicial calm a little shattered.

"Because a wife may give evidence against her husband if she likes, but no court in England can compel her to. And that man is my husband. I was married to him at the registrar's office in Lambeth a year ago."

The flutter that went through the court covered Sir Charles Vivian's convulsive start.

He sat whiter than Gillian, sick to death. Gillian—the wife of a thief, for all he knew, of a murderer. For her answer told him this man had been in the cave, and might—for all he knew again—have made her help him in his ghastly work.

"Perhaps you do not realize," said the magistrate jeeringly, "that what you now admit is as damaging to the prisoner as any outspoken testimony could be."

He saw the undisguised surprise on Lesard's face, and questioned him suddenly.

"Have you anything to say to this?"

The clear gray eyes of the prisoner met his.

"Only that it is an utter mistake, your honor."

He answered slowly. "I never saw the witness until today, in this room. My only knowledge of her came from the fact that I was engaged to her sister, who is now missing."

Charles Vivian stared at him as he had never stared in his life; and quivered as his eyes found Gillian again.

*And through that narrow
gap Jacky Hamilton jumped
for her life.*

*"She's de
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She had covered her face and stood shaken with sobs. No wonder that Jacky had "known him," no wonder she hated him! Gillian knew now how Jacky must have suffered that night when she knelt with her face hidden on her sister's knee—knelt to hide the agony that is more cruel than the grave.

But Vivian could only think Gillian had broken down because the prisoner had repudiated her, unless—surely she had not been foolhardy enough to perjure herself to try and save Jacky's lover!

By this time the spectators were all agog. They had come to see a well-known man tried for the meanest of crimes; they were staying now because it seemed that this inquiry into the history of the famous diamonds was proving to be the first act in the drama of the Marchmont mystery. It hung now on a thread whether or not Lesard would be arrested on a fresh charge, on suspicion of complicity in Marchmont's murder.

But to the annoyance of every one the magistrate adjourned the inquiry till the afternoon. Yet the spectators could not regret the entr'acte when they saw the next scene in the play.

The first witness was the Lambeth registrar himself, who produced the record of Gillian's marriage, which was hard and fast. Gillian Hamilton and Louis Lesard, and gave his own businesslike testimony that, to the best of his recollection, the Louis Lesard in the dock was the man whose marriage he had performed. Vivian, sick, miserable, incredulous, could not tell what to think. The man had seemed so straightforward all through, had told the same story of his engagement to Jacky in Vivian's own house; and yet—Gillian's sworn testimony had been confirmed. And then to his amaze a fresh witness appeared.

Brookes, strangely thin and poor-looking, came on the stand, and Vivian's old distrust of him revived. The man was shattered with drinking, his face and manner more cringing and furtive than ever, but his evidence ruined Lesard.

He told his story like a man who walks to the cannon's mouth, or lies about his friend to save his own life.

"He had often seen the prisoner, who visited his late master, usually after nightfall. He had certainly been there the day of the murder, and had returned after dark, when Brookes had seen him entering secretly and had told Marchmont he was in the house. He had most probably taken the diamonds, which Brookes had seen on several occasions, and knew had not been found after his master's death. But—stumblingly—in the opinion of the butler, he had not meant to kill Marchmont."

"We are not here to discuss that!" said the magistrate sharply. "You can step down."

No one but Vivian noted that the man obeyed with frenzied haste, and left the courtroom as if he had borne witness at the peril of his life. And truly nothing but the strong arm of the law had brought him there, where he must face Lesard. Once out, the cidevant butler ran like a hare, till the sweat poured down his emaciated face. He had met Lesard's eyes once and come to no harm but he dared not confront them again. All death and hell would not get him to witness at the murder trial of Gillian Hamilton while there was a chink in London that would hide him.

"Yes," the defendant answered the first question quietly. "my name is Louis Victor Lesard."

Who's Who on the Front Cover

No.	Baby's Name.	Age.	Parent's Name.	Residence.
1—	Edith Mabel	5 mos.	Mrs. Lew Swope, Jr.,	Egypt, Pa.
2—	Hubert Harold	3 yrs.	Mrs. Othel Chapman,	McHenry, Ky.
6—	Dale Eugene	17 wks.	Mrs. E. W. Gibson,	Spencer, Ind.
9—	Charles Allen	6 mos.	Mrs. Ben Bowling,	Greenbrier, Texas.
11—	Lula Lorene Brown	6 mos.	Granddaughter of Amanda Floyd,	Stockton, Mo.
15—	Phyllis May	2 yrs.	Mrs. Jesse Transue,	Parma, Idaho.
17—	Vivian Heen	18 mos.	Mrs. Ray Jackson,	Trivola, Ill.
20—	Elmer, Jr.	3 mos.	Mrs. John Fett,	Beavertown, Ohio.
16—	Alvin Julius	9 mos.	Mrs. Dena Backting,	Forest Green, Mo.
22—	Melvin John	5 mos.	Mrs. John F. Bohl,	Portland, Ore.
24—	Alfred Donald	16 mos.	Mrs. Sallie Mae Atkins,	Iuka, Miss.
27—	Velma Ruth	2 yrs.	Mrs. Luella Cordle,	London, Ohio.
29—	Virginia Moyra	3 yrs.	Mrs. Thomas West,	Kansas City, Mo.
30—	Margaret Desda	5 mos.	Mrs. H. T. Davis,	Pungo, N. C.
31A—	Ellen Maxine Eads	1 yr.	Granddaughters of Mrs. Chas. Lee,	Bloomington, Ind.
31B—	Margaret LaVerne Lee	7 mos.	Mrs. Warren E. Welch,	Broadway, Va.
32—	Billie	2 yrs.	Mrs. Bessie Lowe, Jumping Branch, W. Va.	
34—	Walter James	16 mos.	Mrs. L. H. Clark,	Live Oak, Calif.
36A—	James	4 yrs.	Mrs. L. H. Clark,	Live Oak, Calif.
36B—	Jack	2 yrs.	Mrs. Katie Morrell,	Iredell, Texas.
37—	Dona	7 mos.	Mrs. Fred Bennett,	Bernice, La.
38—	Larue	7 mos.	Mrs. A. W. Metcalf,	Central Village, Ct.
40—	Avis Wilson	7½ mos.	Mrs. F. C. Sweeney,	East Jaffrey, N. H.
45—	DeForest	2 yrs.		

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September 1923

SERVING A FOWL FOUR DIFFERENT WAYS

NO. 1.—WITH PEAS, SEASONED RICE, TOMATO JELLY AND TINY BISCUITS.

By Violet Marsh

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A SIX-POUND fowl, if prepared and cooked without waste, will provide four dinners for four people. On this page are shown four plates, each with a portion of fowl and different vegetable combinations. Select a fowl that is meaty and compact, not over-fat. Cut off the head so as not to waste any of the neck. Draw and clean, taking care not to tear the liver. Wash inside and out in cold water. Cut off and reject any of the liver that may have a greenish tinge; then return the liver to the cavity with the cleaned heart and gizzard. Sew the edges of opening together, also draw the skin over the end of neck and fasten with a string. This will keep the fowl from the bottom of the kettle, pour over boiling water until covers about one-third of the fowl; cover closely to prevent escape of steam and slowly cook until tender, turning every half-hour. Add salt three-quarters hour before done. Cooking entirely by

the fowl is another excellent way to cook the fowl. Instead of having it partly in water, lay it in a steamer and keep a good volume of steam over it until cooked. After cooking, the fowl is served so as to show the following combinations:

No. 1.—Lungs cut off with small portion of breast, drumsticks, and the "yasters" which lie each side of the lower part of the backbone.

No. 2.—Breast cut into four portions. No. 3.—Gizzard, heart, meat from neck and all the remaining bits from the frame are chopped and made into chicken balls.

No. 4.—Thighs sliced cold. If the fowl is cooked in water, the liquor may be rolled down and made into a gravy to serve with combinations one and two.

Plate No. 1 has peas, seasoned rice, tomato, jelly and tiny baking powder biscuits, with the fowl which is warmed in chicken gravy, or in white sauce made rich with butter and seasoned with a sprinkling of onion, paprika and a little lemon juice.

SEASONED RICE.—Use steamed or boiled rice, in a layer of rice in a buttered pudding dish, dot with butter and thinly cover with shavings of cheese, paprika and a little salt unless the rice was sufficiently salted when cooked. Repeat until the rice is used, then add milk to within about three inches of the top, cover with fine cracker crumbs moistened in melted butter and bake in a quick oven until cheese is melted.

PEAS.—Drain canned peas; put into double boiler, add one-third teaspoon of sugar, two level teaspoons of butter and one tablespoon of cream. Cook each can and heat one-half hour.

TOMATO JELLY.—Stew fresh tomatoes and strain. Cook two tablespoons of regulated gelatin in one-half cup of cold water twenty minutes and add to three cups of boiling tomato. Season with one-half teaspoon of salt and one teaspoon of sugar. Pour into small cups to cool.

BISCUITS.—Two cups of sifted flour, five even teaspoons of baking powder and one even teaspoon of salt sifted twice. Work in three scant tablespoons of cold shortening. Mix with about one cup of sweet skim-milk, adding it gradually to different places through the flour. Never make one part very wet and then thicken it with flour, but try to moisten evenly as this makes tender bread. Do not knead, but toss onto lightly floured bread-board, shape, roll less than one-half inch thick and cut into small rounds. Bake ten minutes in a hot oven.

Plate No. 2 holds a combination of fried breast of chicken, shredded potatoes, stuffed tomato and new turnip.

CHICKEN.—Cut each side of breast into two pieces. Roll in fine cracker-crumbs, then in egg slightly beaten with one teaspoon of cold water, then in cracker-crumbs. Brown in deep fat, or fry in shallow bacon fat.

SHREDDED POTATO.—Pare, cut into quarter inch slices both ways, soak until crisp in cold water and dry between cloths. Fry in deep fat until a light brown. Do not over-cook.

STUFFED TOMATO.—Cut thin slice from stem end of well-ripened but firm tomatoes. Scoop out the pulp containing seeds. Make a stuffing of soft fine bread-crumbs moistened with warm butter, and season with a little scraped onion, shredded green pepper, a little salt and pepper. Fill the tomatoes and bake twenty minutes. If a richer stuffing is desired, use equal parts of chopped chicken or ham and a beaten egg.

MASHED TURNIP.—Pare and slice and steam cook, or place in boiling water and boil rapidly until tender. Drain, press through the potato ricer so as to eliminate any fibrous parts and return to kettle. Reheat with butter, pepper and salt and serve at once.

Plate No. 3 shows chicken balls on a bed of mashed potato, two slices of crisp bacon and sliced tomato.

CHICKEN BALLS.—Chop the chicken, add two boiled onions, one cup of fine fresh bread-crumbs

moistened with one-third cup of warm butter, one-half teaspoon of poultry dressing, salt, one slightly beaten egg and a little gravy or cream if necessary to shape the balls. Roll in cracker-crumbs, egg, then cracker-crumbs again. Drop into hot deep fat and fry brown.

MASHED POTATO.—Peel and soak potatoes in salted water one hour. Boil in as little water as possible to which salt has been added. Drain and set in oven to dry. Mash into same kettle, set on hot cover, make a hole in center of potato and pour in enough thin cream or milk to moisten. Beat until light and fluffy. Add butter if milk is used.

BACON.—Many prefer oven-cooked bacon, as it cooks evenly, but the oven must be very hot. Lay evenly in biscuit tin and watch carefully.

Plate No. 4 has potato croquettes, boiled onions and corn, with the cold sliced thighs.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Prepare and rice potatoes as for mashed potatoes. To three cups add three tablespoons of butter, one-third teaspoon of celery salt, a little scraped onion, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Add two beaten egg yolks and then thoroughly beat the whole mixture. To shape, wet a tiny tunnel in cold water and press it full of the potato. Roll in fine cracker-crumbs, then in egg slightly beaten with a tablespoon of cold water, and then in egg again. Fry in deep fat. Care must be taken not to cool the fat as it is liable to cause the egg and crumb coating to separate from the potato.

BOILED ONIONS.—While peeling onions they should be held in a pan of cold water to prevent the fumes from reaching the eyes. Drop one at a time in boiling water, keeping the water continuously boiling. Cook until very soft. Drain. If a sauce is desired, place the onions in hot cream and season with salt and pepper. Onions are very wholesome and should be freely eaten throughout the year.

BOILED GREEN CORN.—To be thoroughly delicious green corn should be young enough to show milk when the raw kernel is broken. Husk, remove silk and cut the husk end close so as not to take up space in kettle. Cover with boiling water. Have a hot fire so as to bring corn quickly to a boil. Cook until the kernels will readily lift from cob when pressed with a fork. Do not cook too long as it hardens the corn. Never add salt to corn water as this also hardens.

Some Recipes for Early Fall

BAKED YOUNG CHICKEN.—Cut into pieces, dredge well with flour and sprinkle with salt and a very little pepper. Pack in a baking dish, cover with fresh rich scalding milk; cover and bake in a moderate oven until tender. Do not allow the milk to more than simmer.

CALF'S LIVER.—Tie in shape and place in a deep dish that can be closely covered. Cover the top with very thin slices of salt pork. Cut two stalks of celery, four small onion, one carrot and half of a green pepper into slices and place around the liver. Stir three even tablespoons of flour into two scant tablespoons of bubbling butter and gradually add two and one-half cups of hot water. When it thickens, pour it over the vegetables, cover and bake very slowly two and one-half hours. During the last hour of cooking taste the gravy to determine whether more salt is necessary than that contained in the butter and pork.

LIVER AND BACON.—Slice calf's liver one-half inch thick and cover with boiling water for five minutes. Drain and wipe. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and cook in bacon fat. The bacon is fried, or baked as previously described.

GREEN PEA PUREE.—Peas too old to serve as a vegetable will make a delicious puree. Shell and put through the food chopper. Cover with cold water, add a small sliced onion, a few slices of carrot and cook until the peas are tender, taking care they do not burn. Put through a sieve, return to fire and if too thick add boiling water. Season with salt, a few grains of pepper and just before serving add one cup of thin cream to a quart of puree. If cream is not available, season with one-fourth cup of butter.

CREAMED CABBAGE.—Have water boiling hard; gradually add cabbage that has been sliced crosswise and quite fine. Do not allow water to stop boiling. Cook forty minutes to one hour.

Drain. Make a white sauce, put cabbage and sauce in layers in a baking dish, cover the top with fresh crumbs well buttered and bake in a quick oven until brown.

SMALL POTATOES.—Do not throw away the tiny new potatoes that have ripened. Wash and boil in salted water with jackets on. Pare, slice into a hot serving dish and pour over them a generous amount of melted butter mixed with a little salt, pepper, minced parsley and lemon juice.

BEEF AND CARROT SALAD.—Boil both vegetables separately, pare and coarsely chop. Mix well. Serve with a dressing made by mixing one-half teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of paprika, three dessertspoons of lemon juice, five tablespoons of olive oil, two tablespoons of heavy sweet or sour cream, and beating the whole with an egg beater until light. Use at once as it is liable to separate. This dressing is excellent with ripe

tomatoes, crisp shredded cabbage and apple mixed, or with asparagus.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.—Wash and pare and cut into slices. Boil in slightly salted water until tender which will take from forty to fifty minutes. Drain and season with butter and a little cream. Another way to cook artichokes is to peel and cut into cubes, add a small sliced onion, put into a double boiler, cover with boiling milk and cook until tender. Mix one tablespoon of butter with one of dry flour and stir into the milk one-half hour before taking from the fire. Season with paprika and salt.

KOHLE-RABBI.—This vegetable, known as the turnip-cabbage in some sections, belongs to the cabbage family, but instead of the reserve nutritive matter of the plant being stored largely in the leaves or flowers, it is collected in the stem, which forms a turniplike enlargement just above the ground. It is fine flavored and delicate if cooked very young. The diameter should not be over three inches. It is pared and sliced, cooked in boiling water and prepared the same as turnip.

KALE.—The dwarf, green-curl variety is the best for the table. The leaves are sweeter and more tender after having been touched by the frost. In the north the roots may be banked with earth at the beginning of winter and when extreme cold weather sets in the plants are covered with hay. In the spring the old stalks will produce young shoots that make delicious greens. Kale is cooked the same as cabbage.

PINEAPPLE PIE.—When using canned pineapple buy the sliced and shred it. Mix one-half cup of sugar with two tablespoons of cornstarch, add two beaten egg yolks and one cup of pineapple juice, or whatever amount the can contains and cook it three minutes after it begins to boil, stirring constantly. Mix the pineapple with this mixture and bake between crusts.

PEACH PUDDING.—Place one quart of ripe pared and halved peaches in the bottom of a baking dish, and cover with two cups of sugar and two teaspoons of lemon juice. Make a biscuit dough (see biscuit recipe), using about two-thirds for the puff and making the remainder into biscuits. Shape and spread the dough over the peaches which should fill the dish not over half full, and bake in a quick oven until the crust is a rich brown. It is well to set the dish of peaches into the oven until they have reached the cooking point before putting on the dough.

APPLE-MINT JELLY.—Cut crabapples into quarters, barely cover with cold water and quickly bring to a boil. Cook until soft with as little stirring as possible. Drain through a cheese-cloth bag, bring juice to a boil, add a bunch of broken mint tied in a cheese-cloth, boil five minutes, or longer if a stronger mint flavor is desired, remove bag and finish boiling. Measure juice and allow three cups of sugar to four cups of juice. Bring juice to a boil, gradually add sugar while stirring, and as soon as the juice boils, skim and at once pour into hot glasses.

GRAPE AND APPLE JELLY.—Cut apples into small pieces, barely cover with cold water and rapidly cook until soft. When about two-thirds done, add an equal amount of stewed grapes and finish cooking. Drain. Use equal parts of juice and sugar and proceed as in Apple-mint Jelly.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLE.—Pare the cucumbers, cut in halves lengthwise and remove seeds. There should be syrup sufficient to cover while cooking. To every two pounds of sugar use one pint of vinegar and one tablespoon of whole clove and two tablespoons of stick cinnamon loosely tied in a bag. Cook the sugar, vinegar and spices five minutes, pour over the cucumbers, slowly bring to a boil, then set back where the pickle will scarcely simmer and cook until the cucumber has a transparent appearance.

PICKLES.—Use slender green cucumbers measuring four or five inches long, wash and wipe. In the bottom of a crock place a layer of grape leaves, and then a layer of cucumbers, three tart apples cut in eighths without paring or coring, a few bunches of ripe grapes of a green variety, two sliced onions, about a third of a cup of mixed whole spices and a sprinkling of dill tops with seeds. Repeat until all the cucumbers are used and cover with grape leaves. To four gallons of hot water use a scant pound of coarse salt. Dissolve and when cold pour it over the pickles until they are well covered. Weight with a round piece of clean wood, or a flat jar cover of a smaller size and hold it under the brine with a clean stone. Cover. Do not disturb for sixteen days.

PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.—Pick the seeds when they are green and tender and with one-inch stems. Make a light brine and soak the seeds 48 hours. Soak in fresh water 24 hours and then put the seeds into bottles and cover with good vinegar. These make an excellent substitute for capers.

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"That is so," returned Isabel, with scowling brow.

"You say she still has the casket in there with her?"

"Yes."

"Why under the sun didn't you take it away from her by main force?"

"Because she was so haughty and defiant I did not dare touch her," Mrs. Coolidge admitted, with rather a crest-fallen air. Besides, she told me she should appeal to Lord Dunforth if I did not let her go quietly; and I knew, after what you had told me, that that would never do."

"No, indeed; it is very evident that he knows too much about the jewels, while we know too little. But how are we going to get out of this abominable mess, anyhow?" and Isabel looked miserably anxious.

Keep her in there until she gives up the box and promises secrecy," returned her mother, with a significant nod at the veiled door.

"Well, suppose she will not yield at all?"

"She must sleep, at all events; and, if we cannot catch her in a natural sleep, there are things that will make her unconscious, and then we can take the jewels away from her," was the whispered reply.

But she will be missed, meanwhile.

"Well, we must wonder with the rest what has become of her. I am confident no one saw her come in here, and so no one will suspect us in the matter. I tell you, Isabel, we have a desperate game to play, now, or you will lose Sir Charles. Those jewels we must have, for their absence will occasion endless inquiry and remark. If she won't yield, we must keep her shut up until after the wedding. When that is over, and you are sure of your position, I do not care what becomes of them or her," the proud woman whispered, in concentrated tones, and with a desperate and reckless air that almost frightened her daughter.

Mamma, would you dare keep her in there so long?"

"Yes, I will dare anything, rather than that all your bright prospects should be sacrificed. Just so sure as we let her out, she will reveal everything, and we shall be ruined."

"But you know we are all to go to Paris next week to be gone a fortnight, and attend to my trousseau."

"I know it was so arranged, but you and Lady Randal will have to go—I shall be ill, and not able to go; then I can easily look after our prisoner, and no one will be the wiser for it."

"But is there no danger that she will be heard if she should scream, or cry, or make a fuss?"

"Not the least in the world. The place seems to be made of solid masonry; it has no other door but this, which is very thick, and, with those heavy curtains dropped over it, no one could ever hear her. Besides, I have no fear that she will make any disturbance—she is too proud."

"What if she should die in there, mamma?"

The two plotting women looked at each other with whitening faces for a moment.

Mrs. Coolidge was the first to recover herself, however.

"Pshaw! what a foolish notion, Isabel. She is strong and well, and there is no danger. I will take her plenty of good food every day, and we can make her up a comfortable bed from our own, and she will do well enough."

"But, mamma, the bare possibility of the thing gives me a dreadful feeling. I am as weak as if I



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had just recovered from a swoon," said Isabel, shuddering.

"Don't be a fool, child; only let us tide the next four or five weeks over, and we shall be all right. However, if you say so, and are willing to run the risk, we will let her out now," returned Mrs. Coolidge, impatiently.

"No, no; there is no other way as I see but to keep her shut up. Sir Charles is so particular and conscientious that he would never forgive the wrong we have done her; and, mamma, I am really very fond of him. I believe it would upset me entirely if anything should happen to separate us now, and I mean to try and be a better woman after I am married," Isabel returned, nervously, and with very crimson cheeks, as if ashamed of the confession.

An hour later Lady Ruxley's bell rang a furious peal. It had been nearly three hours since Brownie left her. Such a thing had never happened before, and she did not know what to make of it. She was getting so attached to her gentle and lovable companion that she missed her sadly if she were absent an hour.

Presently Minnett came in.

"Minnett, find Miss Dundas, and ask her to please come to me," she said, shortly.

Minnett retired, was gone another half hour, while the old lady grew furious at the delay, then returned and said Miss Dundas could not be found.

She was forthwith angrily commanded to go and find Miss Dundas, and not return until she did.

Minnett meekly withdrew again, and her ladyship sat another hour, fuming and raging, first against her maid, then at Lady Randal, whom she believed to be at the bottom of it all, to serve some purpose of her own, and lastly her ire turned upon Brownie herself for allowing herself to be detained so long.

Finally, her patience completely wearied out, she marched down into the drawing-room, ready to berate the first person she met.

Here she found everybody in a great state of excitement over the non-appearance of Miss Dundas.

One, two, three hours more passed, and still no light was thrown upon the mystery. Lady Ruxley became nearly distracted, Lady Randal was very much disturbed, while the guests, who had remarked Brownie's beauty and refinement, began to whisper of an elopement, or something equally romantic.

In the midst of the excitement, Viola and Alma appeared upon the scene, and, upon being told that Miss Dundas was missing, the former asked what sort of a looking person she was.

Sir Charles immediately gave a very accurate description of Brownie, whereupon both girls exclaimed:

"Why, that is our Miss Douglas, and we met her only a few hours ago, as she was going out!"

Mrs. Coolidge and Isabel were confounded at this speech.

They had not thought of such a thing as the girls meeting her, and had fondly hoped they should not be drawn into the matter any more than to wonder, with the other guests, what could have become of her.

Everybody gathered around the young girls at once, eager to hear more.

"She was with us an hour or more," Viola further explained, "then she said she must return to the Hall, and the last we saw of her she came this way."

"And who is 'our Miss Douglas,' and what connection has she with Lady Ruxley's companion?" asked Sir Charles, coming forward and looking very grave.

"She was our governess until about two months ago, when—"

Viola stammered, and got very red in the face. Her heart prompted her to stand up loyally for the teacher whom she so dearly loved, but she stood somewhat in awe of her mother, who was regarding her with sternest displeasure, and whose eye she had just caught.

Mrs. Coolidge hastened to the rescue.

"What is this you are saying about Miss Douglas, Viola?" she asked, in well-assumed surprise, at the same time giving her daughter a warning glance.

Viola repeated what she had already said, adding some further account of what had transpired in the park.

When she had concluded, her mother turned to Sir Charles, with a grave and sorrowful face.

"I really fear, Sir Charles, that your aunt has been grossly imposed upon. This Miss Douglas, of whom Viola speaks, came over with us from America as governess to the girls. I began to suspect at the very first that she was not just the person I could desire, but I put up with her until about two months ago, when her very unbecoming conduct made it necessary that I should dismiss her immediately."

"What did she do?" demanded Lady Ruxley, sharply. "That was so very dreadful?"

"Really, I am very sorry to be drawn into this very disagreeable matter thus. I dislike to say anything derogatory to any one, but, since you ask, I will say that she took things which did not belong to

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Cubby Bear Rescues Ducky Dumppling

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ONE sunny September morning Cubby Bear took his bowl of porridge out on the doorstep. Some of the September mornings were frosty, autumn was drawing near, and he could not bear to miss any of the loveliness of this mild day by staying indoors. Suddenly a hazelnut struck him on the nose, then fell into his porridge bowl. Cubby fished it out with his spoon, then looked up, wondering how a hazelnut could come from the white birches which stood close by.

Then he had another surprise.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled little Chirpy Chipmunk gleefully. "Why do you stare at me like that, Cubby Bear? Keep your mouth open, just as it is now, and I'll see if I can throw a nut into it!"

It was no wonder Cubby stared, for never before had Chirpy Chipmunk been seen with a stiff row of outstanding feathers around his face.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" asked Cubby, quite forgetting his porridge, which trickled in a thick stream from the overturned bowl.

"Just feathering out!" answered Chirpy jauntily. "I've surprised all the folks this morning. Everyone laughed but the Bunny Babies, and they were afraid. I got these feathers over near Foxy Reynard's den, and there were a lot more. Let's go and get some. Don't you want to dress up in them too?"

"But what bird has lost so many feathers?" Cubby was already starting.

"I do not know," answered Chirpy. "But there I found them, and I have had great fun. Oh, look! there comes Wollie Woodchuck! See me surprise him."

Chirpy ran nimbly up a little three-foot pine tree, and as Wollie approached, suddenly sprang down in front of him, crying, "Woo!"

Wollie backed quickly away from the strange-looking object wearing both fur and feathers.

"What's that thing, Cubby Bear?" he cried, blinking his small eyes. "I never saw a creature with a ruff like that around its face! Pooh, pooh!" he added disgustedly, after a closer look. "It's not April Fool's Day, Chirpy Chipmunk, that you should be doing such a foolish trick!"

Wollie went along with Cubby and Chirpy to see the feathers, and when they reached Foxy's den they found a little crowd had gathered there.

Wise Owl, his glasses askew, was looking at the feathers closely.

"It may be," he said, "that Edric Eagle has had an accident, and left these feathers here as he passed over Pleasant Forest on his flight to his mountain home."

"I think you're wrong!" argued Racky Coon. "Even if these are Edric Eagle's feathers, which I very much doubt, would he have dropped so many, all in a bunch? No, no. They would be scattered along as he flew."

"Here is a long, shiny, green feather!" exclaimed Shinyblack Crow, "see, right by Foxy's door. I don't remember to have seen a feather like that, only—"

"Only where?" asked several voices.

"Only among a rooster's tail-feathers, in the farmer's poultry-yard!" Shinyblack Crow told them solemnly.

"O-o-oh!" breathed his hearers, quite awed by what this might mean. And Billy Bluejay said rather sharply:

"If I were in your place, Chirpy Chipmunk, I'd take off that ruff, and not go around grinning like a foolish monkey in stolen feathers."

Chirpy meekly did as he was told.

"Foxy is coming!" said Redtop Woodpecker.

"Stand back, out of sight," ordered Wise Owl, "until he gets here, and then we will inquire into this thing."

Foxy Reynard and Woozie Weasel came trotting along together briskly. Woozie was talking as they came, but Foxy uttered no word, for his mouth was full. His head was held high to keep the object he was carrying from dragging on the ground.

In front of Foxy's den they sat down to rest. Foxy dropped his burden from his jaws, holding it to the ground with one paw, panting a little as he rested.

"That was quite a run, but we made it all right!" laughed sleek little Woozie.

The creature under Foxy's paw moved a little and gave a smothered quack.

At this, the little forest folks came out of their hiding places, and rushed toward Foxy.

"It's alive!" cried Cubby Bear. "Oh, Foxy! let it go!"

Taken thus by surprise, Foxy jumped guiltily. Only for an instant did he lose his guard, but in that instant the poor little feathered thing under his paw made its escape, and rushed into the crowd

of newcomers, seeming to know they would befriend it. "Just as I thought!" said Shinyblack Crow. "These feathers have come from the farmer's poultry-yard, and this is a young duck he has brought home with him."

An indignant chorus arose.

"Hush! Let me deal with him!" commanded Wise Owl, and bristled up to Foxy, demanding

Meantime, Cubby Bear and Racky Coon had been, soothing the frightened young duck and smoothing his ruffled feathers. "I—I thought my neck was broken!" gasped the poor creature, touching it tenderly with one webbed foot, "but I seem to be able to hold up my head, if I keep it a little to one side. That fox had a terrible grip on me!"



savagely. "Tell me, what do you mean by it?" "I don't have to explain to you," replied Foxy. "You forget that I am judge of the Pleasant Forest court for offenders!" Wise Owl reminded him dankly.

"But you'd have to get Policeman Bob Catt here to arrest him before you could do anything about it," said Woozie Weasel, coming to Foxy's defence.

"Don't be frightened. We'll see that you get back home all safe," Cubby told him. "If I once get back to the poultry-house, I'll stay there, sure as my name is Ducky Dumppling, and never again go out for a swim!"

Foxy caught this remark, and chuckled. By this time, he was his own "foxy" self again. "That's how I caught him!" he said, with his sly smile. "He was on his way to the duck-pond,

waddled And I quack time. "Yo claime with f "Yo Bunny "Go "Wl "The done I told h wicke decent "Ha back your o be sor "Do they v Wease you pe dull ey and so me." "Tel Foxy "Oh "I just so Wo when 1 bed on among evenin house. "Ho "I lo of cour on han "The "To probab you ha "Oh, you ha I didn' "He "Look story!" "Do sel, "d little c with R on the "Ho "I ro dizzy to "We ge "And hardly a chick black c Well, t did Fo around, you ma on again "The right on bushes! "No the for Bear, dear! We mis Woozie "You too, Wo eyes st things come a you'll g and rob "Pool myself! Foxy! the far dozen s Little L a chase But v did com

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September 1923

Come and
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COMFORT'S League of Cousins

LEAGUE RULES

To be a comfort to one's parents.
To protect the weak and aged.To be kind to dumb animals.
To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

SPORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

SUMMER'S green is nearing now the glorious bonfire which autumn annually makes of it all. The woods will be tapestried for a while with smoky haze and the colors of flame. There will be still days of harvest and fruition, evenings of calling katydids and chirping crickets. Then for a night or two come a first prophetic chilliness at the going of sun. Red will become gray. Name turn to ice, and we will know that summer has left us. Vacationing and summering will be over—tasks begin!

From my mountain weeks I brought back to my mountain with me a little tan—some on my shoulders and a few disappearing bumps, the remains of the playful carresses of affectionate mosquitoes. I brought back, I hope, a rested eye and a clearer viewpoint with which to regard the life of the city—that life so far removed from that have been living where mountains are almost as men. Contrastingly I have been thinking, as my return, of the quiet strength of the peaks behind, compared with the noisy greed for ice and power which the city means to those who are in it. Spiritual insight and that compassion which is born of the spirit are indeed needed to look upon the distorted face of our material world.

If we are not to be blinded by its glare, encouraged by its fury and futility, tortured to phrases and hasty, bitter conclusions, we must learn "to think with the soul," as one has finely said. So I try to do this: try to see all the liveness of buying and selling, this making of a thing of clangor and clutter, for what it is—a passing phase of wrong thinking which cannot endure because of its very falsity, a separation of man the prodigal which cannot last. Men say for a time waste their spiritual substance, they may feed on the husks of material greed and in, but always there must be an awakening, coming to oneself. The soul begins to think. And a prodigal turns toward his Father's house.

By a million ways today we strive to feed the body, the brain, the material life of man and the soul. We are taught that all depends upon this, at this is our salvation from the evils we rear to day and attempt to remedy the next. All the world's resources are turned toward this material salvaging. This becomes our education, our science, our worship and our faith. Yet by this thing and by that only does man exist—his spiritual reality—and this cannot be left to dwindle and starve. It is not that we have asked for bread to be given stones, but that we are taught to keep on asking for stones!

To think with the soul is the only true thinking, because it is only the eternal soul of man and its eternal relationship which are changeless. The gifts of the brain, what we variously call training, science, reason, change with the years like fashions. Men attain new-taught ideas for their minds as they buy hats and shoes of later modes. And the soul is always to be discarded for something which is to be different and better—yet is somehow found to be always the same and to be discarded in its turn! But there is only one eternal fashion, one eternal mode of thought, one garment for the soul man.

Particularly now, when classrooms are calling to school beginning for so many of you, I do not want the boys and girls and their parents who read only what I write here to think that I despise the mind's training or believe truth to rest only in unlearnedness and simplicity. It is true that do distrust, as to his real value, what is often called the "trained man." He is often one who has been trained to do certain tricks, too many of which are of doubtful worth and bearing either for his own life or that of others. Yet a desire for knowledge is the beginning of wisdom. Without this desire to know, without endeavor to see full circle around the teachings of the world and its history as a result of these teachings, we cannot advance beyond. The soul will never think to its best if the mind has not thought first. The soul will never realize if the mind has not first analyzed, weighed and discarded. The mind must be made an instrument and a discoverer, but not a destroyer. The soul may dream great dreams and true ones, but it is the mind that must express them to those who have not dreamed.

What I do contend against, however, is the raising of the wall of sheer and barren intellect about the heart of a child, exterminating with a alchemy of psychology (now rising to its summit of truth) youth's natural capacity for the understanding that love gives. I contend against the killing off, the pinching back at the bud, of the soul's intuition which flows from the great reservoir of Love and Truth from where all life is stored. Not so is the earth of men to be watered.

For beyond all thinking that the schools can give us, the soul can be taught to think. College and classroom can make us echo textbooks and the rote phrases of tired teachers, but unless the soul also has been taught to echo, the sound will be a hollow one and of no value to the hearing world. We need to be made fine answers to the eternal and perfect of sounds, to echo that creative Love and Energy which is God.

I believe that all education might become religion in its best and truest sense—both as education and as religion. More than this, I believe that it must become so if it is to be the education worth having. I do not mean, of course, that any cult, any creed, any denominational beliefs or observances need enter into a child's early training, but I do mean that religion should be vitally there in the sense of the child's realization of a relationship to God, and being taught to turn simply and naturally to a spiritual source for all knowledge and all inspiration which the soul asks. And it is an easy thing for a child to grasp the truth of such a spiritual attitude, such a teaching. It is the most natural thing in the world for youth to realize that "every good and perfect gift" can come from One Giver with whom is All Good. There can be the Father's Business, as well as that taught by "business colleges" and commercial courses, and there can be an understanding of this which can become the only thing that can lighten the present darkness of our greedy buying and selling. We do not need a Sunday school so much as we need a Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—an all-week school wherein a child begins to feel his or her relationship to God, not as a seventh day, set-aside thing of belief and practice, but as a part of daily living, learning, love and service.

The poet has told us that knowledge is of the earth, but that wisdom is heavenly, of the soul. It is this wisdom which is the child's. It is this wisdom which we, whose childhood eyes are dulled, need to be made clear-eyed enough to see again. We need teaching which is more than that of earth. We need to be taught to make our souls think. To know that the truth is we are not of the many but of the One, and to make from this

finer thinking a world which shall be a finer place—a City of God and a Country of Heaven.
And now for the letters:

SOMEWHERE IN THE WEST.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:
Well, I have just blown in from the bleak prairies, which are now green, and I would like to enter into the sheltering circle of your campfire. Sh! Listen! Yes, it is the coyotes. Their voice suddenly shudders out of the darkness in a long wail, broken by long sobs, despairing and sad, calling for someone who is not there. Uncle, can't you see him, standing alone, facing the storm which seems to cut his skin beneath his long silky greyish-brown fur, or standing in the moonlight on a hill, gazing over the snow-covered world, now and then raising his head to call long and sadly for his unknown mate? I, like the coyote, am shy and afraid of the world, but not of my prairie world. One night, not so very long ago, I was awakened to some unaccustomed sound. I listened, thinking I would hear it again. Yes, there it was! It was the shrill whistle of a train calling for the block. Its call was answered by the broken sobs of the coyote. One was the city, gay and noisy; the other was the wilderness, fascinating and silent.

Uncle, have you ever visited the prairie? If you haven't, I will tell you a little about it. There are no trees, only those that have been planted by the settlers. There is good grass. The land is a gentle rolling plain. It is very beautiful to me, for I have seen no other for ten years.

Folks, I warrant I can take you to a place in our pasture where you, as well as myself, can feel the presence of phantom spirits. For I have been very happy and gay, but the moment I enter this valley a haunting feeling comes into my heart. I sense the existence of the Indians and herds of buffalo of long ago. This valley is dark. You can see our cattle and horses scattered along the side of hills, with now and then an antelope grazing among them.

Oh, how I wish that some of you could come and visit us. Our home is just a little two-roomed house, but we are happy and contented, so what is the difference? If you came, we could ride horseback and have great sport.

Well, now, I reckon I'll tell you what kind of a wild-looking creature I am. I'm five feet, three and one-half inches tall; weigh 111 pounds; have long silky, dark-brown hair, black eyes, and a fair complexion that is tanned—no, not by the sun or the sky, but by Nature, the sun and wind. I've even white teeth and well-shaped red lips. Some say that I'm pretty, but I don't believe it. And say, I am very stubborn, especially when it comes to boys. I never do anything they want me to. I do this to make them mad, mostly; and also to show them that they are not the best of me.

Cousins, I would like to hear from you all, although I cannot promise to answer all. To the one that writes the most interesting letter I will send my picture. I am leaving my name and address with Uncle Lisha. I know he will forward to me the letters you send him. Jeff, will you please write to me?

Your grateful niece and cousin, ANNA WANDA.

Arrah Wanda, when I finished reading your letter I was shuddering and sobbing and making a despairing noise like a sick coyote. You must not write such letters, Arrah, darling; I'm too sensitive and tender-hearted. You may call your wilderness fascinating, but I'm not going to be fascinated by any place full of fitting spirits playing tag in the moonlight, while the coyotes call despairingly from the hills. It doesn't sound fascinating to me and I wouldn't want to hang around there long, even if I had a rabbit's foot and three hairs of a yellow dog in my vest pocket.

What about this prairie train that goes along calling for the "block," Arrah? I wanna know. You say the train represents the city so I suppose you must mean a city block and that the train wants this to make up passengers which must be scarce in your wilderness—unless one filled the train up with phantom spirits. Well, we've got plenty of spare blocks here in Brooklyn, and if some of your empty prairie trains want a block or two, I'm willing to supply them, so that they can stop their howling competition with the coyotes.

But, seriously speaking, Arrah, I do believe in strange influences which can be felt about certain places—influences left by the thoughts and experiences of those who have lived in such places before us. Continued thought forces whose strength is not extinguished these are, perhaps. We will feel, I think—at least I believe I always do—a peace and happiness in places where people have dwelt in love and happiness for many years before. And contrariwise in spots where hatred and evil have held place for a time. Your dark valley, Arrah, may hold some thought-echoes still of the loneliness and terror that filled the hearts of those who once settled there and battled with the Indians.

SEATTLE, 1029 EAST 70th STREET, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Enclosed I send you my membership in the League of Cousins. First I will describe myself: I am a boy, or young man, of replete years. Don't know what replete means? Well, it is the Spanish word for twenty. I have dark brown hair, a la Valentino; also side burns, brown eyes, Washington complexion, and weigh 145 pounds. I'm five feet, six inches long, and in the pink of condition always.

Although not a native of Seattle, I've lived here all except three years of my life. My greatest hobbies are hiking, horseback riding, canoeing, flivvering in the moonlight and dancing. I'm perfectly content when doing any one of these. My favorite indoor sport is dancing, and I can shake a nifty ankle when with a good partner.

Western Washington is a wonderful country, especially in summer. Seattle can't be beat. A Puget Sound sunset is never forgotten. Rainier National Park is a gift from God.

I am lonesome for acquaintances in other parts of the U. S., and also in foreign lands. Won't somebody write me? Boys and girls both—I like 'em all. Now please don't shut the door on me!

Your nephew in waiting, L. HOLLES BOWEN.

P. S. I'm a junior in high school.

Hollis, I sorrowfully note that this disastrous side-burning business is raging through the south and west like a forest fire in a north wind. I see you have fallen a victim also, and I certainly hope you will recover and not be left with any bad scars beneath your ears.

I was interested in your hobbies, Hollis, particularly that of "flivvering and dancing in the moonlight." It must take quite a little practice to dance with a flivver, but I suppose it can be done when one makes a hobby of it. Most flivvers are able to do the one step and hesitation nicely. I'm sure. Well, I'm glad, Hollis, that your hobbies keep you in the pink of condition and with two shaking nifty ankles. I'll bet veinte pesos that you get lots of dancing partners by mail, even if not by moonlight. For a Washington complexion and Valentino hair should be like a Puget Sound sunset—never to be forgotten when once seen—or described.

LOVE, MARY VALLEY LANE, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.
DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:
Here I am again, not quite smothered under the pile

A Ten-Day Tube is FREE Send the Coupon



Film May Attack

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There's a film on your teeth—a viscous film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

While you sleep, acids may be formed in it. Most tooth troubles, most cloudy teeth, are due to film.

This is to tell you how to combat it, and offer a convincing test.

Film troubles

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. That's why so few have escaped tooth troubles, despite all care.

New ways found

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to fight film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harm-

ful scouring. Able authorities proved those methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two new film destroy-

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combant which contains harsh grit.

ers were embodied in it. That tooth paste is called Pepsodent.

Fights acids, too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

World-wide use

Careful people of some 50 nations now use Pepsodent largely by dental advice. Wherever you look you see the results. Teeth glisten as they should.

Watch the results on your own teeth. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

The results will surprise and delight you. You will never again go without them. Cut out this coupon now.

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of letters and cards I have received from you. I had nearly forgotten that I had written to you, when one hot day in December the first bundle of 140 letters arrived. Well, I could hardly believe that they were all for me! More and more began to come, and, up to date, I have received over 550 letters and 60 cards. I cannot thank you enough, my dear, kind friends and cousins, who wrote and cheered a (no longer) lonely little girl in Australia. I would love to write a separate letter to each of you, but as this is impossible, I ask all of you who do not get a personal reply to take this as an answer to your letters and cards. Many of you sent me unused stamps to answer with. I am sorry for this, as we cannot use American stamps here and I cannot write to all of you to return them. Another thing for which I am sorry—so many of you didn't put sufficient postage on so that I could not pay it all. It came to nearly eight dollars all of it. I paid some, but as we are not at all rich I could not pay the rest.

Now, Uncle Lisha, if you will give me space, I will try to answer some of the questions that were asked me and tell a little about Australia. I say some, for if I tried to reply to all it would take a whole copy of COMFORT. Australia is called the "Island Continent," and its area is 3,000,000 square miles. It is divided into seven States, each having its capital. I live in Queensland and which I think is the best state as to climate and things which can be grown. Brisbane is our capital. In the southern part it snows in the winter, but never for more than a fortnight. The snow never lies on the ground, but melts as soon as it falls. It is almost an exceptional thing for it to snow—even in the southern part of Queensland, and I have never seen snow since I came here.

Our principal industry is sheep raising and we are the greatest sheep raising country in the world. Dairy farming and cattle raising are also big industries, and butter and frozen meat are exported to all parts of the world. Other crops are sugar-cane, corn, potatoes, both white and sweet, tobacco, coffee, wheat and all sorts of vegetables. All kinds of temperate zone fruits are grown, but only some of them are in state. We have all the tropical fruits—mangoes, oranges, lemons, custard apples, pineapples, bananas, loquats, kumquats, and many others. There are very few eatables, indeed, which Australians need to look for outside their own country.

Our manufacturing is yet in its infancy although the war stimulated this by forcing the making of many things we could not procure from abroad during that time. Australia is a country of enormous possibilities if developed right, but at present things are almost in chaos. Not one quarter of the country is populated, there are thousands out of work, and those who have jobs never know but tomorrow they may be sacked. The government is endeavoring to get more and more emigrants, but I do not know what they are going to

do with them—unless it is a plan to get labor for next to nothing. So I would advise all that are thinking of coming out here to stay where they are—at least till they find out more of conditions than I can tell them here.

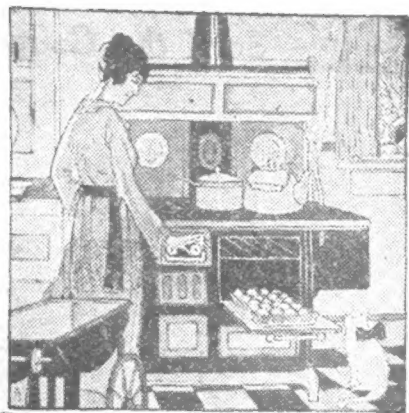
We have a great timber industry. At present I am living with my married brother and his wife on the Brooloo State Forest, which is a reserve of 40,000 acres. The lumber is preserved until it is large enough to cut and it is then hauled away to the state sawmills. We have such lovely woods as cedar, silky oak, satinwood, sandalwood, and many others. Seeds of American trees are being planted as an experiment. Much cotton is being planted experimentally, also. I am not so lonely at Imbie as I was at Crohanhurst where my first letter was sent from. There I was fifteen miles from a railway station. The forestry workers are mostly returned soldiers and my brother is one of these. He was wounded in France.

Well, I guess I had better tell you what I look like. I am sixteen years old, five feet, two inches tall, 105 pounds in weight. I have auburn hair, not curly and not exactly straight—and not bobbed. I have brown eyes, lots of freckles and a pretty big mouth. At least it's big—I guess it's not very pretty! Well, that's me. How do you like me? I think you would think me rather "bushy." If you could see me sometimes, better dressed and barefooted. I was six years old when I came to Australia and expect to be coming back the middle of this year. Probably I will be there by the time this letter is in print. Perhaps I may see some of my cousins and friends—especially those living in my home state, Minnesota, as that is where I will be going. I am carefully keeping the names and addresses of all of you. I want to finish my education and be a school teacher. I have had only three years schooling, but my father taught me at home and I read all the books I could get hold of. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother is married. My sister Lucille is older than I and my other sister, Sheila, is younger, being ten. She is the real Australian of the bunch.

We shall have a long trip back to the U. S. It will be nearly a day in the train to Brisbane, then three days by train or coastal boat to Sydney, and there we will take steamer for the dear old U. S. A. We shall land at Vancouver, and then there will be about three days more to St. Paul, Minnesota. On the steamer we shall be three weeks or more! I will write to you again when I arrive and tell you all about it. It takes a letter from three to six weeks to get here from the U. S. The letters of cousins dated about the first of November reached me the fifteenth of December!

Well, Uncle, I guess I had better close this letter, and I'm sure you thought so long ago. I hope it is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



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DON, The Educated Dog

by Cascen M. Ray



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"DON, The Educated Dog," as he was billed on the boards of the "ten-twenty-third" vaudeville house far down town, trotted along the streets of Creston in that dusky hour between shows, his doggy heart rejoicing in temporary freedom from the leash and from work. He had slipped out without being noticed and now was pursuing his way along the familiar streets without master or mistress. Ever since they three had come to this old home town, Don had wanted to get out and run about as he used to do. His canine mind was vaguely troubled. He could not understand why he and his master did not go home, nor why there were no more rides in the cut-down Locar which Dicky used to drive at breakneck speed over the smooth roads about Creston with Don sitting stiff and important beside him.

All that had been when they lived in the big house on Linden Drive with Aunt Cornelia. Many things had happened since then.

Not that Don was really dissatisfied with his present life. He loved his new mistress, whom Master Dicky called Vida, almost as much as he loved Dicky. He learned innumerable tricks at her behest and performed them willingly—even joyously, when his turn came four times each day. And when the spectators—all those rows of white faces out there beyond the lights—laughed and clapped their hands at his clever stunts, he sat up gaily on his haunches and signaled his delight with his little bushy brown paws.

The advertising had it that Don could read and tell colors and even pick you out by your photograph. You were invited to bring your picture and let Don return it to you as you sat in the audience. Every night there were photos for Don to carry down among the people and he never made a mistake. Perhaps if Don could have spoken, he might have told you that there was always an identifying odor about the pasteboard cards by which he could find the owner. However, that might be, he now was deeply interested in the familiar sights and sounds of the city as he trotted along dog fashion, a gait in which his hind feet seemed always trying to get ahead of his front feet. As soon as he had satisfied his curiosity, he would trot back to the dreary top floor furnished room where Master Dicky lay all day on a broken couch while Don and Vida did their "turns."

For months now, the three, Dicky, Vida and Don had traveled the country over, billed as the "Talking Dog Co." on the programs of the Vaudeville circuit. Day after day and night after night, Don had gone through his funny stunts, his reward a word of praise or a caress from the gods of his world. And now they had come back to the place Don had known as home before Master Dicky had met Vida, before this strange life of dingy stage entrances and second rate hotels, interspersed with railroad journeys, had commenced. As he trotted, tongue lolling, long silky brown ears flapping, ridiculous short tail wagging his pleasure at seeing the dear remembered streets of Creston, the spaniel was wondering—wondering why Dicky and he did not go home.

Of course Aunt Cornelia had never liked dogs very well but she liked Master Dicky exceedingly well and no doubt she would like Mistress Vida if she only knew how nice that female dog was, how soft her hands and how gently she could comb and brush a little dog's curly coat until it shone like silk. He liked to have Vida examine his bushy pads to see that there were no slivers nor burrs nor tiny sharp stones to make his feet sore. Perhaps if Aunt Cornelia—but he had not seen Aunt Cornelia since that night when Master Dicky had told her that he wanted to marry a girl in the Ram-mage troupe. Something had seemed to annoy Aunt Cornelia very much. She had spoken words which made Master Dicky go white under his tan, bow stiffly and march out of the room without reply. Don had followed Dicky upstairs where the master had flung some clothes into a suit case and had gone out of the house and straight to Vida. There Dicky had been quite masterful, insisting on something that Don did not quite understand and which Vida had protested against until Dicky had over ruled her objections and carried her off to a man who said some words to them and then joined their hands. After that there was no more home going.

Don quite approved of Master Dicky's fondness for this charming goddess and nothing made him happier than to curl up between them, sharing impartially the caresses and endearments of the lovers. But of late things had not been going well. Don knew there was something very much amiss when Dicky did not rise from his bed. They had to stay a long time in one dismal hole of a town and Vida had cried over the bills that came in and over letters and telegrams. Don could not know how little money his mistress had to meet those bills nor how managers protested cancelled dates.

As soon as Dicky was able to move, they had gone on again, but now Dicky could not go to the theater with them but lay all day on the couch while Don and Vida carried on the "act," and to make up for the loss of their partner, Don had to learn more tricks.

If Don had been a human being and given to worry, his brain might have reeled with the stress laid upon it. As it was, he just learned as fast as Mistress Vida could think up new things to teach him and so kept the theater-going public marveling at his cleverness.

Don, like most dogs, never forgot places, and of all the places to be remembered, the place where one was born is most firmly fixed in the animal mind, moreover, this modest business street of Creston was one that Don had traversed a thousand times. He sniffed here and there, renewing acquaintance with familiar odors until, on the sidewalk, he saw something black. Stopping to nose it, he sensed an elusive emanation which awoke new memories of the past.

One of Don's most cherished tricks was to bring to Dicky anything which Vida had dropped or to Vida anything which Dicky had dropped. The odor of the velvet bag carried its message to his brain; he picked it up and, wheeling in his track, hastened his cornerwise trot until it was nearly a run.

There were few people on the street at that hour and if any noticed the little brown and white dog carrying a black bag, Don did not heed it as he hurried homeward.

He would have liked to be able to open his mouth for a few cooling breaths but he denied himself the luxury. He could pant all he wished when he had given the bag into the keeping of his divinities.

At last he turned into the doorway of the lodging house and scrambled quickly up the stairs,—one, two, three flights—pausing in the dusky hall to scratch at a time-stained door.

The door was opened hastily and Vida cried out as she saw him.

"Donnie! Where have you been? You were gone so long!"

Don knew that she had been worried for there was a sharp note in her voice. Gravely he looked up into her anxious face. He could not grasp why she was so troubled but he sensed the fact. What he now wanted to know was, to which should he give the bag? Vida decided this by saying:

"Why, Don, what have you there?"

Stooping she took the black velvet bag from his willing mouth, while Don, glad to be released, sat back on his haunches and laughed with tongue out and eyes crinkled up by the drawing back of his lips.

Vida stood a moment, speculatively weighing the bag in her hands, then she went toward the couch on which Dicky lay as usual.

"Look, Dicky, what Don brought home! What do you suppose it is and where did he get it?"

Richard Abercrombie put out a thin hand and took the bag from his wife as she held it over him. There was a hectic flush on his cheeks and his eyes were too bright but he smiled the brave smile that Don knew and loved—the gay smile that had won Vida Lee, had long since given way to something which made the quick tears spring to his wife's pretty eyes as she looked tenderly at him.

"You're like a woman with a telegram, Vida," he said half playfully, his voice scarcely above a whisper. Don could have remembered when Dick Abercrombie needed no megaphone on the athletic field,—but Don was industriously cooling himself after his long run.

"Open it, Dicky," urged Vida, "Let's see what's in it. You're as bad as I am," she pouted as he paused with evident desire to tease her,—"open it, old slow-poke!"

"Let's guess what's in it," whispered Dicky, "A million dollars maybe?"

"I can't guess—oh, fifteen cents and a theater coupon and some rings for fancy work and—I don't know what else. Hurry up, Dicky!" She sank down by his couch and Don came and curled himself beside her.

Dicky opened the clasps of the bag—clasps that were unusually strong—and poured the contents out on the old steamer rug that covered him. For a moment both were silent in amazement, then Vida gasped—"Why, Dicky! What?"

Slowly, painfully, silently, Dicky drew himself erect on his couch, his fascinated eyes on the glittering mass which caught the last rays of fading day and sent them back in flashes of red and blue and green fire.

"Diamonds!" he said at last in a dazed tone. Then to Don, "Where did you get them, old fellow?"

Don stood up, stretched, wagged his ridiculous stump of a tail and capered a little at this notice vouchsafed by his particular divinity then he clambered up on the end of the couch and pretended to hunt for rats.

"Don, where did you get it?" Dicky demanded sternly and Don, knowing that something was being asked about his find, ran toward the door uttering sharp yelps.

"It's no use, Dicky. He can't tell you. Oh, Dicky, do you suppose we could keep them?"

"We'll have to advertise them, girlie, if we can't find the owner any other way. We can't keep what isn't ours, you know."

As he spoke, there was a tap at the door and before Vida could rise Trixie Tevis, a fellow trouper, came breezily in.

"Hello, folks! Thought I'd run in a minute to see how you children are getting along." Catching sight of the jewels on Dicky's lap, she stopped her chatter abruptly, her eyes opening wide in amazement.

"My lands! What you got there? This looks like a jewelry store or pawn shop robbery. Where did you get 'em?"

In reply, Vida related the story while Don sat between them, looking from one to another, alert to catch the meaning of the excitement.

"If nobody seen Don pick 'em up, you'd be chumps to advertise. Better wait and see what's in the paper," she advised.

"We go on tomorrow and won't have time to watch the ads," replied Vida.

"That's so. I tell you what. I got a friend that knows all about such things. If he'll take 'em off your hands, you needn't worry."

"We can't do that, Trixie," came Dicky's whisper. "They don't belong to us. We've got to send them back to the owner."

"Yes, an' maybe be arrested for stealing 'em," sniffed Trixie, "I know the sort of dames that wear ice like this," she held up the dog collar its five strands set thick with flashing jewels.

"Wonder how I'd look all dolled up in these!" She clasped the collar about her heavily powdered neck. "Where's the glass? I want to see myself. Gee!" turning from side to side before the spotted mirror, "I never had a chance to try anything like that before. An' that ain't all," she rustled back to Dicky who had lain down again, exhausted with the effort and the excitement, "Let me see the rest of the stuff. Gee!" she cried turning over the glittering trinkets. "A necklace, too. You try that on, girlie," holding it out to Vida who took the bauble and clasped it around her slender throat, looking wistfully into the dim mirror as she did so.

"I'll say you're some looker when you're dolled up. Diamonds suit you better'n me. Here, put these on," commanded Trixie holding out the bracelet and rings which she took from Dicky's reluctant hand. Vida slipped the jewels on her slim wrists and fingers and a deeper tint crept up in her delicate cheek as she turned the stones on her hands, making them flash in the rays of the street lamp just lighted outside their window.

"You ain't goin' to give them back if you don't have to," urged Trixie. "If nobody seen Don, they won't know where the sparks have gone to. You're plum foolish, Vida. Just think what a lot of eggs an' milk you could buy for Dicky with one of these. Besides," she hurried on as Vida did not answer, "you might take a lay-off an' you an' Dicky go to the country where there's real cows an' chickens, like the doctor ordered." She waited expectant.

"Oh, Dicky!" was Vida's cry as she flung herself down beside him. "Let's keep them. Let Trixie sell them to her friend and we'll go some place where

You'll get it, to see a steady a than wi Don like We ca said, add hand, W will be. handkerchiefs at the em out to Do "Mayn Vida, you place, I tri police to l Vida spr wash-bowl dose and, the drag down "Go ne She wai put on in the bag a Trixie, I tell Dicl a reward easy." Don e silent, wh strong on country, you will dress. T that he d why did i and utter "Be qu He sat thing wro from tha while the stronger, beared, he and bark knows, I do what I she sto lished he that hum to go, I were mar more exch in at a g stately m Don w hurried o no word n now she s this is the He cou velvet ex bounded she could down, he water dri Vida pick and hain was open over her h "Is you tremblin "What in livry. "Never on import The ma eyes to a shabby st to carry h who was a little paw wisely up looking su He had s gagingly a "Is that madame th The se Miss, I was the "Yes," s into the b on his br to the lit Don grav "You re ain't you, "Yes, b she is at h The ma among in familiar to a trained posture, L a ain't ey like this, about him mistress," on the sta Don felt attitude, which sh took up a He was re "Come o that soldi "I cana Vida's repl "When y here and sh "I'm in i is waiting f "Your h of a snee you ought see the ma Vida to it to Don. Don was al intercept h starts he dogs. Now Don kni up those st at a door a servant w door was o squeezed h the room w Before th had bounde and laid th his haunch scarcely loo hand and h "Don! l lips as she acknowledge little caper, to him in dogs much the task la a knock at and the ma madame" "Did you mistress. "No, mae stairs that "Man of a "Woman "Bring lo Timkins bo beckoned to up." As Vida a Abercrombie while the m Don inspect since that n and determin "The bag said madame here. "I w into the roo flushed and i



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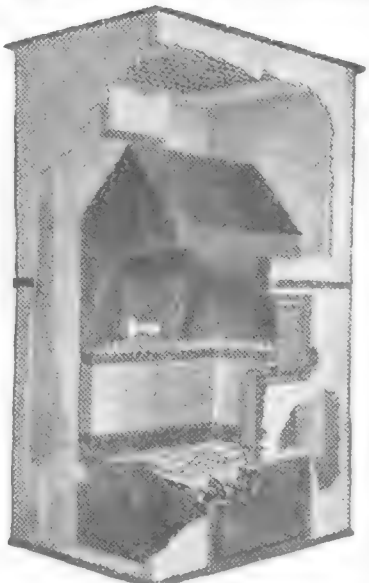
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IF YOU WISH IT

By Dorothy Calef Steyaert

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"BUT Lydia things are going to change. It's only because money is tight that I'm not making many sales now."

A log fell apart and the fitful firelight caressed the two who sat before the grate. The short-lived brightness of the flames revealed a brooding, tender longing in the girl's face. Her companion sat forward, tensely eager to convince her.

"I know, Jack," she answered, and gazed into the fire whose red and yellow lights flashed in the solitaire held in her fingers.

"But, that doesn't change the fact that you aren't getting ahead. And where would we be on a measly little commission that you could make now and then?"

She glanced significantly about the luxuriously furnished room.

"Of course, Lydia, you deserve the very best and I'm going to give it to you. But, we don't need to be married until things change."

She stopped him with a gesture.

"I don't believe in long engagements, Jack. I will not wear any man's ring until I know definitely that I am going to marry him."

"You don't believe that I can make money."

"I do. That's just the trouble. If I didn't I'd probably marry you anyway and make the best of it. But—oh, Jack, can't you see that I'm trying to bring out the abilities you never have used?"

In her earnestness she had drawn her hand from under his and made his the under one.

"Lydia, do you love me?" He leaned toward her and made his hand the upper one.

The blue eyes were suddenly wet. "Yes," she said.

And that ended the hand business. She sobbed it out on his shoulder while he gently caressed the bright hair he had so longed to touch. She was quiet in his arms when he spoke.

"Perhaps you're right dear. I feel so wealthy with your love that it's hard to realize how poor I am in dollars and cents."

"Oh, Jack, I didn't call you poor!"

"No, but I am poor when we try to fit my income to the sort of life you are entitled to. But, oh, Lydia—won't you let me put the ring on your finger? Money isn't always going to be so tight. I'm a good salesman, truly. It's just conditions that are—"

"Please don't cheapen yourself with excuses, Jack."

He answered the pleading in her voice. "All right, Lydia girl, just you go on loving me and I'll attend to the rest."

But, in spite of his confident words, Jack slept little that night. The joy of having Lydia love him kept him awake; the fear of losing her to a moneyed rival kept him more awake; and through it all, vague plans and schemes whereby to capture the elusive dollars flitted transitively through his groping mind.

Morning called him forth to mingle with the more or less fortunate crowd, according to whether he measured them in terms of wealth or love. Fair visitors were flooding the city. He found his habitual restaurant filled with strangers and stood patiently in line. He didn't really care whether he was waiting or eating. He was thinking of the unobtainable Lydia. The proprietor hurried past him bearing a loaded tray and puffing under the unaccustomed load.

"Sorry Jack, couldn't reserve your seat this morning, too busy."

"All right, George."

Jack answered mechanically. Abstractedly he watched George place a sign in the window: "Waiters Wanted."

Abstractedly he ate his breakfast and departed, still poring over the problem of how to get more customers for his bonds.

They were good bonds. He was proud of his line, proud of the friends he had made through them. But, now they were not selling. Nothing was selling. People who had money were keeping tight hold of it and even the people who had no money had ceased their prodigal spending. He wished that Lydia had let him explain, yet, even as he thought so, he was glad that she had not. She was right, excuses are the sign of weakness. But, she had admitted her love and with that to go on, he would make good. He trusted out his chest and took quick steps, head high. He was thinking now of the Lydia who loved him.

He was vaguely aware of another sign being placed in a window as he passed. It was similar to the one that George had displayed and now that he looked about him, he saw that without exception every restaurant showed the motto: "Waiters Wanted."

Strange, how labor was kicking and yet wouldn't work when they got the chance. And because they would not work, wages were high, which made commodities high, which kept the people poor, and prevented them from investing in even so safe and easy investment as the bonds which he was selling. The whole world poor because some men would not work, would not take a chance that offered itself and work their way up from there. And there he stopped. Was he any better, as he continued his wild-goose chase, hunting for purchasers that he knew he would not find.

It was a restaurant that he seldom frequented before which he had paused. He started to enter and then retraced his steps. Lydia had not liked excuses. Neither would she like subterfuge. He would go back to Martinell's where people knew him.

He found George busier than ever with barely time to manage the cash register where it was his wont to sit in dignified silence and watch his trade and service. With the familiarity of an old friend and customer, Jack walked behind the counter and demanded an apron.

"Bless you, Jack," cried the perspiring George. "Keep an eye on the new ones, will you?"

Throughout the busy week Jack labored at his new work.

And it was hard work too. From six in the morning when they opened to accommodate the waiting crowd, until midnight he carried trays to an endless array of hungry and impatient customers. When he finally sought rest, he had not even the life to think of Lydia. Occasionally, he wondered what she thought of his silent absence, but his head scarcely touched his pillow before he was wandering through happy dreams with her. Not since the old army days had he been so weary as now. But, through it all, he found a new satisfaction. A definite amount of work to be accomplished each day spurred him in the morning and kept him at it until night.

When the week was over and the bustling mob had gone with only the regulars left, George approached him.

"You've saved my life, Jack. I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't thank me, George, just go on doing me the favor you've been doing, will you?"

"Meaning which?"

"Meaning I want a job."

"Hub?"

The prosaic expletive betrayed surprise and unbelief.

"Sure. I'm in earnest. You see, George, I want to get married." And Jack outlined his scheme.

So Jack stayed on at Martinell's, helping during the busy part of each day. Between meals, he continued his own work. It would be unfair to say that he did not dread the remarks his friends would make. He did. He looked each time the door opened for someone that he knew.

Dick Wellington was the first to spy him.

"Well, look who's still here? Where did you get it, George, and how long are you going to keep it?"

"As long as he'll stay."

Jack blessed George. He flickered an imaginary crumb from Dick's shoulder and elaborately placed the menu before him.

When the boys had seen him long enough to take his place for granted, Jack found it comparatively easy to wait upon those with whom he had always

associated. There was only one man now that he dreaded meeting in this minor role. And that was Carl Rawley, friend to Lydia, and rival suitor for her hand.

He came in due time, and silently gazed at Jack through narrowed eyes as he drew off his gloves.

"Ah! So this is where you spend your evenings. We have missed you."

"Yes, I knew you would." Jack's irony was no less concealed than Rawley's sarcasm.

It was in the evening that gay dinner parties gave tribute to George Martinell's excellent table.

And it was in the evening that Carl brought Lydia to dine, as Jack had known he would. Carl was careful to treat Jack entirely as a head waiter.

But, Lydia could not make her eyes be good. They followed the straight figure of the head waiter as he efficiently conveyed his guests to their places.

There was an inscrutable twinkle in them too. Was she merely amused, or was she pleased? Jack could not make out, but he quietly played his role, surprised that he could so well conceal the boiling fury that was seething within him.

He diligently ignored them and attended to his duties. Yet, words of their conversation drifted to him as he passed their table. Their enjoyment in one another, their light gayer filled him with fury, fury at them and fury at himself that he should allow Rawley to triumph.

But, while Carl was getting her cloak and Lydia was alone for a moment, Jack stepped near her in spite of himself.

"So this is why I have missed you," she said.

He carried a word in a song for days to come. The salary of a head waiter is no fortune, yet, diligently saved, it will count up as fast as any. Moreover, Jack made some sales. He seemed to have a new forcefulness in his sale-talk since seeing a new side of human nature. At the end of two months he sent a bouquet to Lydia, and in place of a card, he inserted his bank statement among the flowers.

But, Lydia did not answer. Had he been too bold?

As the days went by with still no word from her, he fell into utter despair. And then, one noon, she brought a party of girls to Martinell's. He wondered why she had chosen friends that were all new to him.

"A table for five, please." Her voice was cool, impersonal.

He led them to the table which he knew was her favorite and deferentially drew out their chairs.

"Give us a good waiter, Jack."

Though she called him by his first name, it was as though she were addressing a well-known servant, instead of a friend.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied and he kept a careful watch to see that they received the best of service.

Lydia had brought a gay troupe. They lingered over their luncheon. Jack's friends came and went. Many of them knew Lydia and stopped at her table for a few words. Jack seiwled at them.

Not even a friendly smile was awarded him as the merry ones left. But, the following day Jack found a note awaiting him at his club. He carried it to his room, afraid to open it. When he had locked the door, he read:

"Dear Jack:—Do you always work till midnight? I shall be at home Friday evening from eight until eleven and should enjoy a chat with you."

"Enjoy a chat with you?" It didn't sound formidable. Suppose she had said, "I have something to tell you." Then he would have been frightened. And yet—it would have revealed full meaning one way or another; it might have led for hope, as well as despair. But, "enjoy a chat!" There was an ominous inconsequence to the phrase. Still, she had sent for him.

Thus Jack argued with himself through the tense three days that it took Friday evening to roll around.

She greeted him eagerly and Jack felt the happiness of old days. But, when they were seated, an unwelcome restraint settled over them. They attempted commonplace topics and gave it up.

"Jack," Lydia ventured, "I wanted to ask you—could you make such a splendid waiter, would you serve at a party that I'm giving Tuesday evening?"

Jack was stunned. Cruelty was the one thing he had not expected from her.

"Why, yes, if you wish it," he replied, regretting that his voice betrayed his hurt.

"Thank you, Jack."

She dropped her eyes to her nervously twining fingers. "And will you, please, wear a dress suit. Because—you see—I've told them all that—that we're engaged."

With one hand he drew her to him. And with the other he placed the ring on her finger.

she held her head in her proudest fashion. Madame Abercrombie spoke without rising for her lap was full of the jewels.

"Where did you find these?"

"Don't found them. Vida replied briefly.

"Are you—" Madame Abercrombie paused, evidently at a loss, for the right words. Don pushed between the two women and sat down where he could watch both faces. He was not going to miss anything.

"I am Vida Abercrombie," replied the girl a trifle defiantly. "Don found the bag and brought it to us and Dicky told him to find the owner. I did not know it was yours till he brought it here."

"Dicky is here?" asked the elder woman, half fearfully. "Here in town and—where is he?"

"I must see him. Sit down here, girl. Tell me about him," she reached over the lapful of gems and drew Vida to a seat.

Half an hour later, the three, Madame Abercrombie, Vida and Don were mounting the stairs of the lodging house, the dark, dingy three flights which made Don pant heavily as he scrambled upward. He waited on the landing for Vida and, as she opened the door, he bounded into the room and up on the couch where Dicky lay, his face turned expectantly toward the hall.

"Oh, Dicky," cried Vida, flinging herself down beside him. "I'm glad I did what you said and let Don take them back. It's all right and you'll have eggs and milk and everything."

Then someone else came forward—a stately old lady whose eyes were misty as she bent over Dicky.

"Dear boy, forgive your old aunt! You're coming home tonight, you and Vida and Don. Your room is waiting for you."

"Aunt Connie," whispered Dicky, "I knew you'd come if you once saw Vida."

"And Don," added Aunt Connie, stroking the brown head of the little dog and accepting a moist kiss from a pink tongue.



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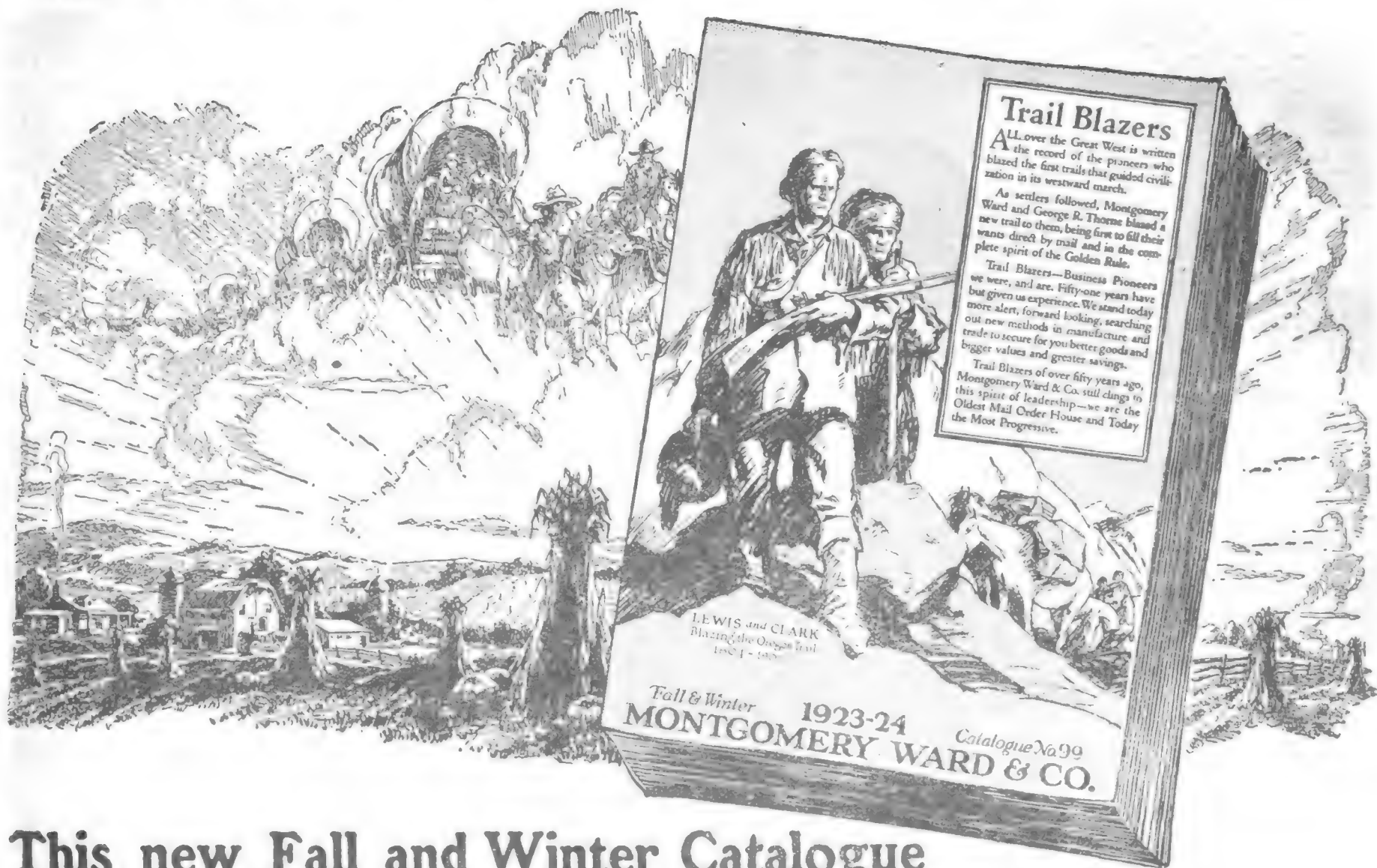
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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

When Our Eyes Need Help

BOTH young girls and older women find, sometimes, that no matter how young their eyes are, they need to be supplemented by glasses. It is a good deal of a shock to most of us when that time arrives, for we do not like to don glasses.

Then comes the question: "What kind of glasses shall I wear?"

Well, of course, the first person entitled to answer that question is your oculist, for he it is who knows what your eyes need. But if he does not seem to care what style of glasses you wear, then that is where I shall take the opportunity of whispering a word of advice in your ears.

If you are to wear glasses all the time, that is one problem, and if you are only to put them on when you read, that is still another. For the latter use, the tortoise shell-rimmed spectacles—yes, I said



GOOD FOR VISION BUT NOT FOR VANITY.

spectacles—are the best, for they do not shift or change, while glasses that are fitted to the nose and taken on and off are not as true of vision. So if you are only going to wear glasses for reading or studying, the spectacle is the thing. But, just between ourselves, you and I know that they are not becoming, don't we?

If you are to wear glasses all the time, we must both remember that spectacles again are probably the most sensible glass for the eyes, but here we must let our vanity have something to say. And I do believe we are justified in saying we do not want to wear spectacles all day and every day. There are various kinds of glasses, gold rimmed, no rim at all, rimmed in colored material; some with a curve of gold over the bridge of the nose, others with a close-fitting band that pinches to the bridge of the nose. This latter style is perhaps the most becoming, but some cannot wear it so for them the style which has a curve above the bridge of the nose is the choice.

I only wear glasses for reading, but I voted against spectacles because I did not wish to compete with Harold Lloyd! I do not like the gold loop above the bridge of the nose but I cannot wear the nose-pin kind. If you can, that is the type to choose, because it does not interfere with the line of the nose or the brows. Choose the colorless rims, for your glasses are least conspicuous in this way, while gold or tortoise-shell rims call attention to themselves.

There are various ways of attaching glasses to yourself so that you do not have to remember where they are when you want them. You can have a tiny gold chain with a small gold hairpin attached, and pin it in your hair behind the ear; you can have a button-shaped pin attached to your bodice, from which hang your glasses, and out of which a gold chain unrolls when it is pulled and you want to don your glasses, or you can wear a small black eyeglass cord attached to your glasses and hung about your neck. I have tried most of these methods and have now arrived at the point where they are all discarded, and I hunt for my glasses whenever I want them, trying to remember whether I left them in the telephone closet, or on the piano, or at my writing desk, or inside of the book I was reading. It is a great nuisance, not to know where one's glasses are, but I have decided that black cords and gold chains are not pretty to look at.

If your eyes are far-sighted and all that you need is a little help to look at nearby objects, a lorgnette is useful for this, and can be carried in your purse. Be sure, however, if you ever intend to use a lorgnette—which is not an affectation but merely a convenience for semi-occasional help to the eyes—that your hands are well-cared for and your nails perfection, for nothing calls attention to the hands more than the use of a lorgnette.

In choosing glasses, try on all styles, and look at yourself critically, then choose the style that best fits your nose and least detracts from your personal appearance.

Questions and Answers

TEXAS.—I should not think it would be necessary to use the ammonia and peroxide over the entire face. Most faces have a little down on the skin, but this is nothing to worry about. Poets have even written sonnets about the "down on milady's cheek!" At eighteen I imagine you cannot have much superfluous hair anywhere. If you have any noticeable hairs on lip or chin, dampen one day with ammonia, the next with peroxide, but I should not use it over entire face—and of course you will be wise and never use a depilatory on the face. If you are five feet in height, you should weigh between one hundred and ten and one hundred and fifteen pounds, and your bust and hips should each be thirty-six inches. For blue eyes, light brown hair and fair complexion, you can probably wear olive green, russet, dark blue, golden brown, fawn color, corn yellow, bronze brown, blue-violet. Being blue-eyed and fair complexion, but with hair that is light brown, you are rather between blonde and brunette. Try the various colors and see which ones are becoming. Some colors are more becoming when touched up with some contrasting color, as, for instance, yellow or peach color in small touches with an olive green dress or silver or purple accents with the blue-violet, etc.

DONNA.—Your friend who has a space between her two front teeth, and then an over-lapping tooth, needs to go to the dentist. He will have her wear clamps on her teeth for many months, until the gap is closed and the other tooth straightened. For your own pimples, you must first be careful what you eat. You must not eat much candy or other sweet stuff, but plenty of fruit, and drink lots of water. Also eat green vegetables. Then see that your bowels move once or twice a day freely, not with cathartics but by eating proper foods and exercising. Eat prunes that have been soaked overnight before cooking, eat apples, chew all food thoroughly before swallowing. Then be careful about taking a body bath daily. If you have no built-in bathtub, you can take a perfectly good bath standing on a folded bath towel and scrubbing clean a small portion of the body at one time, then drying before you bathe another portion. If keeping the pores clean and open, body impurities have a chance to escape instead of filling up the pores and causing pimples. Dandruff may be gotten rid of, quite often, by frequent shampooing. Try washing your hair thoroughly once in two weeks, being sure that you rinse it many times so that there isn't the slightest soap left in it. Do not use

a fine comb on the scalp, and be careful in combing the hair not to touch the scalp with the comb, nor to brush the scalp itself. Brush and comb the hair without touching the scalp. You can wipe the scalp off by rubbing the part with a soft bit of cloth, then parting again and doing the same, until you have gone over the entire scalp. Before shampooing, run a medicine dropper filled with olive oil down the various parts in this way, tying up the head in a towel thereafter over night. In the morning, shampoo. The oil will loosen the dandruff and it will probably come away in the shampooing.

BLUE EYES.—Tanned skin is very fashionable, but if you do not like yours to be tanned, you can try an almond meal bleach, and thereafter be most careful, when going out in the sun, to rub the skin well with cold cream, and dust on a little powder after you have wiped off all surplus cream with a pad of soft cotton. Buy some almond meal and a jar of theatrical skin food—the latter is quite reasonable in price. Into one teaspoonful of the cream mix as much meal as it will hold, then add enough hot water to make the paste thin enough to spread. Cut a square of cheese-cloth, and spread the paste thereon, cover with another square and apply to the face. In both squares you should have cut a hole for the nose. Pat the mash down close to the skin and keep covered with hot wet Turkish towels, changing them constantly, for fifteen minutes. After removing the pack, bathe the face in warm water, then in cold. Take six of these treatments, three days apart.

A CURIOUS BRUNETTE.—To reduce the arms and shoulders, practice the following exercise:

To Reduce Arms and Shoulders

Standing erect, close the hands in fists and place on the shoulders. Now raise them quickly and vigorously to their full length, then quickly bring them back to first position. Repeat ten or fifteen times.

Another Good Exercise

Standing erect, extend the arms in front of you full length with the hands pressed together. Elbows must not bend in this exercise, and arms must be kept on the same level as the shoulders. Now throw the arms back as if trying to make them meet in the middle of the back, shoulder level. Press with them vigorously. Return them to first position, and repeat, making the backward movement one of great vigor. Practice ten or fifteen times, twice a day.

To bleach the neck, one of the best preparations is made of an ounce of strained honey to which has been added a teaspoonful of lemon juice and six drops of oil of bitter almonds. Stir this into the whites of two un-beaten eggs, and add enough fine oatmeal to make a smooth thin paste. Spread on one side of a strip of cotton cloth and bind about the neck firmly at night. Repeat five or six times, two nights apart. Oil of bitter almonds is a poison if taken internally, and should not be used on the face, or left within the reach of children.

BROWN EYES.—No, indeed, one hundred and ten pounds is not too much to weigh at your age and your height. You can keep on gaining. To make fat legs slimmer, practice the following exercise:

To Reduce the Size of the Legs

Stand beside the foot of your bed, and place your hands upon it. Now rise slowly on your toes until you are on the very tips. Then sink to a squatting position, without letting the heels touch the floor. Rise again, sink, and continue for ten or fifteen times. Inhale when rising, exhale when squatting.

IGNORAMUS.—Your circulation is not good, I should imagine, and that is probably the cause of your being so red and hot in summer, and so purple and cold in winter. You should exercise daily. Also be careful of your food, for you are quite right in thinking that food might have something to do with this feeling of intense heat. In summer do not eat heavy foods. Eat vegetables and fruits, little if any meat—for it heats the blood. Don't eat many sweets, for they, too, are heating. If you will eat cool salads, fruits, string beans, asparagus, tomatoes, corn, squash, etc., I think you will find your condition improved. Then be careful about bathing. See what I say to "Donna." Keeping the pores open, and the skin frictioned and clean, will aid in equalizing the circulation. Powder the body after bathing from a talcum can, and gently go over the body with a pad of cotton. Do not wear tight or warm clothes. Do not wear a corset—very few young women wear them now. Exercise night and morning, to get the circulation working properly. Here are some exercises for you.

To Equalize the Circulation

Standing erect, stretch the hands out in front of you, with fingers somewhat curved, but elbows rigid. Now without bending the elbows, raise the arms quickly above head, palms facing forward. Bring them down, without bending elbows, by throwing them forward and down. Inhale as you raise the arms, exhale as you throw them down, doing your breathing slowly. Repeat ten or fifteen times.

Another Exercise for the Circulation

In same standing position, stretch the arms out at the sides, on a level with the shoulders. Then practice the exercise given "A Curious Brunette." The second one. Deep breathing is one of the best things for the circulation, so try always to take good breaths, without effort, breathing deeply. I shouldn't use cocoa butter on my neck, but rather some good pure cold cream, not so greasy as cocoa butter. The message is what will develop the neck. I am glad you have such lovely eyes and mouth. You are lucky! I do not think if I were you that I would meddle with my eyebrows and eyelashes. Mascara is what is used to darken them, and it can be bought at your drug-store—in pencil shape. But I should let mine alone if I were you. They sound attractive as they are, and darkened eyebrows and lashes are apt to look artificial. For the ankles, which you think are too large, try the following exercise:

To Reduce Ankles

Standing with heels together, toes at an angle, so that there is a V-shaped space between them, raise the left



FOR A MOMENT'S USE ONLY THE LORNETTE IS CONVENIENT.

heel and extend it toward the left, without moving the left toe. At the same time, lift the right toe and move to the left without lifting the right heel. This will bring the toes of the two feet together, and leave the heels wide apart, with a V-shaped space between them. Now lift the left toe and move to the left, at the same time lifting the right heel and moving to the left, thus bringing the heels together again and the toes apart. Do this slowly at first, moving the toes of one foot and the heel of the other at the same time. Then, as soon

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair At Once

Here's the Secret

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I had tried every sort of depilatory and electrolysis and even a razor. But I couldn't get rid of it.

Then I made a wonderful discovery. I found a simple method by which I removed the hair at once and most wonderful to relate, it keeps the hair removed. My face is now as smooth as a baby's, not only free from superfluous hair but from pimples and blemishes. I have explained this discovery to thousands of women who have had the same experience without that I had and I will explain it to you if you also have superfluous hair. It isn't like anything you have ever used. It is not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It causes no itching or burning and leaves no scars. As easy to use as your comb or brush.

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Summer Diseases of Babies—Continued

LAST month we discussed simple diarrhea, and this month we take up another form of diarrhea, called inflammatory diarrhea or enterocolitis. This is a catarrhal inflammation of the lower portion of the small intestine, the ileum, and the upper portion of the large intestine, the colon, with a great tendency to ulceration of the intestinal glands if the condition becomes chronic. The presence of mucus or blood in the stools, are proofs of an inflamed condition of the intestinal mucous membrane, and this disease has caused more deaths in babies than any other one disease, as many of the deaths charged to cholera infantum, are caused by enterocolitis.

Baby goes through the cholera infantum safely, but is not able to stand the long, obstinate, exhausting diarrhea of enterocolitis if it follows before he regains his strength. A large number of the cases of summer diarrhea may begin as a mere functional disturbance of the intestines, but sooner or later if not corrected becomes the disease we are now considering.

It is one of the most important diseases of babies, especially in this country where we have our long hot summers, and in some of the large cities, its prevalence and fatality raises it to the rank of almost a pestilence.

Every year we are lessening the mortality of enterocolitis by more careful hygiene and greater care in the food of our infants.

The two most common causes are improper food, and the heat of summer.

The improper food may be the mother's milk if the mother is not healthy, or is not careful about what she eats.

If a nursing mother has indigestion, the baby is certain to have it also, and in a worse form, as its digestive organs are weaker.

Enterocolitis occurs more often in babies kept on other foods, than those that are given an exclusive diet of milk until they are six months old.

If the mother's milk is healthy it is rare for a nursing baby to have enterocolitis until weaned, or some disturbance from teething.

A common cause is feeding baby too hearty food, too rich for its weak digestion, but even if the quality of the food is good, you must be careful of the amount given.

Overfeeding has always been recognized as a fruitful source of bowel complaints of early life.

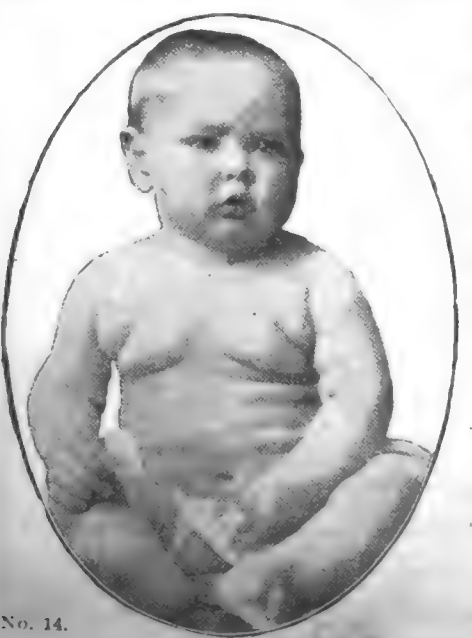
Another cause is the preparation of the food in too thick and rich a manner, and thereby overtaxing the stomach intended during the early months to receive the thin milk supplied by nature. The extreme heat in summer is a common cause, and the months of July and August furnish by far the largest number of cases.

The effect of heat is so striking, that it can not be doubted, but whether heat alone may act in this way upon the system of the baby is not proven, but it certainly acts by the noxious gases, products of decomposition of animal and vegetable substances, therefore clean homes, homes where the garbage is properly cared for, lessen the danger of this disease, and in fact all diseases.

The next most common cause after improper food is teething, and while the evolution of the teeth through the gums is a normal physiological process it is a powerful predisposing cause of diarrhea and enterocolitis.

There are two things we can safely assume to be true: first, an unhealthy food, one incompetent to furnish to the body what it needs for the purpose of nutrition, is sure to cause the disorder we are considering, no matter how favorable may be the circumstances in other respects in which the child is placed; second, the baby may be fed the best breast milk, or the most correct artificial food in the world, yet neither will save baby from disease if it lives in a badly ventilated house, or on a filthy street in a large city during the hot weather.

Symptoms of enterocolitis are at first restlessness and fretfulness, sighing, moaning in the sleep; does not eat as usual, and after a few days, the diarrhea and other abdominal symptoms appear. The frequency of the stools vary from six or eight to thirty in a day in severe cases, and are usually green, acid and may contain mucus. The abdomen is distended and the baby may draw up its legs and cry out if you touch it. The baby is



No. 14.

feverish, has very rapid pulse, 120 to 140, vomits several times a day, the features look drawn and emaciated and in severe cases the baby soon looks as if it had been sick for months.

The duration of the disease is uncertain, but usually it lasts about ten days.

Enterocolitis is a serious disease, but in babies who have passed the first teething their chances of recovery are, as a rule, good if appropriate treatment is begun at once. The unfavorable symptoms are great frequency of the stools, violent vomiting, rigidity of the limbs, paralysis or convulsions.

The prophylactic treatment is important and includes attention to surroundings, diet and dress. Get baby in as cool and clean a place as possible, dress it so it will feel the heat as little as possible, and feed it on proper food.

Of course our babies have to live where we do, but if we could choose an ideal place for them to spend the summer, we would prefer a high interior rather than the seaside, but the most perfect locality will not protect baby if nursing deficient, unhealthy breast, or fed improper food.

If baby is eating solid food the mother or nurse must not allow it to have a variety of vegetables, or berries, especially uncooked blueberries.

As soon as baby shows any signs of intestinal disturbance, lessen its food; this should be done, whether nursing, or taking artificial food, or milk if bottle fed.

Give teaspoonful doses of castor oil to clear out bowels of any offending contents and if baby seems to be in a great deal of pain, give with the castor oil, two or three drops of tincture of Opium.

Poultices or camphorated oil, covered with flannel may be applied to abdomen.

A spice poultice is good and is made with one-half ounce each of cloves, allspice, anise seeds and cinnamon, pounded together in a mortar and placed between two pieces of coarse flannel six inches square, then soak in solution of equal parts of whiskey and water, then applied to abdomen.

Warm baths are helpful if baby is not too weak, and after putting baby in bath you can wrap it up in muslin sheet and over this a flannel blanket and allow it to sit in your lap while as this rests baby.

Bismuth subnitrate in two to five grain doses every two or three hours, depending on age, and frequency of bowel movements. This may be given alone or you may add one grain of salol to each dose, given in sugar.

Dover's powder in doses of one-eighth of a grain may be given every three hours, if there is great pain or frequency of movements, or if baby is restless or nervous, but must be used with caution and discontinued if baby shows any degree of drowsiness.

If you are treating a bottle fed baby, stop the milk, and give baby egg albumen, beef or mutton broth, or squeeze the juice out of a piece of cooked sweet potato or barley water.

If baby seems weak you should not hesitate to give it 10 to 30 drops of diluted whiskey or brandy.

Subject for next month, Summer Diseases of Babies.

Questions and Answers

BABY VOMITS.—Tell me what to do for my four-months-old baby who vomits when I nurse him, so I put him on malted milk, two table-spoonfuls to three ounces of water. He still vomits, is pale, thin and cries very much, and his mouth is covered with white spots.

Mrs. C. V., Simpsonville, Md.

A.—Your milk did not agree with baby, neither does the malted milk, or he would not have these symptoms of indigestion.

Put him on modified milk, and if you can not get good fresh cow's milk, get Kilby and put him on this. The spots in the mouth will disappear as soon as you remove the cause, which is indigestion.

INDIGESTION.—I have a girl six years old and she always complains of her stomach aching and her tongue is coated.

Mrs. E. H. M. Gilford, Mont.

A.—Your girl has indigestion and you should be careful and give her simple foods, not allow her to eat too fast or too often.

See that she chews her food properly, and does not drink too much while eating. The food should be chewed and mixed with the saliva and this is one of the important steps of digestion, and it can not be done if every mouthful of food is washed down by water, or any liquid.

Give her teaspoonful doses of Elix Lactated Pepsin after each meal.

SORE MOUTH.—My two-year-old boy has a sore mouth and tongue, tongue coated and red spots on it, which seem to eat into it.

Mrs. E. E. G., Powderly, Ky.

A.—The causes of sore mouth and tongue are many, but decayed teeth, indigestion, and not properly caring for the teeth are the most common.

See that your boy's digestion and bowels are normal, wash out mouth with a saturated solution of boracic acid, or Glyco-Thymoline, teaspoonful to table-spoonful of warm water, and if there are any ulcers touch them up with Nitrate of Silver stick.

WEAK BABY.—I began to menstruate when baby was six weeks old, but I kept on nursing baby until she was one year old, and now she is very puny and small.

Did my nursing have a effect on baby, and what can I do to get her to gain and grow to normal size?

Mrs. F. D. H., Howells, Nebr.

A.—If you were not weak and run down do not see how conditions mentioned would in any way affect baby's growth or size.

Should put her on nourishing diet, one quart of milk a day, codlled eggs, baked potato, cooked cereals and cream, meat broths.

Keep her out in the open air all you can, also give Maltine and Cod Liver oil.

CORSETS, ETC.—I have not worn a corset for a year, should I now that I am pregnant? Should I be much enlarged at three months?

Last day of last menstruation was March 20th. When should I be sick? What can I do to enlarge nipples?

Mrs. R. M., Protection, Kans.

A.—(a) No. (b) No. (c) Dec. 25th. (d) As a rule the nipples should not be disturbed until late in pregnancy, then they should be hardened by rubbing them with tannin and alcohol.

NURSING BABY.—How soon after baby is born should a mother have her monthly periods?

My baby is one year old and cutting teeth. Should I wean her?

Mrs. J. H., Phillipsburg, Mont.

A.—No rule to go by, some in three months, others a year or longer, both normal.

I think you should wean the baby.

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA.—My fourteen-months-old baby boy has bronchial asthma, has had it for months, and at times it is hard for him to breathe.

Mrs. L. E. R., Halls, Tenn.

A.—Give baby ten drops of Syrup of Hydrionic acid (Gardner) in syrup three times a day, give one-half

teaspoonful doses of Maltio-Yerbine every three hours, if baby is coughing or wheezing.

Locally should apply camphorated oil, under flannel.

MENTRUAL DURING PREGNANCY.—I am four months pregnant, but menstruate as usual. What can I do, and if it continues, will baby be affected in any way?

Mrs. G. P., Commache, Okla.

A.—This condition often happens, but it is not harmful and baby will not be affected in any way.

INDIGESTION IN NURSING BABY.—What can I do for my six-months-old nursing baby as he is constipated, and has bloating spells and gas in stomach? How often should I feed him, and is he too young to feed?

Mrs. W. B., Creek, Neb.

A.—Keep your own bowels regular and nursing baby's will be the same.

Nurse him every three hours in the daytime, and do not allow baby to nurse too fast. Teaspoonful doses of castor oil will relieve the gas, but if you are careful what you eat yourself it will not form.

DISCHARGE FROM BREAST.—I am six months pregnant, and have slight discharge from the breasts. What is the cause and remedy?

A.—The cause is over-distended secreting glands and it is not harmful. Put on a binder with slight pressure for a few days and this will be relieved.

NERVOUS BABY.—My baby cries a great deal, especially in the afternoon, but sleeps well at night. She seems very nervous, jumps at sudden noises, or if you raise your hand she seems to think you are going to strike her. She is fat and plump, weighed seven pounds at birth, eleven pounds at three months.

Mrs. A. H. G., Sulphur Springs, Texas.

A.—I understand from your letter that you are nursing baby, therefore you must treat the baby through your milk.

Do not think I should give baby of this age any medicine, but take laxatives myself so as to regulate your bowels; also you can take teaspoonful dose of Tincture of Valerian every three or four hours for its effect on baby.

If baby does not improve have some suppositories made up containing small doses of asafetida and insert one in the rectum when needed.

Keep baby absolutely quiet, and alone as much as possible, and do not allow people to play with it, or have baby in room where many people are talking.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

NO. 41. KNOXVILLE, TENN.

GOOD MORNING TO ALL THE DEAR SISTERS: I have been one for some time; in fact, since I was seven years old I have loved dear old Comfort. I have never been without it and now that I am happily married, to an ex-soldier, and God has blessed us with a dear daughter, I intend to teach her to feel as I do toward my old standby COMFORT.

Mrs. Ogle, I also have a child about the age of your little son who was very much like yours except that she has walked and talked since ten months of age. She was obedient at times but stubborn at other times and I believe if I had beaten her to death she wouldn't have obeyed I worried and tried most every plan until at last I made her go and stand behind a tree where I couldn't see her face. In a few minutes she came running to me with her little fat arms outstretched wanting to kiss me. She said, "I love you mother." Now when she begins to cry I send her out to the tree or if it is night I send her behind the door. It works like magic with her but, of course, all children are not to be dealt with alike.

My baby has always been intelligent and industrious. I have taught her to love to work and in selecting her every-day toys, I get dolls, teddy bear, rattle, hoe, shovel, broom, dishes, pottery, wagon, wheelbarrow, tub and washboard. I teach her to use each of them. She is 22 months old now and is sweeping up every crumb she accidently drops. Takes her wagon (that her Daddy made from a box) and hauls in wood and chips, helps me carry water from the spring, in her little bucket, takes her hoe to the garden and tries to help me hoe up grass.

takes her shovel, rake and wheelbarrow out in the grove and helps me rake trash and leaves, and when I begin to get supper I begin to get supper. When I make bread she wants a little dough in her pan to cook for Daddy. Every time I wash I give her water and her washboard and she washes out some little pieces of cloth.

There are many ways to teach our children if we will have patience.

I am sending a picture of my baby, taken when she was five months old. Her name is Margaret Irene Dupes.

With best wishes to all, Mrs. D. B. DUPES.

NO. 42. SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL THE SISTERS: You are such a friendly, happy bunch that I just had to run in for a little chat. I'm a farmer's wife but you'll try to like me a little, won't you, for I have loved you all for six years. I could not get along without you. When it arrives I curl up in a rocker and read every page of it. It is real solid comfort.

I must say a word to Texas Blue Bonnet, as I can sympathize with her losing her little fern. Like you, my house plants consist of one little fern. Its two years in the world have been hard as every time it gets a new shoot, it is knocked down and broken off. Last winter it froze, and in a few weeks it sent out new shoots.

I am married to a good man and we have three boys. I am sending their picture and hope to see their faces smiling at me from the Sisters' page. Their names are Lavern, Evon and Orlyn and their ages are five, three and one year. Daddy and I think they are real cute. How many of the sisters have a mischievous child? Our second child was very mischievous and this is the way I cured him. It had been my custom when I went out to tell the oldest boy to watch Evon so he wouldn't get into things. Well, Evon would just get into everything, from one thing to another. Lavern would try his best to stop him but it was too much of a task. So I tried changing it around and told Evon to watch Lavern. So now when I go out I tell him, "Mamma is going after a pal of water, you watch Lavern and see that he doesn't get into things."

"Yes, me watch Vern." Instead of getting into all kinds of mischief he stands around watching big brother. Sometimes Lavern does some little thing and when I come in Evon tells me about it. Then he says, "Me wouldn't get into sins." Me good boy. Of course I explained to the older boy why I was doing this.

I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh 90 pounds, have brown hair and eyes and am 26 years old. I should like to get letters from the sisters.

With love to each one of you, Mrs. CLINTON KELLER.

NO. 43. SENTINEL, OKLA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND READERS: I have just finished reading the letter from Mrs. Floyd and she expressed my ideas about girls marrying young. I married before I was sixteen and have been married three years and Hubby and I have never had a cross word. He is so good to me that I couldn't get cross with him.

I am sending our baby's picture.

With love to each one of you, Mrs. CLINTON KELLER.

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DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND READERS: I have just finished reading the letter from Mrs. Floyd and she expressed my ideas about girls marrying young. I married before I was sixteen and have been married three years and Hubby and I have never had a cross word. He is so good to me that I couldn't get cross with him.

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With love to each one of you, Mrs. CLINTON KELLER.

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I am sending our baby's picture.

With love to each one of you, Mrs. CLINTON KELLER.

NO. 49. SENTINEL, OKLA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND READERS: I have just finished reading the letter from Mrs. Floyd and she expressed my ideas about girls marrying young. I married before I was sixteen and have been married three years and Hubby and I have never had a cross word. He is so good to me that I couldn't get cross with him.

I am sending our baby's picture.

With love to each one of you, Mrs. CLINTON KELLER.

eighteen months old. He has always been a baby. At eight months he weighed 30 pounds. His name is Ralph Lindon.

With love to all, Mrs. M. A. COVILL.

NO. 43. STOCKTON, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I have read the Sisters' letters for many months, profited by them and feel that I could not be a full housekeeper without the help of COMFORT.

I am a busy mother as I have five little girls, oldest six years and the youngest at one year, and one boy and I make all their clothes, stockings to coats, caps and mittens. I like to sew and crochet and make pretty things for them. I also have an eight-room house to care for that gives me plenty of exercise, but I have things very convenient and my work is not so hard as it might be. I have water in the house and for wash days an engine to run the washing machine and wringer and an endless clothes-line so that I can stand in my washroom and hang my clothes and then run them out into the sunshine to dry. I wish every housewife could have one of these clothes-lines.

Many steps, cold fingers and toes. I think if every man would stop and think it over he would see that his wife needed one for it makes a doctor's bill sometime, maybe funeral expenses, say nothing of the hard work for her to do. I wouldn't have wasted out through snow after standing over the tub all the time. Mine cost only a dollar as my husband made it self.

I am enclosing a picture of our little son Mildred Avery, two years of age, and we were all in it.

I should like to know where to buy a sewing machine. Some time ago I read an advertisement to the effect that if mothers would send their names and addresses to a certain address, they would receive kindergarten helps and ideas that would pay for little tots for hours. I was not a mother at the time, so I did not pay much attention to the advertisement. Now I'd like to know more about it.

With best wishes to all, Mrs. C. C. AUSTIN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I have written before but failed to see my letter print so decided not to try again, but after Mrs. Crowley's letter I couldn't keep still.

I wonder who she thinks she is to be elected herself a "saint of the Lord." If she has a Christian as she pretends to be, she'd know that she is a gift of the Lord. She says just before she "wants the chandelier" to play with it so much, she should get it. The babies know very well that their pictures being in the paper and read "What I want." Well, isn't that like the pictures are not printed wouldn't she be a saint herself?

God has so often brought worldly children to us through His greatest gift, a baby, that I wonder how anyone can regard a baby or its picture as a gift of the Lord. She says just before she "wants the chandelier" to play with it so much, she should get it. The babies know very well that their pictures being in the paper and read "What I want." Well, isn't that like the pictures are not printed wouldn't she be a saint herself?

There is always plenty of missionary work at home. As for the Bible quotations that I saw in Mrs. Crowley's letter, I am sure that I have my favorite verses, in John 3rd chap. and I hope to see this in print and to have her greet me as long as I take COMFORT, I am.

Mrs. W. SCHROEDER.

Mrs. Schoenfeld.—Mrs. Crowley did not hear her letter to be taken as the majority of sisters understood it, and has explained matters in a personal letter. It wasn't necessary for my feelings were not in the least hurt. Now, the ready defense of the sisters in my head, gratifying to me and all who have written such lovely letters.

MY ATTENTION. DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: ALL: Your last September COMFORT was indeed a most sweet number to me—full of its merry messages, school opening, and letters from teachers—like in the thought that I was such "first day" this year.

probably never will have, for I am about to prepare my papers for a teacher's pension while teaching more teaching, or else forfeit my pension while teaching which, I cannot well afford. No more many the boys to confide to their longings and interests, little girls to nurse up and steal upon my lap and me. And after nearly forty years of their almost daily fellowship association, I shall miss them for the life of an anchorite in my backwoods, remote bungalow, dealing with these "of the kindreds of Ham" in general save only these "of the kindreds of Ham" while teaching, and yet I may reach and teach and advising the legions of ambitious and conscientious young teachers.

Miss Hudson, don't attempt to prohibit whispering—it can't be done, and you should not exert it through you could. How foolish and cruel, to require of these restless children a deportment that even adults are not and would not observe. Say to them, "I will be a little whispering as possible and that you know sons," and don't be too observant. And never say the practice of self-reporting "perfects" at close of school. It only tempts to falsehood and erases and puts those really honest at a disadvantage with the dishonest.

Never appoint "Monitors" to spy upon and report the conduct of their mates. It not only creates jealousies and bickerings, causing those appointed to be disliked, and to unduly exalt their self importance. Above all, don't tempt a child to falsehood or erases or accused of misdeemeanor, by asking them, "Did you

see that boy do that?"

With love to all, Mrs. D. B. DUPES.

NO. 19. SAUK CITY, WISCONSIN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL THE SISTERS: You are such a friendly, happy bunch that I just had to run in for a little chat. I'm a farmer's wife but you'll try to like me a little, won't you, for I have loved you all for six years. I could not get along without you. When it arrives I curl up in a rocker and read every page of it. It is real solid comfort.

I must say a word to Texas Blue Bonnet, as I can sympathize with her losing her little fern. Like you, my house plants consist of one little fern. Its two years in the world have been hard as every time it gets a new shoot, it is knocked down and broken off. Last winter it froze, and in a few weeks it sent out new shoots.

I am married to a good man and we have three boys. I am sending their picture and hope to see their faces smiling at me from the Sisters' page. Their names are Lavern, Evon and Orlyn and their ages are five, three and one year. Daddy and I think they are real cute. How many of the sisters have a mischievous child? Our second child was very mischievous and this is the way I cured him. It had been my custom when I went out to tell the oldest boy to watch Evon so he wouldn't get into things.

From Comfort's Family

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No. 42 1

The deepest-dyed murderer is not required by law to answer that question. Better say, "How did you come to?" or, still better, after the accusers have been heard, "Do you wish to say anything about it?" Encourage them to "own up" and if they admit their wrong, praise their truthfulness before the school. I've cured many inveterate liars in this way. Always reprimand in private at first, mildly to begin with and if that doesn't cure, then the word with the back on.

Don't "outline"—really "dish out and get" your pupils' lessons for them. I know this is the practice of many among our grade teachers and many of our rural teachers taught with them but it is not only nerve exhausting but needless. Require your pupils to have necessary text books and after due assignment and explanation insist that they master the lesson, including any side line studies.

Do not be progressive and fully up to date but don't run wildly after every "fad" no matter how highly feathered. Make sure of the essential studies and then as many of the ornamental for which you have time. Among these latter, don't "go wild" over the hot lunch innovation. All very good but more trouble than benefit and always abandoned, especially in rural schools, wherever once tried. I know several city high schools that having tried have given up the practice. Most children's stomachs are not so sensitive as to need pampering or what they eat for lunch to very much affect their studies. Besides this, if the pupils have to furnish the ingredients the poor child is put at a disadvantage with those better off, causing jealousies and heartaches.

See to it that your room is well lighted regardless whether the light is "cross light," "front light" or falls over the left shoulder. Forty years ago before these regulations were even heard of, a bespectacled child was rare to see. Now look over one of our optometrists' lighted rooms and you will see a large percentage of the pupils wearing glasses and many more needing them. That our children's sight is now better conserved than then does not account for the great difference. Always adapt your course of study to your pupils' need, not your pupils' to your course of study.

E. F. COLWELL.

Mrs. Colwell.—The fact that you have imparted to so many children "the art of living well" should console you for the absence of "first days" or "last days." Both were important days in my childish life but I am inclined to think that first days were the most thrilling. Greeting a former teacher was a pleasure but a new teacher possessed the charm of the unknown. It was a day of discoveries, from the way she combed her hair and the blue dress she wore to the way she smiled. It must require self-possession on the part of a new teacher to face the battery of eyes that are aimed at her on that first day. The "last day" was no without its thrills either, from the headache and soreness that came from having straight hair "done up on rags" to produce marvelous curls, or braided in innumerable pigtails to produce "crimps", to speaking a piece and waiting for prizes to be awarded. Dear, dear, how far away such things seem now. It isn't kind of you to bring up memories that remind us of how the years have flown—on, in other words, how old we are.—Ed.

BRIDGEVILLE, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

A young lad once said to me, "Mrs. Wells, it's just awful hard to keep a promise." Of course it all depends upon the circumstances but if a promise is worth making it is worth keeping and we should keep our promises to our children.

I want to give the benefit of years of experience and study in training children to the young mothers. Begin training baby when it first shows understanding, or to notice things in general. Don't let it boss you by making you take it up after you have put it to bed. Make sure there is no cause for crying and then let it cry.

Never condemn yourself after correcting a child. If it seems you are sorry you punished it the game is lost. If you are sorry, tell them of it when no thought of correction is necessary. The best time for this is when you are playing with them. Explain then how happy you are when they obey. Always impress upon a child's mind that it must obey you and father. If you allow it a treat of any sort be sure you don't let it feel that it has begged or coaxed you into submission. You can do a thousand deeds of kindness for its pleasure without its knowing your intention and it will love you more in years to come (say, when in its teens) than it would if it could say that it cried or coaxed until you let it have its own way.

Don't allow the child to talk loudly when explaining or reciting an incident.

Don't allow a child to stand around and listen to the grownups' talk or gossip. And above all, if father is chastising or correcting the child, the mother must be very careful not to show disapproval by allowing the child to come to her arms. Instead, tell it to sit down or if it is near bedtime send it to bed. This same holds true for the father. Both parents must understand the plan and they will receive the same loving respect in after years.

Don't allow your child to visit the home of other children, unless you accompany them. I refer to children under ten years of age. Here is food for thought.

Don't allow a child to be meddlesome at home or abroad.

Don't allow the child to complain of being hungry when visiting, even though it is just a tot. The habit is a growing one. Nip it early. There may be motherly souls who enjoy spreading bread between meals but they are few and far between, and they take the privilege of allowing our children to strew their own cookie crumbs over a neighbor's floor which is another trait of theirs as the part of the parent. Some young mothers have a strong, happy and carefree that they never have a thought as to how a weaker sister might feel about the ways of their children. If it did enter their minds at all they might call her a crank.

I know a mother who has devoted very much of her time to her baby and at the age of three it is so cute that when she undertakes to correct it, it will stretch its arm imploringly to her and say, "Mamma, don't whip your own baby." The mother has unconsciously given her baby a weapon of defense for the child gains its point every time. When the father corrects the child and tells it to sit down in a chair it always says, "I want to go to Mamma. I am sleepy." But it never goes to sleep even after it is in its mother's lap. The excuse is teaching the child to lie. I'd see it if that the were when they are of the age of six years. It is good for defense, others will be used for the same purpose.

Don't allow the maturing child to be idle when there is work it can do and see that it does its work neatly and don't hesitate to let the child know you appreciate its willingness and eagerness. Don't pay a child in coin for its work, especially after the age of six years. Never allow it to think you are giving it money for its labor for you.

To have a child fear you sounds cruel in a way but I say that the majority of children must be made to fear before you can control them. Plenty of time to gain their love when they are patterns of obedience. I do not mean in all cases but in some it is necessary, no matter how tenderhearted or love bound a mother is. Be sure your child will obey you before you show the love side. No one likes a disobedient child, yet the child is never to blame. Who then is to blame? The parents, the mother usually gets the most blame because the father is away all day and what little correction is done is not kept up while he is away. You've often heard a mother say, "You'll catch it when Dad gets home." Why does mother wait for Dad to do all the correcting?

There are instances when soft or kind words are all that is needed but they do not meet every requirement.

In many homes today the Bible has much influence. Read a chapter of its beautiful teachings to the children, or, part of a chapter, and persuade them to listen. It will have its effect in due season.

I believe there is much room for improvement in child training, for the betterment of the next generation. Again let me say, the mother who loves her child best is the mother who will curb her feelings toward her child long enough to train it to be obedient and beautiful in mind and body.

Let us have more letters on the subject of child training. Yours with love, Mrs. R. P. WELLS.

EBREKA, BOX 55, CALIF.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Lonely Woman of W. Va., I received your letter today—and had a cry and said a prayer for you. But the dear Lord doesn't always answer in the way we want Him to, although He always answers in the way He should for our best good. I fear this man had become your idol and was purposely removed that you might learn to lean on the Lord, so take up your cross bravely and follow, follow on, in His dear footsteps, whithersoever they lead. Learn to pray, "Thy will, not mine, be done." Remember "He keeps in safety those whose pains are stayed on Him," and "Fear not, neither be ye dismayed, for I am the Lord your God," and "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end."

I wish you had signed your name and given address so I might have written you personally.

Yours, in the Master's service, Mrs. ALLIE CROWLEY.

Langdon, Kans.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

COMFORT has been in our family for a long time and I think it the finest paper ever published.

Someone asked about handkerchiefs for children. This is the way mother made our school handkerchiefs. She bought a yard of checked gingham, checks large enough for cross-stitching. This she cut into handkerchief size, hemmed them and put some simple cross-stitch design in one corner. Let the children help make these. It will teach them to sew.

I am sixteen years old. I am five feet, one inch tall and have blue eyes, black bobbed hair and a light complexion.

Lovingly, DORA TRENT.

SOUTH BEND, 1507 N. TAYLOR ST., IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND READERS:

I have taken COMFORT since 1909 and enjoy every word from cover to cover.

I wonder how many of the readers belong to a Parent and Teacher Association. I do and am President, although I am not a mother, but am interested in children. Such an organization is a great help to the teacher, parent and child. The Association is called on many times to help in some way about the school.

the basket ball team, the girls' club, beautifying the grounds around the schoolhouse or for something that is needed inside. It requires grit, good will and money, most of all.

Our schoolhouse is a new one, rebuilt last summer. There were very few pictures in the rooms so our club took it on their shoulders to buy a good picture or two, for each room. One good picture is worth a dozen poor ones. We did not have much money on hand to start with so gave an entertainment. Maybe it will help other associations, clubs or churches to make a little money.

It was called "Ye Olde Time Carnival," and was held at the schoolhouse. Admission was ten cents which included the short program held in the auditorium after which the fun began. In one room was a fishing pond, two cents a fish. The children enjoyed this. The parents and teachers donated articles for the pond. Above each door was a sign telling what was to be found inside. One room read, "It can't be beat." Inside on a table was a large turnip. Another read, "For men only." This was a pair of suspenders hanging on the wall. Another room read, "The missing link," and on the table were four or five little pork sausages, the middle one being gone. Still another room read, "An Old Maid's Bliss." A wedding ring on the table. Of course no carnival would be complete without a fat lady. We made one on a dress form and it was some lady, too. In another room was "High Opera" and there were four or five women or young girls singing at once and each a different song. It wasn't singing but just a lot of noise. The admission to each room was one cent but more could be charged. In one room a one reel comedy picture was being shown and here it was five cents admission. In the halls were stands or booths for candy, pop-corn and ice cream. We made \$265.06 and could have doubled the amount had we run it two nights. Everybody had lots of fun. Best wishes to one and all. Mrs. EDWARD TIMM.

BOLTON CENTER, CONN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I join you? I haven't any good advice to give or hints about housework or cooking. I wonder if Uneducated Mother can't help herself? It will take time and patience. She could ask her husband to help her in the subjects she did not understand or if he is too tired or does not have the time, she could go to her little girl's teacher, explaining her position honestly and I think she would be glad to help her over some of the hard places and a true teacher will never talk to anyone about a confidence given her.

The mother could repay the teacher by inviting her to supper sometimes or by invitations to visit her over the week end. A teacher is human and enjoys visiting the parents.

I teach in a rural school and have thirty pupils mostly Italians, and seven grades. I like the parents and go to see them very often. They always appear glad to see me. I plan to visit the children or grown-ups who are ill. Often I help by doing some kind of work, such as mending or sewing.

I always suggest to my children that they each give a few cents toward flowers or fruit for sick ones in the community or send them cards. We remembered all the old people in our community with valentines this year. This costs but very little and it made the children happy and pleased the old people. Best of all it taught them a lesson in civics. True citizenship is helping others, and making them happy.

We are trying to be true Crusaders. Here is a list of our rules.

1. Eat slowly.
2. Breathe deeply.
3. Get lots of fresh air.
4. Play hard and work hard.
5. Wash hands before eating and after going to toilet.
6. Drink lots of water.
7. Be fair in all things.
8. Think only good, pure thoughts.
9. Be happy and make someone happy every day.
10. Help our mothers cheerfully.

I should like to hear from any of the sisters who care to write. I am especially anxious to hear from teachers and will try to answer all letters and surely those that have stamps.

This community is very old with picturesque old farmhouses. We have a little store, post-office and church. There is also a hall and unusually good library for so small a town.

I have a little daughter. She goes to school to me. Outside of school hours we go for walks, play ball and read stories together. She helps me care for my room and takes care of her own playthings. She tries to be nice so she can be a true ladylike woman when she grows up. Her grandmother makes most of her clothes and takes care of her when she is sick. Now she boards with me and we are happy.

I am five feet, nine inches tall and weigh about 136

pounds. I have straight, fine brown hair, rather sunken in cheeks, brown eyes and a rather pretty mouth. It is the only good feature I possess. I am literally covered with freckles and am nearly thirty years old. SCHOOL MA'AM.



No. 43.

ALPHA, N. J.

GOOD MORNING, EVERYONE:

My business is teaching school. This is my first year, and I like it. It is my delight to have children near me. I have a country school with eight grades.

When I started to teach last September, I thought I should give up in despair, crying to keep the little tots busy all the time. Then someone told me to have grains of corn for them to play with. They play a long time with the corn, forming pictures of things. They also like to put puzzles together. I had several post-cards of pretty scenes, which I cut into pieces and gave to the children to put together again. They like to do it. Now I can have peace and quiet in the schoolroom without any trouble at all.

The children like to have the teacher play with them to settle all disputes, arguments, etc. I think every teacher should go out at recess, time and noon and make herself one of the children.

Someone asked what the sisters thought of dancing. I dance and am very fond of it. I think there is just as much harm in dancing as the individuals make. There is a right and a wrong way to do everything. If one dances properly I cannot see what harm there is in it. Girls, whatever you do, think of your self-respect first. You cannot value it too highly.

I am nineteen years old, five feet, three inches tall, have jet black hair, a rather broad nose on which is perched a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, through which look two dark brown eyes. My complexion is fair and my mouth is always open, either talking or laughing, thus showing rather small teeth.

I should be very pleased to hear from anyone who cares to write.

HELEN F. FRACE.

DEEPWATER, MISSOURI.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

It has been about a year since my first and last letter appeared in the Sisters' Corner. At that time I told you how I carried out a system of hot lunches in my rural school.

How many of the teachers have trouble with their pupils telling gossiping tales in school? Last winter the boys and girls were very much opposed to gossiping, so one day I just stopped work for a time and let each one tell his tale, and each had one to tell. As each child finished talking I had him take his place along the wall. Finally I had nearly fifteen boys and girls in a line. I then wrote the word, "Gossipers' Row" in letters on a large piece of cardboard and tacked it up by one row of seats. I then had my gossipers take their books and sit in that row, such screaming and taking on one never heard. It affected a permanent cure.

For excessive whispering I tied a clean white handkerchief over the offender's mouth and sent him back to his seat. This method worked better than any other I ever tried.

If you have any musical talent in your school, use it. If not, manufacture some. There is nothing I know of that arouses so much enthusiasm in the pupils as musical contents between the different grades. There was one boy who couldn't carry a tune at the first of school, but who won in the contest for boys' solos at the last of school.

We found construction work very interesting and easily correlated with other subjects. I mean paper cutting. I had my pupils buy a package of paper, assorted colors, and the necessary articles that were needed, such as scissors, paste, etc., when they bought their books at the first of the term.

I have found that I have the greatest success teaching the subject I like best and two-thirds of the pupils will like that subject best also. My fourth grade did exceptionally good work in geography last year and I attributed it to the fact that geography is my favorite subject. The pupils enjoyed making outlines of the lessons.

Now I should like to have some help. Will someone tell me how to make writing and spelling interesting subjects? My pupils declare they are very dry and I'm sure it is my fault. Also will some teacher tell me what to do with very dull pupils? How much time should be given to them?

I suppose the majority of teachers attend college during the summer. I go every summer. I enjoy doing light housekeeping much better than boarding, besides, it is much cheaper. Most of the girls do very little cooking but I am one of those old-fashioned mortals and Saturday morning usually found me in the kitchen baking pie, cake, or perhaps a fruit cobbler. You see, mother has spoiled me in the twenty-four years I've been her "baby."

If several people go to college from the same town they can economize greatly by renting a house and living together. One should be able to rent a house for \$25.00 per month and if there were ten girls the rent would be only \$5.00 for each, for eight weeks. Of course this plan would be unwise unless there were an older person along who could act the part of the mother.

How many of the teachers have their pupils memorize Bible verses on Monday morning for opening exercises? We had them regularly and my pupils learned to say a great many verses from memory. I offered a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

No. 28.

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Babies on This and Opposite Page

No.	Baby's Name.	Age.	Parent's Name.	Residence.
1	La Vetta Mary	5 yrs.	Children of	
2	Lois	3 yrs.	Mrs. Myrtle Greosser,	Dallas, Texas.
3	Maxine Ellen	1 yr.	Mrs. M. A. Cowles,	Sentinel, Okla.
4	Ralph-Lindon	18 mos.	Mrs. Geo. Frisbee,	Ringstead, Iowa.
5	Clarence Ray	7 mos.	Mrs. Earl Campbell,	Savanna, Ill.
10	June Alberta	5 mos.	Mrs. Hendrickson,	Alberta, Can.
14	Lloyd George	14 mos.	Children of	
18	Christie Edwin	5 yrs.	Mrs. G. O. Williams,	Fernandina, Fla.
19	Vivian Estelle	2 yrs.	Mrs. J. O. Morgan,	Crowley, La.
21	Jesse Oron	6 mos.	Children of	
23	Eston	5 yrs.	Mrs. Bryan Overhulser,	Ashton, Mo.
25	Madorma	8 yrs.	Mrs. W. E. Turner,	Akron, Ohio.
27	Armilda	20 mos.	Children of	
29	Walter Harold		Mrs. J. J. Oester,	Scappasse, Ore.
31	William J.		Children of	
33	Margaret M.		Mrs. Homer Hyde,	Walters, Okla.
35	Rhoda E.		Children of	
37	Hazel C.		Mrs. Roxy Pitts,	Milledgeville, Tenn.
39	Raleigh R.		Children of	
41	Omar Edward	19 mos.	Mrs. Bert Smith,	Weston, W. Va.
43	Mabel	2 yrs.	Mrs. D. B. Duges,	Knoxville, Tenn.
45	Lucille	6 mos.	Children of	
47	Ernestine E.	2 yrs.	Mrs. Clinton Keller,	Sauk City, Wisc.
49	Madaline	6 mos.	Mrs. C. O. Avery,	Stockton, Kans.
51	Mildred Lucille	6 mos.		
53	Margaret Irene	5 mos.		
55	Lavern	5 yrs.		
57	Evon	3 yrs.		
59	Orlyn	1 yr.		
61	Celia Mildred	2 yrs.		



No. 3.



No. 5.

Will you sell me
your spare time for
\$3.00 an hour



I want your spare time. I've got a job that pays from \$3.00 to \$5.00 an hour for every hour that you give, and even more than that after you get on to the work, and you can start at once without any training as hundreds of my men have done—start right in making \$3.00 an hour and up at the nicest and easiest work you have ever done.

No Experience Necessary
—I Teach You —the job I have for you is taking orders for my fine made-to-order clothes for men at prices that are fully 10% to 30% lower than store prices, and the work is so easy you'll be surprised when I tell you about it and you'll wonder how I can afford to pay so well. Remember you don't have to know a thing about it. I show you everything and furnish everything you need to go right to work.

You Can Start At Once
You don't have to wait a minute and you don't have to send me a cent. Just write your name and address on the coupon below and mail it to me today. Remember you're earning \$3.00 an hour every hour that you delay. So don't wait. Write Name and Address on the Coupon below and mail it to me at once.

To **L. E. ASHER, President**
BANNER TAILORING CO.
Dept. 574, CHICAGO, ILL.
Dear Sir:—Send me your special offer at once.



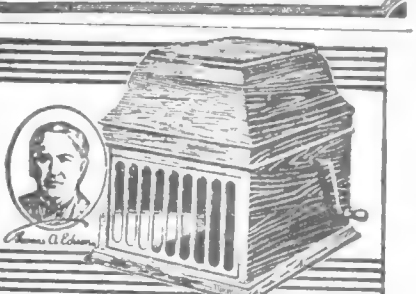
GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. If You Can Tell It From a Genuine Diamond Send It Back
These amazing, beautiful CORONETTE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same brilliant flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They alone stand the diamond tests, including the most direct comparison. Lifetime experts seal their experience to one difference. Prove this yourself.

Wear a Corodite Diamond 7 Days Free
Make this test. You risk nothing. Wear a genuine Corodite and a diamond side by side on the same finger for 7 days. If you or your friends can tell the difference, send it back; you won't be sent a single penny. That's fair enough. If you keep the ring, the price printed here is all you pay. No installment. Remember, Corodites alone have the same cutting as genuine stones.

No. 1—Ladies Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring \$2.84
No. 2—Ladies Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring \$3.98
No. 3—Ladies Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring \$3.98
No. 4—Ladies Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring \$3.98
No. 5—Ladies Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring \$3.98
No. 6—Ladies Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring \$3.98
No. 7—Ladies Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring \$3.98
No. 8—Ladies Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring \$3.98
No. 9—Ladies Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring \$3.98
No. 10—Ladies Solitaire 14K Gold S. Ring \$3.98

SEND NO MONEY
We will send you a ring as shown, by slip of paper, fitting and to send around finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown above with postman. If you decide not to keep ring after 7 days' wear, send it back and your money will be immediately returned. Send today.

E. RICHWINE CO.
19 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 581, Chicago, Ill.
Sole Importers Genuine Corodite Diamonds



Now \$1.00 Down
KEEP the New Edison Amberola—Edison's great phonograph with the diamond stylus reproducer—and your choice of records, for only \$1.00. Pay balance at rate of only a few cents a day. Hear it in your own home before you decide. Only \$1.00 down. Seize this opportunity.

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Get our New Edison catalog. Your name and address on a post card or letter is enough. Find out about this offer—while this offer lasts.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributor
19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Dept. 37-06, Chicago, Ill.



FREE 6 Room House
STOP PAYING RENT
This offer is so liberal it is hard to believe, but it is true. There are no strings to my offer. I will give a house away just as promised in this offer. You can get a home FREE if you send me your name quick and do as I say. Surely you have longed for the day to come when you could stop paying rent to a heartless landlord and call your home your own. I am now offering you the opportunity to free yourself from the clutches of the money-grabbing landlord, and at no cost to yourself. Picture a hand-and-free, too? Of course you do, so send me your name today.

The House Can Be Built Anywhere You Want It
Don't say "no such luck for me." You can have the house built anywhere you want to live—California, Maine, or anywhere in the United States.

I Even Buy the Lot
If you do not own a lot or have no place to build, I will arrange to buy a lot for you. A beautiful and comfortable home can be yours if you promptly answer this advertisement and do as I say. Take no chances of some other person getting ahead of you. Rush name and address quick. This offer may never come to you again.

Costs Nothing to Investigate
You run no risk whatever. Rush your name and address—a post card will do. Just say, "I want one of your free homes."

C. E. MOORE, President, Home Builders Club, Dept. 507, Batavia, Illinois

"What's in a Name?"

"Tis but thy name that is my enemy.—
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff that name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself."

Such is the lament which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Juliet in deploring the name of her lover.

"A name is a kind of face whereby one is known," declares Fuller; and his simile is apt and forceful; for a euphonious, prepossessing name has a subtle charm which, like a pleasing face, has no small effect in making a favorable impression. The possession of such a name has a real advantage over a person burdened through life with a name that is harsh and unpleasant to the ear, or of sinister suggestiveness.

"It is quite as easy," says Locke, "to give our children musical and pleasing names as those that are harsh or difficult; and it will be found by the owners, when they have grown to knowledge, that there is much in a name."

Though some people appear to delight in inflicting freak names on their offspring, most parents appreciate the importance of a good, sensible and attractive given name, and the desire for such has prompted the requests that our Mother and Baby department has received from expectant mothers for a list of boys' and girls' names.

More especially for their benefit, but also because it will be interesting to our readers generally, we print the following list of names, with the derivation and meaning of each. The Universal Self-Promoting Dictionary is our authority for the derivations and meanings.

The abbreviations and initials appearing in parentheses signify the respective languages from which the names are derived, as follows: A-S., Anglo-Saxon; Brit., British; Celt., Celtic; Fr., French; Gael., Gaelic; Ger., German; Gr., Greek; Heb., Hebrew; It., Italian; L., Latin; O. H. Ger., Old High German; Per., Persian; Sw., Swedish; Syr., Syriac; Teut., Teutonic—Editor.

NAMES OF MEN

Aaron. (Heb.) Lofty; inspired.
Abner. (Heb.) Father of Light.
Abraham. (Heb.) Father of a multitude.
Adolphus. (O. H. Ger.) Noble wolf, i. e., noble hero.
Albert. (O. H. Ger.) Nobly bright; illustrious.
Alfred. (O. H. Ger.) Elf in council, i. e., good counselor.
Algernon. (Fr.) With whiskers.
Amasa. (Heb.) A burden.
Ambrose. (Gr.) Immortal; divine.
Amos. (Heb.) Strong; courageous; otherwise, burden.
Andrew. (Gr.) Strong; manly.
Archibald. (Gr.) Extremely bold; otherwise, holy prince.
Arthur. (Celt.) High; noble.
Augustus. (Lat.) Exalted; imperial.
Baldwin. (O. H. Ger.) Bold, courageous friend.
Bartholomew. (Heb.) A warlike son.
Basil. (Gr.) Kingly; royal.
Benedict. (Lat.) Blessed.
Benjamin. (Heb.) Son of the right hand.
Bernard. (Ger.) Bold as a bear.
Bruno. (O. H. Ger.) Brown.
Caiwallader. (Welsh) Battle-bringer.
Caleb. (Heb.) A dog.
Calvin. (Lat.) Bald.
Charles. (O. H. Ger.) Strong, manly; noble-spirited.
Clarence. (Lat.) Illustrious.
Claudius. (Lat.) A lamb.
Clement. (Lat.) Mild-tempered; merciful.
Conrad. (O. H. Ger.) Bold in council; resolute.
Cyril. (Gr.) Lordly.
Cyrus. (Per.) The sun.
Daniel. (Heb.) A divine judge.
Darius. (Per.) Preserver.
David. (Heb.) Beloved.
Donald. (Celt.) Proud chief.
Duncan. (Celt.) Brown chief.

Ebenezer. (Heb.) The stone of help.
Edgar. (A-S.) A javelin (or protector) of property.
Edward. (A-S.) Guardian of property.
Egbert. (O. H. Ger.) The sword's brightness; famous with the sword.
Eldred. (A-S.) Terrible.
Elias. (Heb.) Jehovah is my God.
Elmer. (A-S.) Noble; excellent. (a contraction of Ethelmer.)
Enoch. (Heb.) Consecrated; dedicated.
Ernest. (Ger.) Earnest.
Ethan. (Heb.) Firmness; strength.
Eugene. (Ger.) Wellborn; noble.
Evan. (Brit.) The same as John.

Ferdinand. (O. H. Ger.) Brave; valiant.
Francis. (Fr.) Free.
Frank. (Fr.) A contraction of Francis.
Frederic. (Ger.) Peace; or peaceful ruler.

George. (Ger.) A landholder; husbandman.
Gerard. (O. H. Ger.) Strong with the spear.
Gideon. (Heb.) A destroyer.
Gilbert. (O. H. Ger.) Yellow-bright; famous.
Godfrey. (O. H. Ger.) At peace with God.
Gustavus. (Sw.) A warrior; hero.
Guy. (Fr.) A leader.

Harold. (A-S.) A champion; general of an army.
Henry. (O. H. Ger.) The head or chief of a house.

Herbert. (A-S.) Glory of the army.
Herman. (O. H. Ger.) A warrior.
Hilary. (Lat.) Cheerful; merry.
Hiram. (Heb.) Most noble.
Hubert. (O. H. Ger.) Bright in spirit; soul-bright.
Hugh. (D.) Mind; spirit; soul.
Isabod. (Heb.) The glory has departed.
Ingram. (Teut.) Raven.
Ira. (Heb.) Watchful.
Isaac. (Heb.) Laughter.
Ivan. (Brit.) The same as John.

Jacob. (Heb.) A supplanter.
Jesse. (Heb.) Wealth.
John. (Heb.) The gracious gift of God.
Jonathan. (Heb.) Gift of Jehovah.
Joseph. (Heb.) He shall add.
Joshua. (Heb.) God of salvation.
Josiah. (Heb.) Given of the Lord.
Julius. (Gr.) Soft-haired.

Kenneth. (Gael.) A leader; commander.
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Lambert. (O. H. Ger.) Illustrious with landed possessions.
Laurence. (Lat.) Crowned with laurel.

Leander. (Gr.) Lion-man.
Leonard. (Ger.) Strong; or brave as a lion.
Levi. (Heb.) Adhesion.
Lionel. (Lat.) Young lion.
Llewellyn. (Celt.) Lightning.
Lucius. (Lat.) Born at break of day.
Luther. (Ger.) Illustrious warrior.

Martin. (Lat.) Of Mars; war-like.
Matthew. (Heb.) Gift of Jehovah.
Maurice. (Lat.) Moorish; dark-colored.
Michael. (Heb.) Who is like God?
Miles. (Lat.) A soldier.
Napoleon. (Gr.) Lion of the forest-dell.
Nathaniel. (Heb.) The gift of God.

Norman. (Ger.) A Northman; a native of Normandy.

Obadiah. (Heb.) Servant of the Lord.
Oliver. (Lat.) An olive-tree.
Oswald. (O. H. Ger.) Power of God.
Owen. (Celt.) Lamb; otherwise, young warrior.

Patrick. (Lat.) Noble; a patrician.
Peter. (Gr.) A rock.
Philander. (Gr.) A lover of men.
Philip. (Gr.) A lover of horses.
Phineas. (Heb.) Mouth of brass.

Quintin. (Lat.) The fifth.

Ralph. (O. H. Ger.) Same as Rodolphus.
Raymond. (O. H. Ger.) Wise protection.
Reginald. (O. H. Ger.) Strong ruler.
Reuben. (Heb.) Behold, a son.
Richard. (O. H. Ger.) Rich-hearted; powerful.
Robert. (O. H. Ger.) Bright in fame.
Rodolph. (O. H. Ger.) Famous wolf, or hero.

Roland. (O. H. Ger.) Fame of the land.
Rufus. (Lat.) Red; red-haired.

Samson. (Heb.) Splendid sun; i. e., Great joy and felicity.
Samuel. (Heb.) Heard of God; asked for of God.

Sebastian. (Gr.) Venerable; reverend.
Silvester. (Lat.) Bred in the country; a priest.

Simeon. (Heb.) Hearing with acceptance.

Theodore. (Gr.) The gift of God.
Theodorick. (A-S.) Powerful among the people.
Thomas. (Heb.) A twin.
Timothy. (Gr.) Fearing God.

Ulysses. (Gr.) A hater.
Uriah. (Heb.) Light of the Lord.
Uriel. (Heb.) Light of God.

Valentine. (Lat.) Strong, healthy; powerful.
Victor. (Lat.) A conqueror.
Vincent. (Lat.) Conquering; victorious.
Vivian. (Lat.) Lively.

Walter. (O. H. Ger.) Ruling the host.
William. (O. H. Ger.) Resolute helmet, or helmet of resolution, defense; protector.
Winfred. (A-S.) Win-peace.

Zachary. (Heb.) Innocent; pure.

NAMES OF WOMEN

Abigail. (Heb.) My father's joy.
Adeline. (O. H. Ger.) Of noble birth; a princess.

Agatha. (Gr.) Good; kind.
Agnes. (Gr.) Chaste; pure.
Alberta. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine of Albert.
Alicia. (O. H. Ger.) Same as Adeline.

Anabel. (Lat.) Lovable.
Amanda. (Lat.) Worthy to be loved.
Amelia. (O. H. Ger.) Busy; energetic.
Amy. (Lat.) Beloved.

Angelica. (Gr.) Lovely; angelic.
Anna. (Heb.) Grace.
Augusta. (Lat.) Feminine of Augustus.
Aurora. (Lat.) Morning redness; fresh; brilliant.

Barbara. (Gr.) Foreign; strange.
Beatrice. (Lat.) Making happy; blessed.

Bertha. (O. H. Ger.) Bright; beautiful.
Blanch. (Teut.) White.
Bridget. (Celt.) Strength.

Caroline. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine of Carolus, the Latin of Charles. (Fr. form.)
Catharina. (Lat.) Pure.
Cecilia. (Lat.) Feminine of Cecil.
Charlotte. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine of Charles.

Clara. (Lat.) A green herb; blooming.
Clarice. (Lat.) Bright; illustrious.
Clementina. (Lat.) A variation of Clara.
Clementine. (Lat.) Mild; gentle.
Constance. (Lat.) Firm; constant.

Cora. (Gr.) Maiden; another form of Corinna.
Cordelia. (Lat.) Warm-hearted.

Deborah. (Heb.) A bee.
Diana. (Lat.) Goddess of the hunt and of the moon.

Dinah. (Heb.) Judged.
Dora. (Gr.) A contraction of Dorothea.
Dorcas. (Gr.) A gazelle.
Dorothea. (Gr.) The gift of God.

Edith. (O. H. Ger.) Happiness; otherwise, rich gift.
Edna. (Heb.) Pleasure.
Eleanor. (Gr.) Light.
Elizabeth. (Heb.) Worshiper of God, consecrated to God.

Ella. (Gr.) A contraction of Eleanor.
Ellen. (Gr.) Diminutive of Eleanor.
Elvira. (Lat.) White.

Emeline. (O. H. Ger.) Of good report.
Ernestine. (Gr.) Feminine and dim. of Ernest.
Ester. (Per.) Star; good fortune.

Ethel. (O. H. Ger.) Noble; of noble birth.
Ethelinda. (Teut.) Noble snake.
Eugenia. (Gr.) Feminine of Eugene.
Eugenie. (Gr.) Same as Eugenia. (Fr. form.)

Eunice. (Gr.) Happy victory.
Euphemia. (Gr.) Of good report.
Eva. (Heb.) Life.

Evangeline. (Gr.) Bringing glad news.
Eve. (Heb.) The same as Eva.
Evelina. (Heb.) Diminutive of Eva. (It. form.)

Fanny. (Ger.) A diminutive of Francis.
Faustina. (Lat.) Lucky.
Felicia. (Lat.) Happiness.
Fidelia. (Lat.) Faithful.
Flora. (Lat.) Flower.
Florence. (Lat.) Blooming; flourishing.
Frances. (Ger.) Feminine of Francis.
Frederica. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine of Frederick.

Georgiana. (Gr.) Feminine of George.
Geraldine. (Gr.) Feminine of Gerald.
Gertrude. (O. H. Ger.) Spear-maiden.
Grace. (Lat.) Grace, favor.
Griselda. (Teut.) Stone-heroin.

Hannah. (Heb.) The same as Anna.
Harriet. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine diminutive of Henry. (Eng. form.)
Helen. (Gr.) Light.
Henrietta. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine and dim. of Henry. (Fr. form.)

Hester. (Heb.) Same as Esther.
Honora. (Lat.) Honorable.
Hortensia. (Lat.) A lady gardener.
Huldah. (Heb.) A weaver.

Ida. (O. H. Ger.) Godlike.
Inez. (Gr.) The same as Agnes.
Irene. (Gr.) Peaceful.
Isabel. (Heb.) The same as Elizabeth.
Jane. (Heb.) Feminine of John, same as Joanna.

Janet. (Heb.) Diminutive of Jane.
Jaqueline. (Heb.) Feminine of James. (Fr. form.)
Jean. (Heb.) The same as John. (Fr. form.)
Jeanette. (Heb.) The same as Jane. (Fr. form.)

Jemima. (Heb.) A dove.
Jerusha. (Heb.) Possessed; married.
Joan. (Heb.) Feminine of John.
Josephine. (Heb.) Feminine of Joseph.

Judith. (Heb.) Praised.
Juliet. (Lat.) Diminutive of Julia. (Fr. form.)

Katherine. (Gr.) Same as Catharine.
Keturah. (Heb.) Incense.
Keziah. (Heb.) Cassia.

Laura. (Lat.) A laurel.
Letitia. (Lat.) Happiness.
Lettice. (Lat.) A corruption of Letitia.
Lillian. (Lat.) Lily.

Lois. (Gr.) Good; desirable.
Louisa. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine of Louis.
Lucia. (Lat.) Same as Lucy. (It. form.)
Lucinda. (Lat.) The same as Lucy. (It. form.)
Lucretia. (Lat.) Gain; otherwise, light.
Lucy. (Lat.) Feminine of Lucius.

Madeline. (Heb.) A contraction of Amabel.
Magdalene. (Heb.) Same as Magdalene. (Fr. form.)
Marcia. (Lat.) Feminine of Marcus.
Margaret. (Gr.) A pearl.

Maria. (Heb.) The same as Mary. (Lat. form.)
Marianne. (Heb.) A compound of Mary and Anne.
Marion. (Heb.) A French form of Mary.
Martha. (Heb.) The ruler of the house, otherwise, sorrowful.

Mary. (Heb.) Bitter; otherwise, their rebellion or star of the sea.
Mathilda. (Lat.) Mighty battle-maid, heroine.
Maud. (A contraction of Magdalene.)
May. (A diminutive of Mary.)
Mehetabel. (Heb.) Battered of God.

Mellicent. (Lat.) Sweet singer.
Melissa. (Gr.) A bee.
Miranda. (Lat.) Admirable.
Miriam. (Heb.) The same as Mary.
Myra. (Gr.) She who weeps or laments.

Nancy. (A familiar form of Anne.)
Nora. (A contraction of Honor.)

Olivia. (Lat.) An olive.
Ophelia. (Gr.) Serpent.

Penelope. (Gr.) A weaver.
Phoebe. (Gr.) Pure; radiant.
Phyllis. (Gr.) A green bough.
Priscilla. (Lat.) Somewhat old.

Rachel. (Heb.) A ewe.
Rebecca. (Heb.) Of exchanging beauty.
Rhoda. (Gr.) A rose.
Rosa. (Lat.) A rose.

Rosabel. (Lat.) A fair rose.
Rosalind. (Lat.) Beautiful as a rose.
Roxana. (Per.) Dawn of Day.
Ruth. (Heb.) Beauty.

Salome. (Heb.) Peaceful.
Sara. (Heb.) A princess.
Sibyl. (Gr.) A prophetess.
Sophia. (Gr.) Wisdom.

Sophronia. (Gr.) Of a wise mind.
Stella. (Lat.) A star.
Susan. (Heb.) A woman.

Tabitha. (Syr.) A gazelle.
Theodora. (Gr.) The gift of God.

Urania. (Gr.) Heavenly; the name of one of the Muses.
Ursula. (Lat.) She-bear.

Victoria. (Lat.) Victory, feminine of Victor.
Viola. (Lat.) A violet.
Virginia. (Lat.) Virgin; pure.
Vivian. (Lat.) Lively.

Wilhelmina. (O. H. Ger.) Feminine of Wilhelm, German of William.
Winifred. (Teut.) Lover of peace.

Zenobia. (Gr.) Having life from Jupiter.

Brainograms

By R. H. Tremaine.

HOW MANY COLLEGES DO YOU KNOW?

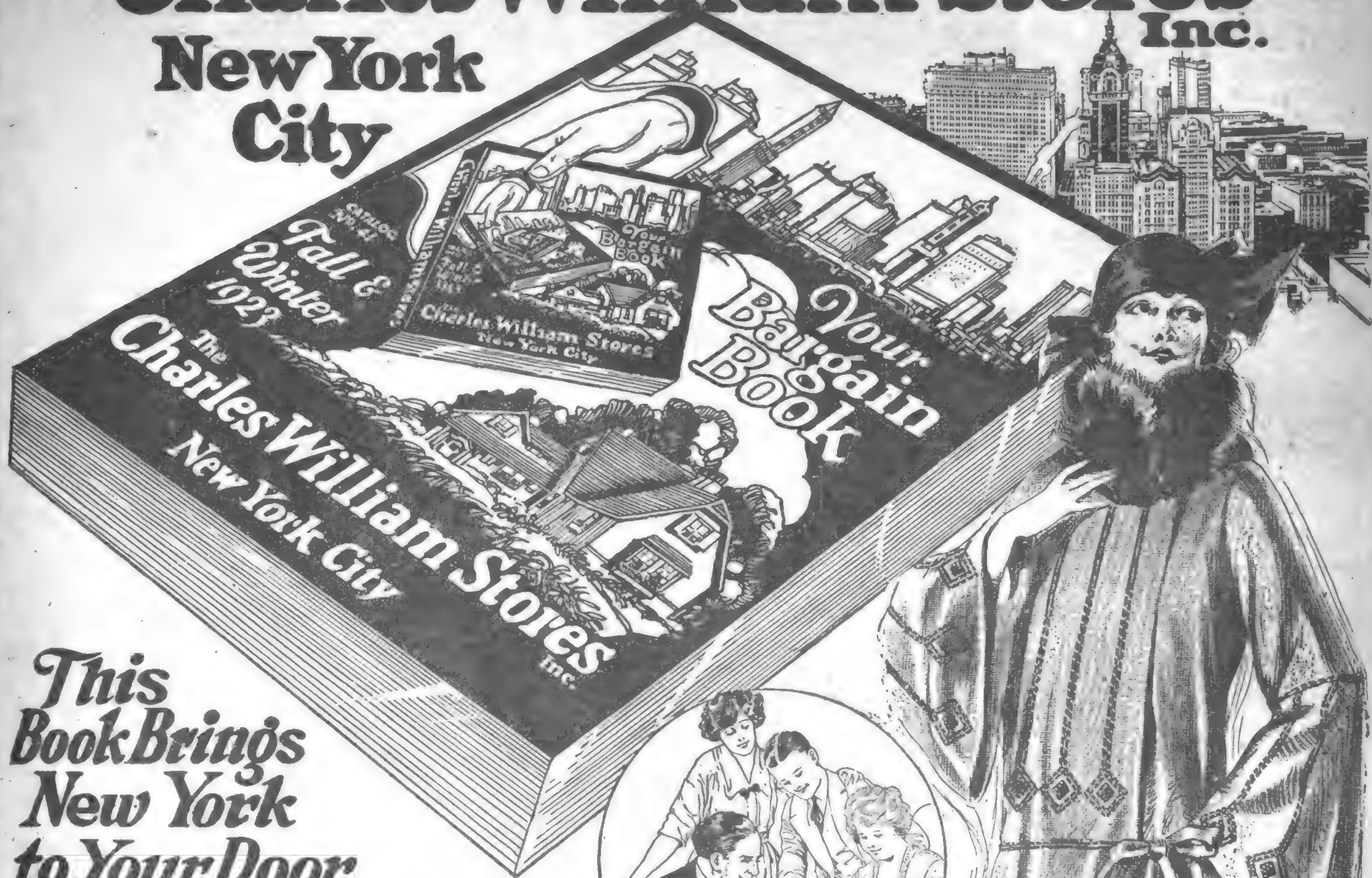
1. The commonest surname.
2. The head of the duck family.
3. Commander-in-chief of the first American army.
4. A popular brand of locks.
5. A confederation, or league.
6. The holy three.
7. The gem of the ocean.
8. A widely-known manufacturer of soap, tatum, and other toilet articles.
9. An arrow, and the opening between the lips.
10. The American bison.
11. The author of "Poor Richard's Almanac."
12. A place of worship.
13. A color resulting from the mixture of red, red and black.
14. Grain, and a part of the alphabet.
15. The second largest city in the United States.
16. A member of royalty, and a unit of weight.
17. Between west and north.
18. A popular automobile, and a piece of meat.
19. One who seeks and kills wild animals.
20. A. M., and the longer border of a surface.

ANSWERS.

1. Smith.
2. Drake.
3. Washington.
4. Yale.
5. Union.
6. Trinity.
7. Columbia.
8. Colgate.
9. Dartmouth.
10. Buffalo.
11. Franklin.
12. Temple.
13. Brown.
14. Cornell.
15. Chicago.
16. Princeton.
17. Northwestern.
18. Fordham.
19. Hunter.
20. Morningside.

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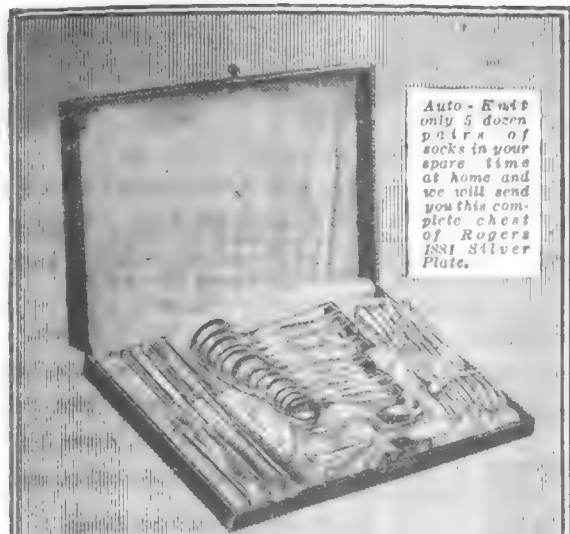
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Would You Auto-Knit - At Home - 5 Dozen Pairs of Socks

for This Chest of Silver? - Or Shall We Pay You Cash?

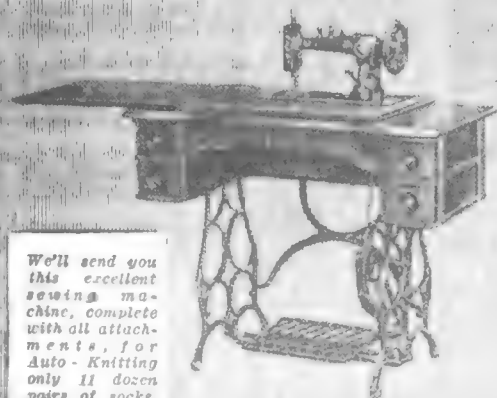


Auto-Knit only 5 dozen pairs of socks in your spare time at home and we will send you this complete chest of Rogers 1881 Silver Plate.

HERE'S a plan that makes it possible for you to turn your spare time into the things you have always wanted. This chest of beautiful Rogers 1881 Silver Plate, for instance, consisting of 26 pieces and guaranteed for 25 years, is yours for Auto-Knitting in your spare time at home 5 dozen pairs of socks.

Through this unique plan, you are given the remarkable opportunity to earn the things you want by utilizing the spare time that otherwise might have been wasted. And in a *double-quick* way—for this new plan actually makes your spare time worth twice as much as ever before.

— 11 dozen pairs for this sewing machine?

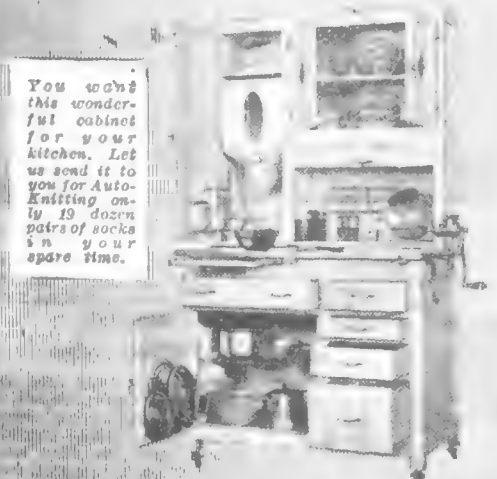


We'll send you this excellent sewing machine, complete with all attachments, for Auto-Knitting only 11 dozen pairs of socks.

Think of it—this handsome, six-drawer model, oak sewing machine, complete with all attachments, sent to you for Auto-Knitting only 11 dozen pairs of socks! See what this new plan will mean to you. The things you want, earned right at home, in time that you can spare from other duties.

Auto-Knitting is an established, national home industry. For every dozen pair of socks knitted at home, a fixed standard price is paid—which is today the highest ever paid in the history of this organization. Thousands are Auto-Knitting at home today, earning extra money in their spare time, turning wasted hours into luxuries and comforts. What about you?

— 19 dozen pairs for this kitchen cabinet?

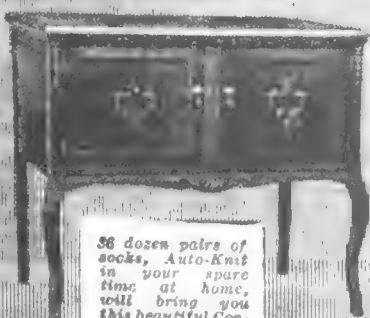


You want this wonderful cabinet for your kitchen. Let us send it to you for Auto-Knitting only 19 dozen pairs of socks in your spare time.

The modern home is not complete without a kitchen cabinet. It saves steps, time, trouble. The substantial kitchen cabinet here pictured, of white enamel, will be sent to home workers for Auto-Knitting 19 dozen pairs of standard Olde Tyme Wool Socks. That is the name by which the product of our spare-time home workers is known. More than 18,000 stores throughout the country are now retailing these socks.

Why don't you start Auto Knitting at once, making the Olde Tyme Wool Socks that will bring you this kitchen cabinet? Or would you rather Auto Knit

— 36 doz. pairs for this console phonograph?



36 dozen pairs of socks, Auto-Knit in your spare time at home, will bring you this beautiful Console Phonograph.

You'll be proud to give this Console Model Phonograph a place in your home. It is Queen Anne in period, and Mahogany, Oak or Walnut in finish, as desired. The tone is rich, beautiful.

This phonograph is yours for Auto-Knitting only 36 dozen pairs of socks. Or if you prefer a popular upright model, or a console of different period—you may select from our big REWARD BOOK. This book, just off the press, contains many pages of useful and beautiful things that you can earn at home by Auto-Knitting in your spare time.

May we send you a copy of this REWARD BOOK today?

This New Plan Doubles The Value of your Spare Time

Ever on the alert to be of greater service to its home workers, the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company has perfected a plan which doubles the purchase value of every pay-check. Henceforth, Auto-Knitter workers will be paid in *double-value* money. This plan represents one of the greatest forms of profit-sharing ever attempted. It makes every spare hour worth two, makes your spare time worth twice as much.



Find out NOW all about this great new plan. Get in on it at once, and earn the things you have always wanted in this remarkable double-quick way. The coupon is the GOLDEN KEY that opens the treasure chest. Use it! It will bring you free full information regarding Auto-Knitting and all details concerning the new plan. THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Dept. 109, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, New York.



Other 'DOUBLE Value Rewards You Can Earn

- Washing Machine for Auto-Knitting 7 dozen pairs of socks
- Handsome Library Table for Auto-Knitting 10 dozen pairs of socks
- Genuine Reed Rocker for Auto-Knitting 6 dozen pairs of socks
- Dining Room Suite for Auto-Knitting 56 dozen pairs of socks
- Vacuum Cleaner for Auto-Knitting 20 dozen pairs of socks
- Porch Furniture for Auto-Knitting 24 dozen pairs of socks

And many other useful and pretty things that you can now earn in a double-quick way. Be sure to get your copy of the big Reward Book, just off press.

Send Today For Big FREE Book →

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Dept. 109
630-638 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

I want to turn the key to the treasure chest. You may send me FREE full information regarding Auto-Knitting and how it turns wasted hours into dollars. Also all details concerning the new plan that now makes every Auto-Knitter dollar worth two. This does not obligate me in any way whatever.

Name

Address

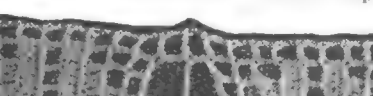
City State

NOTE—The treasure is heavy. Please enclose a 2 cent stamp to cover cost of mailing.

1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp,
5, turn.
13th row—1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps,
3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 sp,
1 sp, ch 5, turn.
14th row—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps,

ROSE POINT
FILET LACE.

18th row—1 blk, 8 sps, 12 blks, 4 sps, 4



This is another effective life arrangement by Miss Janet Becker. The graceful arrangement of armchairs was worked out very attractively on a light blue quilted background.

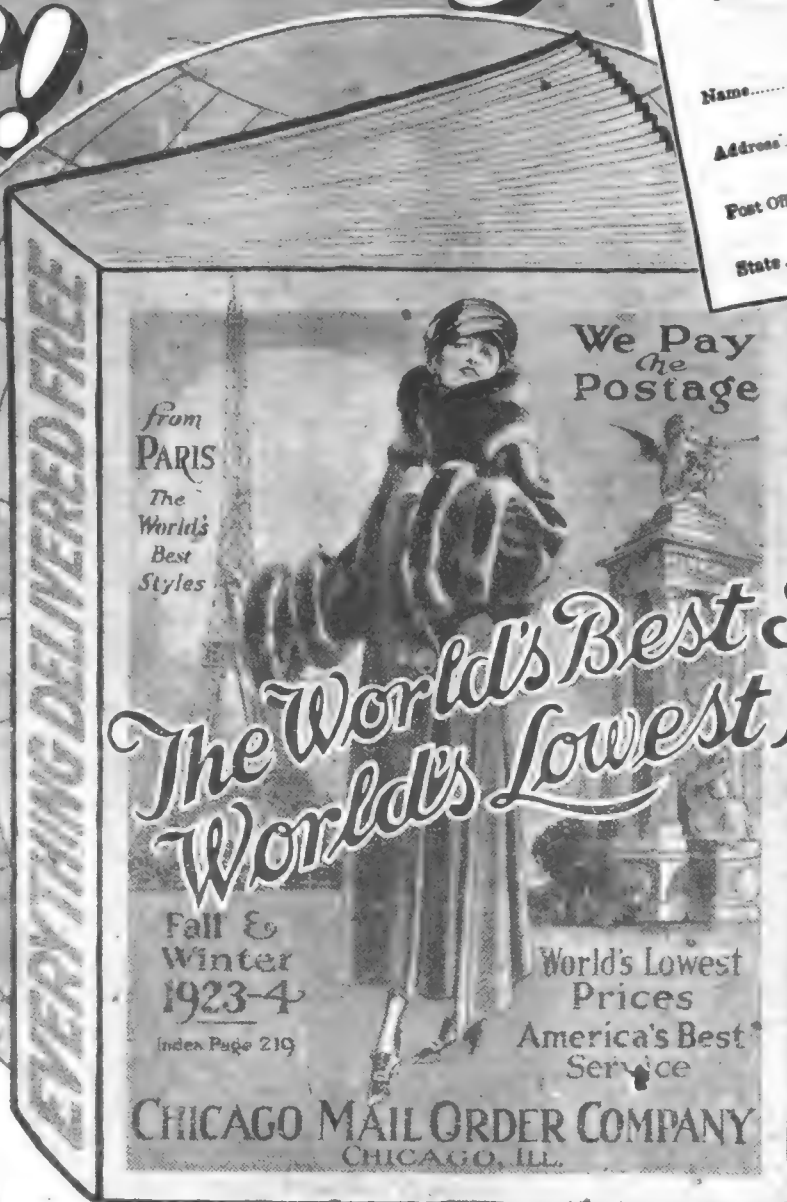
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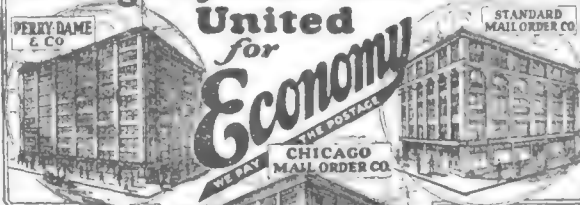
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From Attic to Celler

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

been added freely. Wash windows in ammonia water and wipe with old cotton cloth free from lint. After the furnishings are restored to place the room is finished and has been done without making unnecessary steps.

After the bedrooms are clean, close the doors and do the upper hall. In cleaning the lower floor, commence at the least used room of the living quarters. Assuming this may be an old-fashioned parlor, a down-stairs guestroom, or possibly a general utility and sewing-room, it should be thoroughly cleaned and used as a receiving place during the remainder of the cleaning. Such an arrangement saves many steps and much confusion.

Should it be necessary to extend the cleaning of the living-room into the second or third day, be sure to have your plan of procedure definitely made before starting in. Otherwise, things in general will seem in a state of upheaval. The family will suddenly need everything which happens to be at the bottom, begin to trip over things in unusual places and possibly reach the point of thinking they are being abused, all of which reacts in the housewife and causes greater fatigue than her actual physical labor.

Modern ideas of housekeeping and cleanliness have banished the carpet, the real bugbear of housecleaning. But if for various reasons you are still using one on your living-room floor, do, I implore you, take it up and do not put it back again. You may answer that your floor is unsightly, but this problem has been met in several ways. One is to cover the whole floor with linoleum, using the patterned or the undecorated plain color. Either is a good background for rugs, which can be taken from the parts of carpet showing the least wear. If the carpet is in good condition and an extra square is desired, rip off one breadth, cut off the same width from the end and a two-inch hem allowance, if it is to be hemmed, but a better edge is obtained by binding with a good quality of plushy braid, or with strips cut from the strongest parts of an old suit. This makes a thin edge which is desirable. If the floor is smooth but has wide cracks, these may be filled and the whole floor or just a border painted a dust color which is very satisfactory.

The first day's work should consist of removing and cleaning all the pictures and bric-a-brac, and putting them in a safe place. Couch cover, pillows, any draperies and tablecovers are brushed, or hung to blow in the sun and air. The main thing to keep in mind is to finish as you go along; so as soon as these things are finished, don't lay them in a heap somewhere, but carefully fold such as require it, and place the whole in your receiving place. Remove old newspapers and magazines to a suitable place of storage. This much well done will constitute work enough for the first day and the room has been in a usable state.

Early the next morning take down the window curtains. If they simply require dusting carefully hang them by the two ends over the line and pin frequently to prevent stretching the hems. If they are to be washed, place in cold water to which one tablespoonful of ammonia to the pail has been added. In two hours, gently work through the water, drain without wringing and place in a fresh ammonia water. Work through this water and place in a warm suds to soak one hour, then wash by squeezing with the hand. Boil if the curtains are white, but if tinted, restore the tint by rinsing through a water colored with boiled tea. Hang by the two hems, and as soon as dry fold away in a drawer until they can be ironed. After the curtains are removed, the fixtures are returned to place, as this prevents their getting mixed or lying about. Roll the shade to the top. Dust the chairs and small tables and set out of the room. The larger pieces are dusted and covered. Books are dusted, shelves are wiped and books returned to place, then the whole covered. Brush the ceiling and walls the same as in the chambers, sweep the floor. Take down one window shade, carefully iron and wipe with a soft clean cloth over a large table. Wash the inside of window and sash and the inside casing, and return the shade. Repeat until all the windows are finished. During the window washing you have been obliged to attend to the curtains and various other details of housework, so the forenoon will be well advanced, and you now plan to restore the room as far as possible. If you have shelves, these are cleaned and whatever was taken from them is returned. Wall pictures are replaced. Furniture is uncovered and the floor wiped or otherwise treated according to finish. Return chairs sufficient to the family comfort and call the day's work done. On the third day the woodwork can be cleaned, the curtains ironed and hung, and other furnishings replaced.

The remainder of house is cleaned in the above order. Plan your work well in advance and always make an allowance for unexpected interruptions.

Here and There About the House

Like everything else the sewing machine requires its regular cleaning. Otherwise it will become gummy from hardened oil which causes the machine to run hard and do poor work. Select a day on which you can have the machine in an open window. Slip off the belt and turn back the top. Lay several thicknesses of old cloth in the pan to catch the drip. Fill an oiler that has a generous delivery with gasoline and work it through every part of the machine until it runs clean and let it stand while the gasoline is forced into all the openings on top, then again apply it underneath until you are sure all the old oil is removed. Wipe and at once hang the cloth out of doors. Lay a fresh cloth under the machine and work the gasoline into the openings each side of the treadle and around the wheel until the old oil is removed, and lastly thoroughly oil the machine, using only sewing machine oil. Air the room thoroughly to avoid danger of explosion or fire from the gasoline fumes.

Turned needle points can often be straightened on a fine emery wheel.

If the machine belt has become loose, cut off a very small portion, and pierce a new hole just back of the old one with a hot heated red in a candle flame.

Cretonnes that do not require washing should be carefully hung to blow on the line, and taken in as soon as they appear free from dust. If to be washed soak one hour in cold water to which one tablespoonful of turpentine and one of coarse salt has been added to each pailful. Rinse in cold water, then wash in a tepid suds, rinse through two tepid waters and dry quickly in the wind. If the cretonnes are faded, they can be restored in a very pleasing way by tinting in the rinse waters. If the predominating shades are brown, add strong coffee or tea to the tint water. If the colors are generally light, tissue paper soaked in the rinse waters. The shadow conceals much of the fading and gives a shadow effect to the design. Care must be taken not to overdo the tinting. If the color is not deep enough from the first rinsing, more may be added to the second.

Washing sweaters for school wear is a part of the fall work and should always be done on a bright, windy day. There are two "don'ts" in washing sweaters. One is never rub, and the other is never wring if you desire them to be soft and shapely when dry. Make a good suds by dissolving the soap before it is put into the water, which should be only lukewarm. Soak the sweater about ten minutes, and then press about in the water with your hand in and out, as the weight of the water will stretch the sweater. Drain off the water and add a new suds, and keep working it about until the sweater is clean and free from suds. Use two rinses. A hand vacuum washer is excellent for sweaters, white cloth, and resting in a slanting position or water and lay it on the screen to dry. The screen allows the water to drip through from all parts of the sweater at once and the air to circulate.

Rub all the varnished furniture, dull finish or leaving damp or sticky. This can be done after the rooms are settled.

If the wall paper was found to be loose in places

along the seams, make flour paste and apply it with a flat mullage brush, then press gently with a clean cloth.

Zinc under stoves and on tables can be brightened and cleaned with a strong solution of water and vinegar, but it must be applied over a small surface at a time and washed and wiped dry immediately. Zinc can be scoured with bath-brick and water, but the process is slow and hard.

Lacquered metals do not tarnish, for the metal is protected from the action of air and moisture by a shellac preparation, which only requires dusting and wiping with a wet cloth. If the lacquer cracks or appears worn, before the abrasion reaches the metal it should be given a touching up with shellac.

With the discarding of heavy carpets fastened in place has come the problem of finishing the floors underneath so that rugs can be used. Most of these floors are of soft wood and have had no finish of any kind applied to them. First of all, any remnants of tacks must either be drawn or driven below the surface with a nail set. Thoroughly sweep, including the edges and the openings between boards. Level and remove any surface roughness by planing. Scrub clean, and avoid leaving any soap on the floor by following each washed section with hot water, and a cloth free from soap. Otherwise the finish will not wear well. Any stains that are liable not to be covered by the finish are removed with a solution of one teaspoonful of oxalic acid to one cup of hot water. This solution is poisonous and should be carefully labelled and kept from the reach of children.

Various kinds of crack filler are used, but a simple and satisfactory one may be made of genuine whiting and linseed oil putty into which is thoroughly worked about 10 per cent. of dry white lead and coloring matter to match the floor. Another good filler may be made of Cabinet glue melted with a little water in a dish set in water, thickened with fine sawdust, and colored to match the wood. This must be used while hot and can be worked smoothly into cracks with a small knife.

In the Celler

That the cellar be clean and well ventilated, especially if used as a storage place for food, is of great importance. If possible there should be a cross current of air, as the air from the cellar affects that all over the house. Openings should be well screened, and cellar windows not put in until there is danger from freezing. Where the cellar bottom is damp and board walks are used, they should be removed as soon as signs of decay appear, otherwise the rotten wood will harbor slugs and bugs that will find their way into the vegetable boxes.

The only practical way of treating cellar walls is with an annual coat of whitewash, because the white reflects the light and the whitewash is a germicide. The cellar walls should be thoroughly

brushed, and scrubbed with a broom and hot soap suds before applying the whitewash.

Boxes of vegetables should rest on racks or blocks of wood to avoid dampness and mustiness. Shelves of the swinging or hanging type allow the air to circulate freely and are more easily cared for.

Openings through which rats and mice may enter should be filled up with a mixture of cement, sand and small stones or broken brick. Other places, such as those in partitions where the rodents may have gnawed through, may be effectively closed by covering the hole on both sides of the partition with a sheet of zinc.

The Feast of the Dead

By Everett McNeil

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THE Indians of California had many queer customs and ceremonies, at least they seem queer to us, possibly because we cannot now understand the background of religion and tradition on which they were built. One of these odd ceremonies, The Feast of the Dead, just what its origin was no white man knows; but it probably dates back to the early history of the tribe and, therefore, has an historical and religious as well as curious interest to the student of the American Indian. The following account of this feast is taken from a description given by an eye-witness.

A few days before its coming the Indians began to make ready for this feast by preparing large quantities of food, chiefly beef, acorn pudding and tortillas (a thin round cake made from maize flour and baked on a hot, flat stone). In addition they made images to represent every member of their tribe who had died during the three preceding years. These images were made of wood and were completely dressed, including hats, shoes and stockings, in the best clothes obtainable.

Early on the morning of the appointed day the Indians from all the surrounding country began gathering at the spot selected for the feast. At about ten o'clock the squaws inaugurated the ceremonies by squatting down on the ground in the form of a large circle. The men at once took their stations a few feet behind them. An Indian priest now entered the circle and read, in Spanish, a passage from a book. This done he began to chant a song or prayer, while, at the same time, he shook an odd-looking rattle made from a dried gourd. He then read another passage from the book and then again chanted his song or prayer and shook his rattle. He did these two things alternately for some time. In the meantime the squaws in the circle were wailing and crying in the

most heart-breaking manner, as if they were about to perish of grief, hugging their arms close to their bodies and rocking back and forth. This was their way of expressing their sorrow for the dead.

When this ceremony, evidently religious, was completed, the Indians all repaired to the spot where the images had been left standing on the ground. Each image was now grasped by a man. These men at once formed themselves into a line and began a march or rude dance, holding their images much as if they were dancing partners and grunting guttural grunts with every step. During this march other Indians tossed coins, baskets and pieces of fine calico up into the air. These articles were offerings from the dead and could be carried off freely by anyone who wished, except a relative of the dead represented by the images. At the end of the march or dance all the images were placed in a pile and burnt.

The feast now came next in order; and, accordingly, the eaters all squatted down on the ground and the good things were passed around by the squaws, who were careful to see that the aged got the choicest morsels.

But it was after the feast that the strangest rite of all came, the burning of a maiden, as it was called. This was not as bad as it sounds; and was accomplished by placing a young Indian girl in a hole previously dug in the ground and covering her, all but her head, with wet reeds and cloths. Then a fire was built as near her as was considered safe and a dozen or more squaws formed a circle around the girl and the fire and danced and sung as they moved around her. This dancing, singing circle was kept going around the girl during the rest of the day, fresh squaws taking the place of those who became tired. The maiden, after having passed through this ordeal, was no longer to be considered a girl. She had become a woman and could now marry whenever she found the man she wanted.

Those not engaged nor interested in the ceremony of burning the maiden, spent the rest of the day eating, playing games, gambling, dancing and having a general good time after the rude manner of Indians.

Just what the burning of the maiden symbolized is hard to tell. Possibly it was meant to symbolize the burning away of the foolish fancies of youth and the assuming of the responsibilities of womanhood. At least it was a most disagreeable test of the hardihood and endurance of the young Indian girl; and again possibly, it was to show her fitness to become the wife of an Indian, a position that often required both hardihood and endurance.

They met on the crossing at twilight, Ne'er will they meet again— One was a speeding motorist, The other a railway train.

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Better Babies and Happier Mothers

By C. F. Sweeney, M. D.

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STATISTICS tell us that in 1918 twenty-three thousand women died in the United States from causes connected with child birth, and of course the actual number is far more than this, as in some sections of the country causes of death are not reported or recorded. Each year more than two hundred and fifty thousand babies, about one-eighth of the total number born, die before they reach the age of twelve months.

There is no question but what a large percentage of these deaths of mothers and babies are due to ignorance and neglect and could be prevented. The many unnecessary and preventable dangers never designed by Nature to be attendant on motherhood and babyhood can and should be eliminated by care and forethought.

Motherhood lends to the life of a woman the sublime qualities which are the guide of the human race—pity and love.

In the feelings which motherhood inspires reside the best elements of moral perfection.

In shielding with her protection the defenceless young being for whom she has passed through the valley where the angels' whispers are almost audible, in pressing to her heart the creature thus consecrated by her travail pains, in letting herself be seized with love for the still unconscious child, who can repay her only with ingratitude and misunderstanding, woman is clothed with divine beauty, suffering and love.

All that is best in creation shines in motherhood affection, and rekindles with boundless hope the human race of every age.

For this source of love gushes forth for all, leaves within our souls unforgettable and imperishable traces and lightens with its blessed tenderness the hardest paths of our Calvary and darkest recesses of our hearts.

Motherhood, childbearing is the most wonderful, the most sacred thing the world has ever known or will ever know, whether it be the Wonderful Child born in that lowly manger or the offspring of the most ignorant and obscure individual that comes to our shores.

Thus being the case, tell me if you can, why an intelligent American public does not dare discuss maternity freely, fully, out in the open before their children and not consider it a subject to be discussed only in whispers, or in hospitals by nurses and physicians. I hope I shall live to see the time when we foolish physicians do not have to look intelligent children in the eye and plead guilty of bringing them a sister or brother in our black bag or that mother has now another premium from a soap order.

These children as they look back cannot respect the parties in these foolish, deceitful lies, but alas they must forgive them as history repeats itself, and they later, hand on the same to their children.

It has been my misfortune to hear girls who had paid dearly for their ignorance cry out, "Why did not mother tell me about these things?" and more than one mother say, "My daughter has learned her lesson." Yes, she has learned her lesson, paid tuition with pain and sorrow, but madam, if you had learned your lesson and knew the duty of a true mother, all of this could have been prevented.

The first step to be taken in order to lessen the mortality of mothers and babies is to have the health and strength of the parents improved. The world is not yet ready for any radical step along these lines, but the time will come when getting a marriage license will be an important matter, and both parties will have to pass a thorough medical examination, which will include a blood test so as to make it impossible to infect each other or hand down any blood-taint to their offspring.

There is more truth than poetry to the statement made in the Bible when it says that "the sins of the fathers shall be handed down from generation to generation."

We now come to pregnancy and I wish to say right here that the most delightful moment in the lives of a happily married couple is the time when the first baby arrives, strong and well and without excessive suffering on the part of the mother, no injury to her health. And such should be the happy consummation when there is no impediment to hinder or prevent the normal course of Nature in the performance of her most wonderful work in the unceasing repetition of that miracle—the reproduction of life.

What should a pregnant woman do? Lead a happy normal life, avoiding excitement, sexual and otherwise. Do not diet but remember she is feeding two people instead of one, and eat nourishing food rather than things that tempt the palate. Keep the bowels regular and know that the kidneys are performing their proper function. This last can be proven by occasional examination of urine. If this analysis is not possible, any patient can drink plenty of pure water, and if danger signals present themselves, like severe headaches, swelling hands and feet, go on a strict milk diet, flush bowels with sulphate of Magnesia, apply counter irritation over the small of back. Continue this treatment until all symptoms subside.

Pregnancy is a normal physiological condition, and it is the exception to the rule for things to go wrong, but it is these exceptions that we must appreciate and treat properly.

The breasts do not need any great attention except only if there is any discharge. This can be checked by a snug binder worn for a few days. And during the latter weeks of pregnancy the breasts may be hardened by bathing with solution of tannin and alcohol.

Crocheted Kimono Sleeve Sweater

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

turn, skip 1, 1 s c in each st, ch 1, turn. Repeat until belt is about 25 inches long, make 2 buttonholes, then add 4 rows more. Make straps of white wool of singles a little wider than the belt. Sew to side seams and run belt through. Face the under side of the left front with a piece of ribbon before sewing on the buttons.

U. S. Drinks Half the World's Coffee

Of a world coffee production of 2,500,000,000 pounds for the year ending June 30th, states a report of the National Coffee Roaster's Association, the United States consumed 1,281,601,606 pounds.

It is noted that since the enactment of national prohibition coffee drinking has increased 21 per cent., the equivalent of 100 cups per year per capita. Equal distribution of the coffee consumed during the year ended June 30th provides 484 cups of the beverage for every man, woman and child in the United States for the year.

Pregnancy should last 280 days, and if the last day of last menstruation was January 1st, the baby should arrive October 8th.

The expectant mother should spend her spare time getting the baby's wardrobe ready, and this should consist of at least one flannel wrapping or receiving blanket, four knitted abdominal bands, four knitted shirts, four flannel petticoats, three night gowns, four to eight cotton slips, three wraps or blankets and five dozen diapers. Do not discuss baby's coming with anyone who has a long list of calamities to tell you about, but with people who have had a happy normal birth or births, such as yours is to be.

It has been my displeasure to sit during the still dark hours of the night and hear these tales of woe told to an expectant mother who was nervous, when it seemed as if I should be obliged to adopt drastic measures, but had to refrain from doing so in the interests of peace and harmony. Most of these old-fashioned nurses are wonderful as they have had many of their own (and lost some) but they do delight in telling of the accidents, forgetting the many many thousands that are normal as they should be.

If it ever happens that you have to choose between an inexperienced nurse who will do exactly what she is told or an experienced one who knows a few things herself, by all means choose the former. The newly arrived baby is wrapped in a soft wool or outing flannel blanket, previously made warm by brick or hot water bottle, then wrapped with another warm blanket, laid on its right side with small opening above to admit fresh air. A hot water bag should then be laid against the blankets instead of upon them because of its weight. After the mother has been made comfortable, the baby should be thoroughly oiled with olive oil, white vaseline or unsalted lard, as these dissolve the protective substance that covers the skin. Wrap the navel cord in clean absorbent cotton, see that it is not bleeding and put on abdominal binder with end of navel pointing toward the chin. The nurse should observe that the baby is breathing properly, its color good, that it is warm, properly covered and lying on right side. After it has slept at least four or five hours, it should be bathed and dressed.

Very soon after baby is born, the attendants should drop a few drops in each eye of either a one per cent. solution of Silver solution or 15 per cent. Argemol solution. This is most important and has saved many cases of blindness and should be required by law in all the States, as it is in many. In washing baby, be careful not to get soap in baby's eyes, and it is best not to use soap on face for this reason. Just a line in regard to the navel string. It must be tied carefully and cut one and one-half inches from the umbilicus, and it is best to put on flannel band over it, and this is especially important if baby is inclined to cry or cough.

Umbilical hernia in babies is getting to be far too common, and yet it is preventable in all cases. The baby's bowels and kidneys should move within twenty-four hours, the mother's by the third day.

After the baby has been washed and dressed and the mother rested, it should be put to the breast. This is important as baby needs the colostrum which acts as a laxative in clearing the bowels. Every healthy mother should try and nurse her baby, as mother's milk is the ideal food and is something that even the greatest chemists cannot even imitate.

The lying-in room should be the most comfortable and most quiet in the house, and the mother should be abed ten days or two weeks at least and not know about the incidents and accidents of the rest of the household.

Inexperienced mothers are often greatly at loss to know whether a baby is properly thriving or not, and may be unduly alarmed at small matters, or may not understand the serious nature of certain conditions.

It may be helpful to mention the leading characteristics of a normal healthy baby, and the mothers may assume that the lack of these conditions shows temporarily, or otherwise, the baby is not in perfect health. These indications of health are:

Steady gain in weight, bowel movements of the normal number, color and consistency, absence of vomiting or regurgitation of food, a good appetite, a clear skin, bright wide open eyes, alert sprightly muscles, which respond readily to any stimulus, a contented expression, very little crying, quiet unbroken sleep with eyes and mouth tightly closed, no evidence of pain or discomfort, a constant growth in stature and intelligence. The baby learns to hold up its head during the fourth month. He laughs aloud from the third to the fifth month. He reaches for toys and holds them from the fifth to the seventh month. At seven or eight months, he is usually able to sit erect and hold the spine upright, and the first lower teeth appear. During the ninth and tenth months he makes the first attempts to bear his weight on the feet and can usually stand with assistance at eleven or twelve months. At one year, baby can usually speak a few words and at the end of second year baby makes short sentences. Children differ in the rapidity of their development, some slower, some faster; therefore, the mother should not be unduly alarmed at variations from this description of a normal child.

A baby should not be hurried either in learning to walk or talk, and if a baby seems nervous or with a large head, the more quiet it is kept the better. If they are encouraged to walk before their legs are strong enough, bow legs result.

The two most important qualifications for a person entrusted with the care of babies are patience and unselfishness, and with a fond memory of a good mother who brought up ten children oftentimes with not the best of everything to do with, but with a gentleness and devotion that made even long hard nights nursing seem a pleasure, I submit this paper with the following toast—God Bless the Mothers.

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Clothes for the Woman Who Makes Her Own

By Eveline Vance

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NO doubt many of COMFORT's readers are using the Home-Made Dress Form, while others have either read or heard of its advantages and are eager for directions for making one for themselves. Right here I will mention the fact that Miss Minnie Sumnerman, president of the Loughton Woman's Institute in Essex, near London, while touring the United States and observing the activities of our extension and home economic department workers, has become so keenly interested in the making of

should be a head-worker who will also direct and thus prevent confusion.

How the Writer Made the Dress-Form Here Pictured

NECESSARY MATERIALS.—A gauze shirt, with high neck and cap sleeves, which measures six inches smaller than the regulation bust size. For instance: For a figure of 38, a 32 bust size would give the proper fit for dress-form foundation, as the gauze stretches smooth and prevents the possibility of wrinkles. One roll of inch-wide gummed paper. A piece of board, not less than three-eighths of an inch thick, to form a base if the dress-form is not to be mounted on a standard. Other materials are a sponge or cloth in a small dish of water, needle and thread, sharp scissors, pencil and yardstick.

To make the form-proof against moisture it should be given a protective coat of shellac or varnish inside and out, after it is thoroughly dry. A small brush and about a half pint of shellac will do the work. It is well to have a basin of warm water and a towel for wiping sticky fingers. GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.—The model should stand still. If she twists about or moves head or arms, she may stretch the moist paper or pull the strips out of place. The work should be done as quickly as possible without sacrificing accuracy. All preliminary preparations should be made with the model seated. The actual pasting on of the strips should not take more than an hour and a quarter. A practiced team can do it in a much shorter time. The strips should be moistened enough to soften the glue thoroughly, but should not be too moist. Beginners should take care that they do not wipe off the glue instead of merely softening it. Where the ends meet, they should be lapped just enough to insure strength, as over-lapping will destroy the exactness of the form. While the first layer must be well and strongly constructed, the same regard for appearance is not necessary with this layer as with the outside layer. There can be no fixed rule for applying all of the strips. For instance, the curves of a large, stout woman will require different treatment than where

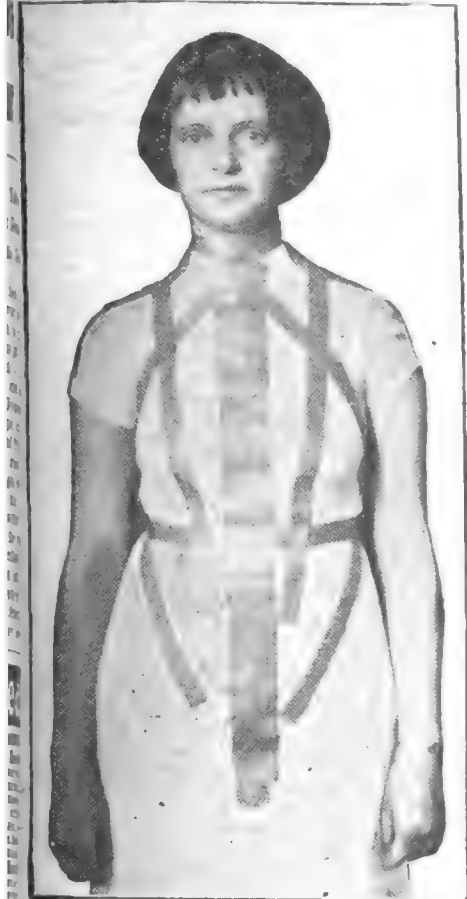


FIG. 1.—SHIRT AND FOUNDATION STRIPS.

gummed paper dress forms that she intends to introduce this labor-saving device to English housewives as soon as she returns. Thousands of women in this country, especially those in rural districts who can not get help with their sewing, have made dress forms according to instructions given by extension agents so that they can fit their own clothes more easily and remodel old garments.

However, we have thousands of women readers, who, for various reasons, cannot avail themselves of the instruction given through the extension work in home economics which is being carried on by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in cooperation with State Agricultural Colleges, and for the benefit of these, COMFORT is giving a carefully prepared description for making the gummed paper dress form together with illustrations which show the work in four different stages.

Every woman knows it is to her advantage to dress well, which does not mean she must have many or expensive clothes, but rather that she must be dressed suitably for her needs, becomingly and have a certain style which only a well-fitting garment can produce. For years the thing that bothered women in making their own dresses was the difficulty encountered in getting the garment properly fitted on themselves, but that difficulty can now be entirely overcome, for the home-made form is, naturally, an exact replica of the figure. One woman of a group helping each other make dress forms, and who chanced to be both fat and short, was heard to exclaim, "Well, this is the first time I ever saw myself as others see me, and I am going to start right in getting thin." Needless to say the remark made by this woman contained a sermon that should make us all desire to "see ourselves," that we may know beyond a doubt if our shoulders are back, or if we are acquiring an all too common slouchy attitude so destructive to health and good appearance.

The original gummed paper dress form seems to have come from one of the southern states and was called the "Home Betty." It requires three persons to do the work to advantage, besides the model, as it is far too fatiguing for the model to stand long enough for one worker to apply all the strips. Even the fourth person would be useful providing they all work with understanding. There



FIG. 2.—ONE-HALF OF FIRST COAT.

the figure is straight and slender. The important consideration is to have two coats of paper, each to fit smoothly and of uniform thickness.

While the shirts made especially for the gummed paper forms are far superior to any other, it is possible to construct a makeshift from an ordinary shirt. If this is necessary, rip the buttonhole section off the front of a necked shirt, cut off the sleeves half way between shoulder and elbow, and from an old shirt cut a strip crossways (not bias) wide enough to sew on to the neck edge of shirt from which the finish has been trimmed, and to extend nearly to the ears. Remember the shirt is to be six inches smaller than the bust measure, which will bring the collar down to neck-band height when the front of shirt and ends of collar are sewed together.

PREPARATION.—All usual garments should be worn except the dress, taking care to have a comparatively smooth surface over which to stretch the shirt. Put on the shirt and with strong thread overhand the edges together.

First Coat

Pull the shirt down tightly over the hips, and pass a strip closely around the waist-line. For very heavy figures it may be advisable to make this waistband of surgeon's tape. Next, place a strip around the neck and down the center front and one each side of the front, looping each side strip well onto the center strip. The center strip must follow a straight line for it is through this and through the center back strip that the form is cut from the figure. Following these are some foundation strips that make a degree of rigidity over which to work. FIG. 1 illustrates the first steps in making form.

FRONT.—Fig. 2 shows one-half of first coat finished. If the figure is slight, the strips may be continued to the bottom of the shirt. For a full figure and over the fullest part of the bust it will be necessary to use separate pieces above and below the waist-line. Where necessary, tear the paper at the waist-line and use the balance either above or below the waist, according to length. The strips on the bust may curve toward the center. When they do this, tear off the surplus paper after it is lapped. Use short strips to extend the shoulder.

BACK.—Begin the back on the side already completed in front, lapping the strips on the shoulder and pasting the paper tightly and smoothly down to

the waist-line. Paste the strips on the back as for the front.

UNDER ARM.—For a full figure, as shown in illustrations, fill in the space between waist-line and armpit with slanting strips, brought well up under the arm and alternating front and back. For a very heavy figure the strips may be started at the waist-line in center front to center back and carried diagonally across to center back and center front. For a slight figure the strips may be placed horizontally.

BELOW THE WAIST.—Paste strips straight down from the waist-line. Fill in any triangular spaces left between the strips with shorter strips. Be sure the lower part of the form is firm and strong, but do not distort the waist-line by too much overlapping there.

Second Coat

Brace the first coat above the waist by placing two or three short strips horizontally at the front and back below the base of the neck. Brace it below the waist by bringing several strips diagonally from waist-line to bottom of form. Several strips placed almost horizontally over the fullest part of the hips will help to stiffen the lower part of the form, which by reason of the spreading of the strips, tends to be less firm than the upper part. Place guide strips on shoulders and under arms to indicate where strips should meet. The front of the second coat, above the waist, should be completed before the work on the back is begun.

FRONT.—Starting from the top of the right shoulder at the neck bring strip diagonally across the chest and well under the left armpit, to the guide strip. Repeat with the left shoulder and continue with alternating strips, crossing at center front, until front is covered to the waist-line. The strips may curve toward the center over the bust.

BACK.—Proceed with the back as with the front. BELOW THE WAIST.—Place strips as for the first coat. Cover in the ends of the strips at the waist with one or two horizontal strips.

SLEEVES.—To make sleeve, have the model stand with arms slightly akimbo, resting the hands well down on the hips. The pose must be held while the sleeve is being made and until it becomes partially dry. Paste a strip of paper around it as far down as the sleeve is to extend, and loose enough to remove readily. Draw two or three strips snugly up under the armpit and lap them on the shoulder, covering in the edge of the armhole. There will be a few wrinkles under the armpit. Fill in the sleeve with strips passing around the arm and lapping on upper side. Finish sleeve and shoulder by pasting several strips lengthwise from neck to bottom of sleeve, covering in the lapped ends.

NECK.—Place two strips snugly around the neck, making small slashes on the lower side to make them fit smoothly.

MARKING AND REMOVING.—Draw a line down the exact middle of the front and back. Several short lines should be drawn horizontally across the dividing line, both front and back, to serve as guides in bringing the halves of the finished form together. With yardstick and pencil mark several points equidistant from floor around the fullest part of the hips, keeping a record of the distance between hip and floor. Cut a line down the center front and center back, and remove the form. See Fig. 3.

Trim the lower edge on the hip line. Three persons will be needed to put the form together and the work should be done immediately after the form is removed. Cut a number of three-inch strips, moisten one-half and paste them about an inch apart along the front and back edges of one-half of the form. Now place the back edges together, and while two hold the form the third person wets the other half of strips and presses them into position. Finish the front in the same manner. It is well to put long strips on the inside of the form to reinforce the outside short ones. Stand the form on the base and if not quite level it may be trimmed even. Securely tack the form to the wood after it has been coated inside and out with shellac, but it must be thoroughly dry first. See Fig. 4.

Any reader wishing to know where to get the Dress Form Shirt and gummed paper tape can obtain this information by writing to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

In many localities the cooperative making of dress forms has fostered a community spirit which otherwise might never have existed, because thrifty housewives call for material results if they are to give several hours of time away from home, or if they are to give over their kitchen or living-room for holding a "Betty School." Out of the many practical purposes of the dress-form, one is the making of them for girls going away to school or work, for then their clothes can be made at home and sent to them, an appreciated saving, for room and board make a large hole in the pay envelope.

Planning the Winter Wardrobe

With the clear cold days of autumn comes the reminder that the time for changing gingham for serge, and sweaters for coats is close at hand. We are quite apt to go on enjoying the easy-to-wear summer garments until we find ourselves with nothing suitable on hand unless we can resort to the warmer things which we so gladly hung and packed away last spring. Recently I heard a woman express the wish that all her old clothes could be disposed of and a fresh start made. As I listened it occurred to me that theoretically this idea might be a good starting point; that is, one could make a list of what she would buy if her entire wardrobe was to be "bran-new," then, after making a careful survey of their real value, check off from the original list such as could be substituted by cleaning, repairing and remodeling.

With most of us the amount to be spent for clothes is more or less limited and we are searching for ways to stretch the dollar. Every housewife should make a business of taking an inventory of the family wardrobe, at least twice a year, just to learn, if for no other reason, how many garments have been little worn because they were not well selected. Good judgment in buying is only acquired by those who learn what they can spend and have full knowledge of the family needs, and the ability to select materials according to their value and appropriateness. Over-zealous clerks are too frequently responsible for the inexperienced or doubtful shopper buying that which later on proves to be far from satisfactory; so one must learn to understand the clerk whose only object is to sell.

Among the mistakes most commonly made is the buying of that which in no way corresponds or harmonizes with the clothes on hand. This practice constitutes a great waste, for one seldom gets much service from badly selected clothing. A good rule for the one who would reduce the cost of clothing to a practical minimum is to wear simple clothes that require few repairs and remain in fashion. Select styles that will answer the most purposes; select seasonable colors that are becoming and not pronounced, and buy good materials, for they wear the longest and can be remodeled, and a good quality adds very much to the style and general appearance of a garment.

Right Dressing and Fashions

In no sense is the word freedom more expressive than in the present-day dress for women, for they are gradually freeing themselves from the bondage of corsets, and I suspect, if we knew the whole truth, we would be thanking the athletic girl for this blessing. To be in a position to obtain a new view of the passing throngs at one of our large resorts, is to discover that we are well advanced into a corsetless era, so much more natural and stronger do women walk since the diaphragm is no longer held in restraint. While a large per cent. of women and girls have come from the narrowest type of girdle to no support at all since the dresses that hang straight from the shoulders have come into

vogue, the soft waist which is being generally adopted offers a happy medium to those who call for something that can be worn loose and yet give the figure a more definite line without affecting its freedom. These waists have camisole tops, hose supporters front and back and are frequently made with a section of elastic across the hip.

Low-heeled shoes have also made their contribution toward the comfortable dress women are now enjoying, to say nothing of the health benefit they will derive by allowing the spine to maintain the position that nature intended. Women who have long worn high heels that gave their feet such a small surface to balance upon, will experience some discomfort in the change of position which the low-heeled shoes will at first give when walking, because the muscles and ligaments have become weakened through inactivity and they should be strengthened gradually by changing several times a day from the low to higher heels. Shoes for all purposes are now seen with low heels, so it becomes an individual matter as to the style of heel a woman wears. Already high heels on the street appear in bad taste and it is predicted that they will disappear entirely.

Costumes that Meet the Average Demand

By "average" I mean clothes for street wear, motoring, afternoons at home, church and informal social affairs.

Under the term "sport" clothes is a range of styles that have gone a long way toward revolutionizing women's dress. These styles have come to stay and are worn in attractive combinations. Except for indoors they are less seen in cold winter weather, but as many of COMFORT's readers migrate to, or live in the warmer climes a little talk on sport clothes will not come amiss. One of the earliest combinations was the short sport skirt, the shirt waist and sweater, and today it is as "strong" as ever. To waists have been added the slip-over blouse, which is merely a waist worn outside the skirt and finished with a four-inch band large enough to slip over the shoulders. All descriptions of sweaters are seen. New ones are added to the list, but a sweater that fits well in any style is wearable. The sleeveless sweater, which meets below the waist-line in front and fastens with four pearl buttons shares in newness with the plain tailored coat-sweater which is made in a fine firm weave. The slip-over sweater with round or V neck is still in vogue and can be highly recommended for school-room wear.

Of skirts, there is a wide range to choose from, the plaited ones being quite in favor just at present. Sport models are excellent for street wear, motoring and many informal gatherings. For extra warmth, capes of homespun and Scotch mixtures are worn and they add a touch of smartness as well.

For church, street and many other occasions nothing is better than a plain, well-fitted and made suit. Navy-blue suitings, small two-toned even checks, colored homespun and Scotch mixtures make the most useful suits, and if cut on simple lines, the coats can be worn with sport skirts that harmonize in color. In this way two different costumes can be made from one coat and two skirts; which illustrates the advantage of considering the whole wardrobe from the point of harmony, when adding a garment to it. A simple hat, with scarf to match, that indicates the tones of the skirt will give the suit-coat an entirely different appearance. For more formal occasions the suit is worn with a fancy silk blouse and a small fur piece at the neck. Capes, mantles, loose coats and the cape suits are all shown in great variety, and surely nothing could be better looking or more useful.

Dresses that hang from the shoulders or are slightly held in at a low waist to suggest a blouse are the principles on which most of the dresses are made this season. Among the special features in the thin materials are one or two rows of plaiting around the bottom which extends to the knee, or may form two-thirds of the entire length of skirt. The short sleeves are trimmed with a plaiting, while the neck is piped. Figured or striped silk dresses are extremely simple in lines and may have side ruffles of the same material which extend from waist to hem. Hip trimmings are seen in square knots with sash ends, narrow ribbons around the waist which end at the hip with loops and ends, narrow soft folds of dress material terminating with a rosette or ornament, straight six-inch wide stripes sewed on one edge to the side of skirt and left free at both ends to fall in graceful folds. Berthas have again made their appearance, adding a pleasing feature to otherwise very simple dresses. On the wool dresses they are made of ribbon which is pulled by pulling a thread in the selvage until the ribbon lays nearly flat on the lower edge. Some of these ribbons are made with one edge scalloped, while straight edges are sometimes finished with flimsy lace tinted to harmonize. Some of the berthas are made of the dress material with scalloped and bound edge to match the bottom edge of skirt. Others are of lace edges, or of net with inserts.

Over-blouses are shown in a variety of material, and styles, though the keynote is always the simple line. Many of them hang straight from the neck to lower edge, slightly held in at the hip line with gathers which are concealed with narrow string ties with loops and ends falling below blouse. Other blouses are slightly gathered all around or over the hips into a one-inch band wide enough to stop over the shoulders, or in case of large hips the band and under-arm seams for about three inches are finished open and fastened with snaps. The surplice front which closes well to the left is usually finished with the straight coat collar which is often of a contrasting material and color, many of the necks and sleeves are finished with a piping, while other necks have fitted collars.

Making Over Dresses

Old clothes should be thoroughly cleaned and pressed before being made over. Frequently two garments can be combined to excellent advantage in a straight dress, as many are made with two materials of the same color, or of a plain color combined with a striped, figured or flowered silk. In using the same colors the difference in materials should be very marked, such as velvet and a smooth wool material. The tops of these dresses may extend below the narrow string sash or end well above the waist-line where often they are finished in panel fashion or in long horizontal curves.

Many a pretty blouse is made from old silk dresses velvet or light-weight woollens. The bib collar cut square or round, shallow or deep, can be made of odd bits of organdy or lace and give an up-to-date touch to a made-over dress or blouse. As skirts are beginning to show a slight side-flare, the wide gored skirts can be brought into use recutting the kored edges until they meet the required width measurement.

Old coats of light-weight suitings can be made into over-blouses and attractively finished with soft satin collar, cuffs and band in the same shade. A careful selection of color must be made when combining new with old material.

A word regarding fall and winter color combinations well assist the woman who is substituting old for new clothes. Brown in variations lead, and these combine most effectively with henna, or a touch of turquoise blue and salmon pink in simple trimmings. Green, a favorite color during the summer, will be worn in the darker shades, but brown is better for a winter color as it suggests warmth, while green is cold. Shades of red from old coral to deep wine will share with brown in popularity. Red is effective in winter, but don't over-do it. Touches of rich tans or soft grays blend well with the red shades. Navy-blue seems never to lose its hold and can safely be worn in all materials for all occasions. Black in soft materials is particularly good for simple evening gowns and when worn with a string of white or cream-colored beads the effect is most pleasing.

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A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

to pull most of it away, to kneel with her eyes smarting and her throat stinging, and feed the flame that ran wandringly over what horsehair she had left.

"Oh, it won't catch!" she muttered, brushing the water from her smarting eyes. "It won't catch!" But even as she said it she heard the first snap of kindling wood.

The lower edge of the door had caught, almost before she knew it was flaming, with the strong draft under the threshold. Sparks flew out in her face as she kept on feeding the fire with the oil-soaked horsehair, that caught, flared, smoked, and was gone.

What could she do if the fire went out? If it burned only a tiny hole she could not get her hand through!

"It shall burn!" she cried fiercely, and tore at the flimsy old table till she had it in pieces. With the oily wick of the lamp to start them they burned like tinder, being old and thin. The door caught smolderingly, higher up; the smoke and the stifling smell were suffocating her, but the fire gained.

Presently she had to get back from it, and lie down on the floor to get the air the fire was drawing under the threshold.

The flames crept to the doorposts, flickered out there, caught the panels higher up with a smell of singeing varnish. But to her sore eyes the door looked strong as ever, scarcely two inches of it had burned away. She drew her skirts about her, and, standing up, drove her foot hard at the door. A charred fragment broke away, but she was afraid to try again. And the floor in front of the threshold was catching.

After all, had she accomplished nothing but to burn herself to death? Would the flames leave the door and creep into the room, filling it with fire, roasting her in slow torture till she died? Between weariness and want of air she was exhausted. She could do no more, and, lying down on the floor for the better breathing, shut her eyes to keep out the pungent, stinging smoke of the horsehair.

Suddenly a wave of heat made her start up, scorching.

The doorpost had caught, the door by the hinges was burning bravely. But the fire was creeping round the edge of the floor, till in a few minutes there would be a ring of flame round her!

It was a duel now between the slow charring of the thick door and the smoldering of the floor that was helped by the little hoards of dust that flared up viciously.

If the door burned faster she might get out; if the floor went first it meant death by inches.

She could not watch them for the stinging of her eyes; her breath hurt her as the room grew slowly to an intolerable heat. So small was it that nowhere could she get farther than six feet from the fire, and she would have stifled long ago if it had not been for invisible cracks in the boarded-over skylight. She thanked Heaven it was not glazed.

A kind of dullness crept over her body that might have deepened to a swoon if it had not been for the pricking torture in her lungs as she drew her difficult breath. Only that saved her from sinking into a stupor that would have ended in death, for little flames were licking round the edges of the floor now, flashing up into the cracks of the surface, reaching nearer every minute to that huddled figure on the floor.

She dared not raise her head to look at the blazing door lest she should only see that escape was hopeless, only face the agony of death before her sooner than she need. A sharp anguish in one outstretched arm made her scream, sit up, leap to her feet.

The room seemed full of choking smoke, leaping flame. That was creeping fire in a crack of the floor that had burned her, a tongue of flame that had licked up the dust between the boards and died. But next time it would not die! Scarlet and orange the walls glowed in the firelight, black whirls of smoke wreathed up to the skylight, the doorway was the most awful flame of all, a very gate of hell that she must face or die in agony. Cowardice or bravery would make very little difference in that!

Dry-tongued, her throat so scorched she could scarcely breathe, Jacky turned her thick serge skirt up to her knees, holding the doubled folds of it round her with one hand. Her other arm in its cloth jacket-sleeve she held across her face, and so went as near the flaming door as she dared.

That it opened outward was the only thread of hope that upheld her. Whether it was burned through or not she dared not uncover her smarting eyes to see.

Blind, desperate, she stood as near as she could and drove her foot in its thick shoe straight and hard at the hinge of the door.

Sparks, charred, burning fragments, flew back at her in a threatening shower that only singed her thick clothes as she shook them off.

With all her strength, she drove her foot again and again at the door. The coat-sleeve covering the arm across her face scorched, singed, burned nearly through where she stood at her hopeless task.

There was a roaring in her ears now, an agonized longing in her lungs for the air that was not in the blazing place; from behind her the fire crept to her very heels. Once more she could try and never again, for her strength was gone.

With all her weight, she kicked once more at the stubborn door, and nearly fell forward into the flame that surged into her face.

The hinges had torn out of the charred wood, the door was open—only a crack, but open—and it was the draft of air from the passage that was sending the blaze into her face. That one breath of air was like a breath from heaven, hot as it was. Hope made her heedless of her scorching skirts, her shoes and stockings that were singeing off her feet as she drove at the door again. And this time it gave, indeed.

It fell away from the burning post a space of some half-yard, and through that narrow gap Jacky Hamilton jumped for her life, over a threshold that flamed high.

Out in the passage she fell, crushing out her smoldering skirts with her hands, brushing the singed ends of her hair out of her eyes; tearing off the smoking boots that blistered hands and feet.

The cold, close air of the shut-up house was rapture to her parched lungs; the dull daylight of the passage rested her eyes after that flaming hell behind her—and she was not on fire! Scorching, singed, blistered, blackened with smoke, she was yet alive—yet free!

She staggered on a few paces, fell, forced herself up again, and leaned against the wall.

"I must get out!" she thought, and could scarcely move. Her back, that she had forgotten, was sickening her with shooting pain.

Were there people in the house, or was it as it seemed, empty?

"Lesard's gone," she thought, "no one else can matter. And the house is on fire, other people would only think of that."

She had no more dread of danger; the fire was in the very top of the house, and would burn everything above it before it crept down. And let it burn as it would, let the house be empty or not, she must make her way out of it as fast as she could, make her way to Gillian in jail, and that Lesard her unfaithfulness had ruined as it had nearly ruined herself.

But she could scarcely drag herself along as she crept to the end of the passage, down a rickety

stair, stumbling blindly down other stairs till at last she stood in the empty entrance hall with its locked door.

Through the dirty cracked panes of the fanlight came a gleam of dusty sunshine, the spring sunshine that could be so sweet. It was day there, afternoon by the lowness of the sunbeams—that was why no one had noticed the fiery smoke from the cracked skylight.

Was it burning still? She hardly cared! She leaned against the wall trying to calculate the time she had been in this dreadful house. It seemed like years; she did not realize it had not been twenty-four hours.

With painful fingers she tried to tidy her masses of singed hair. The sunbeam that fell on her showed her blackened face, her blistered hands, her shoeless feet, with rags of stockings half-scorched away. Her beauty was gone from her, but there were no tears in her bloodshot eyes, no quailing of her steadfast spirit as once more she began to creep through the dusty house which, for all she knew, might yet be her death-trap.

Down the kitchen stairs something guided her blistered feet. And the kitchen window was raised a scant inch. Somehow she got it up, the pain of using her scarred hands making her shut her teeth; somehow she scrambled through it, and was free in the deserted mews outside.

Without looking to right or left she stumbled on, and at the entrance to a little court of five or six houses fell headlong on the stones.

A woman in a dirty blue gown gave a sudden cry where she stood at a doorway.

"Look!" she cried to a pallid man in shabby clothes. "For God's sake, look at that!"

For Jacky was face down on the pavement, her hair fallen anyhow, her bare feet and hands dreadful in the afternoon light.

"She's dead!" said the woman, with an awestruck grin.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

her, and made herself offensively free with my son, who is now in Germany," replied Mrs. Coolidge, with every appearance of sorrow that she was obliged to make the confession.

"You'll have to be older than you are now to make me believe that," muttered the old lady, indignantly. In an undertone, as she eyed Isabel, and her mother suspiciously, while Viola and Alma looked the taggers they dare not use to defend their beloved Miss Douglas.

The date of her accident and advent into Lady Randal's house was identical with that of her leaving Mrs. Coolidge, their description of her was the same, and Isabel recalled to Sir Charles the evening of their ramble, when they had seen her at the villa, and she had questioned him regarding the companion.

Every one was convinced now of Brownie's unworthiness, and believed that she had taken herself out of the way because she feared an exposure on the part of Mrs. Coolidge, and dare not meet it, that she had eloped, but who with, was the question.

All but Lady Ruxley.

Her confidence was unshaken yet.

"I don't believe a word of it," she said to Lady Randal, as she assisted her to her room.

"But, aunt, it must be so. Mrs. Coolidge's word is indisputable."

"Maybe you think so," retorted her ladyship, irritably.

"The evidence is so clear, too," resumed her niece, unheeding her remark. "I have feared from the first that you were being imposed upon. That's always the way with these girls who have no recommendation; they are all adventures."

"I only hope you will find that she has helped herself from your belongings."

"Shut up, Helen! You are always ready to believe the worst of everybody. I tell you I believe that there has been foul play in this matter, and, if the girl has gone away, she has been driven away in some underhanded manner. I can read the signs of the times, if I am superannuated, and I shall not rest until I know more of this matter," and the crusty old lady actually shed tears over the absence of the patient, gentle girl, to whom she was becoming deeply attached.

"The very fact of her giving a false name goes against her," persisted Lady Randal.

"That was not just the thing, of course," was the rather subdued reply. "Then she added, as if a new thought struck her: 'I believe that I was to blame for that, after all. I had a bad cold at that time, and was as deaf as a post. I am convinced now that she gave me her name correctly, and I misunderstood her, and she, having had trouble with those folks, let it go so.'"

"She had no business to do that," returned Lady Randal, with an expression of righteous indignation.

"If she never does anything worse than give an assumed name, she'll be better than some folks whom I know. I reckon you've some sins on your conscience, Helen, blacker than any that poor girl ever thought of," said Lady Ruxley, spitefully.

Notwithstanding the general belief that Miss Douglas, as she was now called, had absconded, Sir Charles gave orders that the search should be kept up a while longer.

Something might have happened to her, he reasoned, and he would give her the benefit of the doubt.

About eight o'clock Adrian Dredmond was announced. He had been to Lady Ruxley's villa, but, upon being told that she and her companion were at the Hall, he drove immediately thither.

Lady Randal met him in the hall on her return from Lady Ruxley's apartments.

She greeted him cordially, and then, taking his arm, led him into the drawing-room, where he was received with loud acclamation, for he was a favorite wherever he went.

The conversation ran in a new channel for a few moments after his entrance, but the all-absorbing topic was soon resumed, and Brownie's character was most unmercifully picked to pieces again, while with a terrible sinking at his heart, Adrian soon learned something of what had transpired, and it was with great difficulty that he maintained his composure, hoping to learn more.

But he could not bear the aspersions cast upon his betrothed, and after a terribly scathing remark upon Brownie's virtue from Isabel, followed by a bitter denunciation from Mrs. Coolidge, his indignation burst forth.

He arose, and, with flushed face and blazing eyes, demanded of the latter:

"Of whom do I understand you to be speaking?"

"Of Miss Douglas, Mr. Dredmond—the governess who came to England with us, and who has turned out so sadly," she replied, serenely, and all unconscious of the terrible storm hovering over her head.

"Perhaps you know who is accountable for Miss Douglas's misfortunes since she came abroad?" he returned, meaningly, and with a look that made Isabel's heart quake, for she knew he had seen Brownie lately, and it was possible he, too, knew all the story of their abuse.

But Mrs. Coolidge was, as usual, equal to the occasion.

"Really, no. She told me she knew no one in this country," she returned, with raised eyebrows, and in surprised tones.

"I know something of Miss Douglas, and that she is undeserving of a word of the censure which you have heaped upon her this evening; and I demand that you retract every word you have said—all of you!" he said, in tones which could not be mistaken.

There was a sudden hush among the company, while all eyes were fixed upon the young man, towering so proudly in his haughty strength before them.

Mrs. Coolidge felt by no means as easy as she appeared; but hers was a desperate case, and it would not do to relax in the least her vigilance. So she glowered disapprobation and surprise upon him, while Isabel tried to curl her trembling lips in scorn.

"Really, Adrian," soothingly, said Lady Randal who began to be afraid of a quarrel, "I am sorry to see you so excited over this unfortunate affair. I know you are very philanthropic, but I am afraid you are allowing yourself to become quixotic regarding this very singular young person."

His fine lips curled, and he turned and bowed slightly, as he replied:

"If it is quixotic to defend a pure and lovely girl in her absence from such abuse as you have heaped

The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

as you can, do it rapidly. You can go clear across your room rapidly, while doing this exercise, and it is excellent for ankles. So also is the first exercise given "Brown Eyes."

DOTTIE.—Your weight is about right, and your description of yourself does not indicate many defects to remedy. Your blackheads indicate that you are not quite careful enough about your skin, and perhaps not quite careful enough about your food and your bowels. See what I have said to "Donna" about a daily body-bath. This is essential if your skin is to be kept in good condition. Then your bowels must move once or twice a day fully. If you can buy a soft camel's-hair complexion brush at your drugist's, use it at night on your face, with hot soapy water, scrubbing gently but thoroughly then rinsing off hot water, warm water, cool water, and finally cold water to close the pores. Do not use soap or hot water on the face in the daytime, and of course never rub soap on the face, only dissolve it in the water at night when you are taking your nightly scrub. Use tepid water in the morning, and rinse in cold water. Keep your hair very clean and well cared for—shampooing once in two weeks.

GRACE.—The only way to reduce is to cut out fat-building foods. You are very much too fat, and unless you exercise some self-control now as to eating, you will be a great unwieldy fat woman when you grow up. So, make these resolutions: First, never to eat or "nibble" between meals. Second, to cut out candy, cake, pie, preserves, molasses, and all sweet things. Third, your weight down to not more than 110 at the most. You do not need so much food as you are eating. And you do need to change the kind of foods you are eating. You can eat lean meat, and all green vegetables, and all fruits (without sugar), except bananas, and you can eat fish and poultry. So you do not at all need to "starve" yourself. You can eat omelets, so long as they are not fried. You could have for breakfast, for instance, a canteloupe, or a piece of water melon, or a dish of berries, or some sliced peaches without sugar or cream, and then you could have two soft-boiled eggs. That is plenty of breakfast for anyone so much overweight. Then for lunch you can have a salad and some spinach, and any other green vegetables you wish, and some fruit. And for dinner you can have broiled steak or roast beef or a lamb chop or some roast chicken, with string beans or squash, or other vegetables, but no potatoes or rice or macaroni or white bread and butter, and then you can have fruit again for dessert. If you would try to do this, you would find yourself reducing and in three months you would be a very nice-looking girl, and glad you had made the attempt. Exercises help to work a little fat off muscles, but nothing does any good in reducing unless one is willing to give up eating the fat-producing foods for a time. You see all foods do not make fat, but candy does, and other sweet things, and butter, and other fat things, and white bread, butter, milk and cream.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

upon her here tonight, then I plead guilty to the charge. I met Miss Douglas several months ago in the United States. I know that she is as well-born as most of you in this room, and few possess the cultivation and accomplishments which she is mistress of. At the time of which I speak she was believed to be the heiress of more than a million, and moved in circles equal to our own, but sudden misfortune reduced her to the necessity of becoming a governess."

"Why, Adrian, I am astonished! I did not suppose that you knew aught concerning Miss Douglas," replied Lady Randal, beginning to regard the companion rather more leniently.

"Nor I, that he was so interested in the poor but misguided girl," added Mrs. Coolidge, with sarcastic commiseration.

She had never forgiven Adrian's preference for the beautiful governess that night at the opera, and could not now conceal her spite.

He wheeled upon her in an instant.

"I am deeply interested in her, madam. Miss Douglas is my betrothed wife; and I warn you to be very careful how you speak of her in the future. I could say much more, but—with a glance from Isabel to Sir Charles—existing circumstances compel me to be silent."

CHAPTER XXXI.

BROWNIE'S STRANGE VISITOR.

Had an earthquake shaken the house at that moment greater consternation could not have prevailed than at this announcement.

"Adrian, surely you are crazy!" almost shrieked Lady Randal, at last. "You make a such mesalliance as that!"

"Call it whatever you choose, madam, but please remember when you speak of Miss Douglas in the future, that you are speaking of the future Lady of Dunforth," he said, coldly, but proudly.

Surely a nobler specimen of manhood never braved the world's scorn than Adrian Dredmond at that moment; and poor Brownie, although in "duress vile" above them, might well look hopefully into the future, which should be passed by the side of such a noble defender as this.

Turning to Sir Charles, he made a signal for him to follow him, and then, with a haughty bow to the assembled company, he withdrew.

"Charles," he exclaimed, seizing his friend's hand when they were alone in the hall, "will you lend me your aid in this trouble? Something is wrong," he went on speaking, in tones of anxiety; "she was expecting me to come to her, and I know she would never have gone away of her own accord!"

"I am constrained to take that view of it now, after what you have told me; although I must confess, before you came, I was inclined to believe the very worst of her. I hope," he added, with some uneasiness, "that you have not been deceived in Miss Douglas."

Adrian's lips curled again.

He knew what he had reference to. Sir Charles believed that something must be wrong or Mrs. Coolidge would not have spoken as she had done.

"The future will disclose whether I have or not," he replied coldly.

"You may depend upon me, Adrian, to do all in my power to unravel this mystery. Miss Douglas certainly appeared like a very lovely person, and until tonight I admired her very much, although I have rarely met her. Believe me, you have my sympathy," and he meant it in more senses than one.

"Thank you, but I am wild in trying to think what has become of the poor child. I am almost tempted to believe—"

He checked himself suddenly.

He was upon the point of saying he feared treachery on the part of the Coolidges; but, remembering that it would not do to speak of them thus in Sir Charles's presence, he stopped.

"What?" Sir Charles demanded, with a curious look.

"I do not know what to believe," Adrian said; then added, suddenly: "You may think what you choose concerning what I have told you tonight, and the world may say what it will, but Miss Douglas is of unexceptional parentage, and I shall marry her just as soon as I am fortunate enough to find her."

After a few more minutes spent in consultation as to the best means of seeking for the lost one, Adrian departed, his heart filled well-nigh to bursting with grief, insulted affection, and anxiety.

"Mamma, did you ever hear anything like it?" demanded Isabel of her mother as soon as they could excuse themselves from the drawing-room and retire to their own rooms.

"No; things are getting terribly mixed up, it seems to me. How, when, where did he meet her again, I wonder?"

"I have it," said Isabel. "Lady Ruxley attended at dinner at Danforth Castle; of course her companion accompanied her, and they met there. It must have been quite recent, I judge."

"Well, he won't find her again for one while, that is sure," returned Mrs. Coolidge, with a savage glitter in her eyes.

"Oh, mamma, you look almost as though you would like to kill her!" Isabel exclaimed, in a frightened whisper.

"I believe I wish she had died before she ever saw Adrian Dredmond," she answered, vindictively.

"To think that she should win him, while you will only be a baronet's wife!"

Isabel flushed angrily.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)



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One on Dad

"Willie, let me hear you count up to ten."

"One, two, three, five, six, eight, nine, ten."

"Wrong! You skipped two numbers."

"Well, that's the way my father counts."

"Is your father an expert accountant?"

"No'm! He sells gasoline."—Judge.



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September, The Harvest Month

SEPTEMBER is the farmer's month of realization, the "pay day" of the year. Coming close upon the heels of hot August, the cool nights make sleeping a joy and complete rest a reality. I may still be hot in the fields at midday, but there is a certain indescribable "tang" to the air that tells of frost and Indian Summer not far off. In fact the threat of frost may cause worry for those whose corn is backward, and there are bound to be many readers who fall in that class. Hazy, lazy days and crisp nights when the big red harvest moon beams down on a season's work well done; big red apples in the orchard to be sold or stored for cold winter eating—or perhaps made into sweet cider; vegetables to be dug and stored in the cellar; spring pigs that are reaching market size apace. But why try to list all September's blessings that are to be found on every farm at this glorious time when the leaves are beginning to take on the tints of autumn, when the hickory nuts are ripe, and when the old hound frets and impatiently waits for that first rabbit hunt.

Now is the time to select early maturing ears of corn for next year's seed. Walk through the field, find the early maturing ears, mark them by stripping back a bit of husk or by tying bits of white rag to the stalk close to the ear, then leave them on the stalk to dry out and fully mature. Before the corn is harvested go through again and snap off these marked ears and store them separately. Have enough so that a later selection may be made for type and size. Choose those that conform most closely to the variety standard, and that show the best filled tips and best covered butts. Keep this field selected seed in a dry place where it will not freeze in cold weather, and you will have seed of high quality and germination.

Hill selection of potatoes is a practice that pays well for the time it takes, though perhaps this will not come until later in the month. Here is how it is done: When potatoes are ready for digging, choose two rows well away from the edge of the field, then dig carefully by hand. Compare the number, size, shape and quality of the potatoes turned out of each pair of hills. Though the yield may run quite uniform, there are sure to be hills that will stand out above the general average, and it is these hills that we are looking for. Avoid hills that show a large number of "nubbins" or deformed tubers. Pick out the best potatoes from the all-around best hills, choosing potatoes that are uniform in size and shape. Store these separate from the crop that is harvested later, and the increased yields that will result when this practice is followed year after year, at no cost but a little time and work, will be truly surprising.

Plant rye now in the bog lot to provide for early spring hog pasture. Early seeding, heavier than when intended for a crop of grain, gives more time to make strong fall growth, and the more extensive root system established by early seeding in a favorable season will force earlier and quicker spring growth. Now is the time, too, for the fall house cleaning in and around the hog lot. Get rid of trash that so often accumulates, clean out the house thoroughly, then give it a coat of whitewash. Ceiling, walls and floor should all be treated to this cheap but efficient aid to hog health. Mix one pound of common salt with each pail of whitewash to make a mixture that will not rub off.

How about the chicken house? It should have a house cleaning at least once a year—and the job should not be left for the "missus and the girls" to attend to, either, for it is a man's work. Take out nests, roosts, dropping board, fountains and feed troughs. Remove all old litter from the floor and old ashes or dirt from the scratch house. Then scrape down the walls and ceiling with an old garden hoe, digging out the cracks that are sure to be found in such places as around the windows with a putty knife. These cracks are the hiding places of lice and mites that await the return of the flock to their winter home. Clean the roosts, dropping board, etc., out of doors, then give them a liberal application of coal tar disinfectant made according to the instructions printed upon the can. Inside of the poultry house spray or use a whitewash brush to get the disinfectant over every inch of ceiling and walls, particularly in the corners and around windows and doors. If the floor is of wood, treat this also; if it is of dirt, a disinfectant soaking will do no harm. Then fill the dusting box with new clean dirt or ashes, replace the roosts, nests, and dropping board, clean the windows so that they will admit the light they should, see that the roof ventilator is in working order and not clogged with sparrow nests, fill all rat holes with concrete, and the house is ready for winter occupation.

Choose Sugar Beet Land Now

Many farmers who grow sugar beets have learned from long experience that the time to decide where next year's crop will be grown is now, in early September. Others who raise the crop can well afford to follow their good example.

In deciding where beets will be grown, every grower should see that the land selected is well drained and that it is in a good state of fertility. Clay or sandy loam soil serves best for beets; light sandy soil or muck soil should be avoided, as both dry out too quickly during periods of drought. Clover, corn or potato land, to which a liberal top dressing of well-rotted manure has been applied before plowing, usually serve best for sugar beets.

Good drainage is highly important for this crop. If land is low and subject to flooding, or even if the water table lies too close to the surface in a wet season, beets will not thrive, but will be stunted, underfed and undernourished. Even when the excess of moisture is only temporary, the effect will be lasting; crippled beets will not overcome the damage and delay, even when good growing conditions are restored later in the season. The ideal condition for beets is, besides a soil in good tilth, a soil in which the water table is not too close to the surface. This condition induces the formation of a single well-defined tap root, and discourages the formation of the numerous side roots common to beets grown on wet land. Many rooted beets, even though they may grow to large size, are usually coarse and poor in quality. But if the land is selected is rich in humus and is reasonably fertile and well drained, the crop will thrive and return a profit. Get the land manured early, then plow it as soon in September as possible. Fall plowing improves the tilth, allows for early and repeated disking next spring and permits a good early start with this crop without delaying other farm work.

Surface Rot of Sweet Potatoes

Infection with surface rot may take place slightly before or during sweet potato harvest, or it may take place in the early storage period. For this reason it is recommended that, wherever possible, sweet potatoes be stored only during dry weather and a few hours before picking up. Conditions in the storage house should be dry and warm when the potatoes are put in, so that curing will begin promptly. Potatoes that are dug in damp weather, and stored immediately in a storage house that is not perfectly dry, are most susceptible to surface rot disease.

Surface rot has many characteristics in common with black rot, caused by *Sphaerome fimbriatum*, but nevertheless it is an entirely different and distinct disease that is readily distinguished from black rot. It has now been discovered that the organism responsible for the surface rot disease is *Fusarium oxysporum*, inoculations with which under moist conditions in storage have produced the disease.

The disease is generally recognized as a storage trouble by growers, and is characterized by nearly circular brownish sunken spots, usually several in number. These vary in size according to age, and may attain a maximum size of about three-fourths of an inch. Three well-marked stages of the disease are noted; the first, which consists in the formation of the spots; the second, a shrinkage of the potato; and the third, the drying up of the potato, which makes it entirely unfit for food. The last stage is usually most pronounced during the latter part of the storage period.

How to Make White Lard

Is the making of pure white lard becoming a lost art on our farms? Country merchants who occasionally buy lard or "take it in trade" from farmers, say that white lard is now uncommon, while once it was almost the rule. Perhaps the methods once employed so successfully by pioneer housewives have been lost in the rapid advance in all things culinary. Anyhow, here's how to make lard that is really white.

Keep the leaf lard separate from the fat that comes from trimming the hams, shoulders and sides. Render out the leaf lard first, as it is the highest grade product and most desirable for home use or sale. Before throwing the fat or trimmings into the kettle, cut into one-inch cubes after all the strips of lean have been removed. The lean meat sticks to the kettle and also gives the lard a scorched taste. Do not cook fat with the rind on; this helps produce a dull or dirty color. Do the rendering in a big iron kettle, filled about three-quarters full of the uniform sized cubes. Keep a moderate steady fire under the kettle and stir the cubes frequently. If the lard foams, the fire is getting too hot. When the cracklings become brown and are light enough to float, the cooking should be stopped. Dip out and strain the lard through muslin cloths into stone crocks or lard pails.

To whiten the lard, stir occasionally until it cools; when it is almost cold and is practically "set," stir vigorously. This will cause it to whiten and become smooth. A teaspoonful of soda is added by some to each 20 gallons of lard to produce whiteness. Store in a cool, dry place that is free from odors.

What Causes Mottles in Butter?

Mottles appear in butter from time to time, to the dismay of the housewife and even of the expert commercial buttermaker. It has now been found that mottles appear only in salted butter that has been improperly worked. The deep yellow patches in mottled butter contain relatively large and few water droplets; the whitish dapples contain a great number of very minute droplets. This indicates uneven and improper working. Study has determined that the presence of salt disturbs the water-in-fat emulsion and that uniformity in the emulsion is restored by the process of working.

In order to prevent mottles, according to the creamery experts who conducted the investigation, "butter must be worked sufficiently to accomplish this fusion and reemulsification of water and brine." This point is usually reached when butter has been reduced by working to a plastic, tough and waxy body. The working must be uniform throughout the churn. Overloaded workers and workers that are improperly set, loose, or slipping, will not work butter evenly and are likely to produce mottled or waxy butter. Therefore, when a batch of butter is found to be mottled, waxy or marbled and uneven in color, inspect the churn to see that everything is in good working order, then proceed more carefully with the working in future.

The Weight of Newborn Calves

"What breed of dairy cows gives birth to the largest calves?"

That is a question frequently raised by dairymen who each argue lustily that the honor belongs to their own favorite breed. Considerable study has been given to the subject, with the result that now definite facts and figures are available. To put an end to argument, the following figures are presented.

Brown Swiss calves, average at birth	100 pounds
Holstein calves, average at birth	90 pounds
Dairy Shorthorn calves, average at birth	73 pounds
Ayrshire calves, average at birth	70 pounds
Guernsey calves, average at birth	67 pounds
Jersey calves, average at birth	55 pounds

A close study of additional results of the investigation show several interesting points. In the first place, though it might be expected that the size of the offspring would depend directly upon the size of the dam, such is not always the case. The average weight of Dairy Shorthorn dams tops the list, with Brown Swiss second and Holsteins third; but it will be noticed that the weight of Dairy Shorthorn calves drops to third position. Among Ayrshires, Guernseys and Jerseys the weight of the dams has a direct bearing upon the weight of the calves of the breeds.

A second interesting point is that in every breed the birth weight of bull calves averaged considerably higher than that of heifer calves. Brown Swiss showed an average difference between males and females of 17 pounds; Holsteins, 7 pounds; Dairy Shorthorns, 1 pound; Ayrshires, 6 pounds; Guernseys, 5 pounds; and Jerseys, 6 pounds. Except in the case of the Dairy Shorthorn, the difference is quite marked.

A third interesting point is that the weight of calves at birth, instead of being directly proportional to the weight of their dams, really increases more rapidly as we advance from the smaller to the larger breeds. For example, Brown Swiss calves have a birth weight of 8.9 per cent. of the weight of their dams; Holsteins, 7.9 per cent.; Ayrshires, 7.1 per cent.; Guernseys, 6.7 per cent.; Jerseys, 6.3 per cent.; and Dairy Shorthorns, only 6 per cent. The Shorthorns are the exception that is said to prove the rule, for except for this breed, the decrease in percentage of the birth weight of calves as compared to the weight of their dams is quite marked.

It may be well to add that there seems to be little immediate proof that the weight of the sire has a direct effect upon the weight of his offspring at birth; his influence seems to become apparent only after calves are born and begin to grow. The age of the dams, however, does have a bearing upon the weight of their calves, as an increase is noted with each lactation period until the fifth is passed, then a corresponding decrease takes place.

Pea Straw for Feeding Sheep

The question often arises "Is pea straw a safe feed for breeding ewes and lambs, and what kind of results can I expect from its use?" An experiment recently completed at the Washington Agricultural

Experiment Station, Pullman, Washington, gives some interesting information on the subject.

A lot of 6 lambs fed an average ration of 3.49 pounds of pea straw gained 30.8 pounds per head in 120 days, and produced fleeces averaging 10.17 pounds. A similar lot of lambs fed an average ration of 3.42 pounds of alfalfa hay gained 43.7 pounds during the same period and produced fleeces weighing 10.41 pounds. Each of the lambs in both lots received one pound of grain daily. Though the lambs receiving alfalfa hay showed the greater gain, the extremely low price of the pea straw showed this to be the more profitable roughage when both gain and cost of gain were considered.

During an average winter period of 80 days, pregnant ewes receiving pea straw and grain required 0.16 pounds more grain daily than did ewes fed on a standard ration of alfalfa hay and 0.5 pounds of grain. After lambing, a group of 7 ewes and 9 lambs were continued on each of the roughages, the amount of grain being varied to secure an equal growth in both groups of lambs. During the first 60 days of the suckling period the alfalfa hay lot consumed 1.9 pounds of grain per ewe daily, while the pea straw lot consumed 2.93 pounds of grain. Here again the low price of the pea straw made it an economical ration for ewes with lambs, but the additional grain consumed left but a small margin in its favor over alfalfa hay.

Corn Webworm Eradication

Early fall plowing is the one and only remedy for corn webworms, and this simple control measure should be taken in all regions where this pest is known. Plowing as late as October is of little or no value, as by this time the webworms are already safely housed in their winter webs under the ground surface. Therefore the sooner the early plowing is begun, the better results will be. Land that has been in sod or pasture, or that has lain fallow and has grown up to weeds, should by rights have been plowed even earlier, in July or August, if it is to be planted to corn next year, but September plowing is certainly better than later plowing.

Grasslands of all kinds, such as pastures, meadows and lawns, furnish the normal food for sod webworms, but they also gnaw young corn plants below the ground surface and deform them to such an extent that recovery and the production of a crop is seriously impaired or entirely prevented. After the corn is once planted and the ground is found to be infested there is no practicable method of getting rid of the worms; therefore prevention now is the only safeguard of the crop for next year. Discing in the spring, the application of plenty fertilizer to force early growth and the use of sound seed of strong germinating qualities are all beneficial, but should not be depended upon alone. Poisoning and trapping have given unsatisfactory results. Injury to grasslands themselves is difficult to control and little can be done except to plow up the sod and plant to some crop that is immune from attack.

Wet Cotton Fiber Injured by Pressing

Recent tests conducted by the Department of Agriculture have fully proved that compressing wet cotton to high density increases the percentage of waste and reduces the breaking strength of the yarn. The tests also showed conclusively that compressing cotton to standard or high density when in a dry or normal state is not injurious to the spinning value of the fiber.

The varieties of cotton tested were pure strains of Cleveland Big Boll, Delta, Rowden and Webber No. 40. All of the various types of bales were tested; namely, a flat bale with a density of 12 to 15 pounds per cubic foot; a standard or railroad compressed bale with a density of 22 to 28 pounds; a high density bale with a density of 28 to 40 pounds; a high density bale compressed wet; and a round bale with a density of 35 pounds per cubic foot. The strength of yarn made from cotton that had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

ALL THESE SELECTIONS

- Fox Trots
- 1. Carolina Mammy
- 2. Swingin' Down the Lane
- 3. Yes! We Have No Bananas
- 4. Bambalina
- 5. Wild Flower
- 6. Barney Google
- 7. Carolina in the Morning
- 8. Who's Sorry Now
- 9. Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean
- 10. I Love Me
- 11. Parade of the Wooden Soldiers
- 12. Sun Kist Rose
- 13. You Know You Belong to Somebody Else
- Waltzes
- 14. Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses
- 15. Red Moon
- 16. Mellow Moon



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June 13, BALTIMORE, MD.

John Howard, Manager, National Auto Club, Dept. 100, Bata: 1-1111

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

See this in print in grand old COMFORT. I would like to hear from all the cousins near my own age, especially those from my own State. I will answer as many as I can.

Your loving nephew and cousin,
HENRY JESSE HARRIS

Henry, I'm glad to know your 250 Aptosians are all "up and a-comin'" down among your fields of arichokes. A town needs to be only as dead as the people who live in it. You sound alive, and I'm sure the other 249 are just as lively now that the sleeping acres have been awakened. The holding of large tracts of land in idleness away from the hands which might use the acres and develop them is always an evil. It is one that has been gradually but not entirely overcome in our biggest and broadest acre states. To give people access to the land and keep them happy and prosperous there is the secret of a happy and prosperous government. Rather, it is no secret, but a course that the tendency of modern-day national life does not follow. When wealth accumulates in cities and men decay there, so national life decays. Conditions on the land constitute always a barometer-reading of national weather. This has been so down all history. When the condition registered has been "change and storm," it has been a dark time for old empires.

RAYMOND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

For a long time now I have wanted to write to you in your circle and talk a while. I live in the northern part of the Palmetto State, where the clay and the sand of the ancient sea are both met. The sand is mostly tiny quartz pebbles. The predominating forest growth is the long-leaf pine which often reaches a height of over a hundred feet. This pine is tall and straight, and has a very little of the softness of the top. The needles are eight to twelve inches long and the cones are as large as a quart of the mature trees. They make splendid lumber and produce large quantities of turpentine, tar and oil.

The North Edisto River is one and a half miles from where I live. It is a slow-moving stream, narrow, deep and black, with wide swamps on each side. The water gets its dark tinge from the decaying vegetation, but is clear. The swamps are mostly black bays with a jungle growth of vines and bushes, and many big trees such as cypress, gum and tulip. Sometimes, on still mornings, we have heard the howling of the alligators. The swamp is infested with snakes, more snakes and insects also exist in its dark recesses. Edisto means "Medicine Man River." Before going to war, the medicine man of the local Indian tribes got water from the river and sprinkled it on the ground—thus indicating how the blood of the tribe's enemies should be poured out. Then he would quench burning knots showing how he would, with his power, blot out the opponents' lives.

A great misfortune has befallen our farmers: a small insect, the cotton boll weevil, has destroyed three crops for us in succession. Many thousands of colored people, who made a living in the cotton fields, have moved away. Their lusty and melodious songs no longer rise from the happy laborers as when they hoed, plowed and picked the cotton.

We have a fine climate, with green crops often growing the year round. Our good soil will grow corn, peas, potatoes, sugar cane, rice, truck, and support poultry and livestock—but marketing conditions are sad.

A few words about myself: I am just a country assie with medium brown hair, brown eyes and fair complexion. I weigh 110 pounds. I live nine miles from town and get lonesome sometimes, but I read and do fancy work a great deal in addition to housework, and I care for a flock of hens and visit some, too.

Now a word for COMFORT: I have been a subscriber for several years and think it is the best paper in the world. Why don't more of the cousins from South Carolina write? I have only seen three letters from the state. Write to me cousins, for I often have the same blue.

Affectionately your niece, LUCIA REMFF.

I just gotta congratulate you upon your letter-Lucia. Upon your astoundingly clear handwriting and your well-expressed description of that part of the Palmetto State where you feed the chickens and do fancy work in between egg-raiding times. There are good schools in Raymond—or a bright scholar.

Mr. Boll Weevil and his large family have indeed made great havoc in your main crop, Lucia, and even Uncle Sam has had to take a hand in lighting the pesky pest. Your words about your negro cotton pickers made me think of the lines of an old song which went, if I remember right:

"Picture tonight a field of snowy white,
Here the darkeys singing, soft and low,
It's there I would be, for someone waits for me,
Down where the cotton blossoms grow."

If Mr. Boll Weevil has stopped the "soft and low" singing of your happy cotton field laborers, I think it is just as well. We will have a natural, resilient, flutiness and harmony about agro voices which makes their singing of peculiar charm. I had rather hear such a chorus than the shrills of the most cultivated soprano or the most throaty baritone of the opera stage. Our Crowd will take care of your "lonesome blues," Lucia, and anybody who gets one of your cleverly and clearly written letters will be in luck. I'll say.

BOX 532, NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:
Perhaps I ought not to write again and expect you to give space to my worthless writing; but I feel that I must express my thanks for the many letters I received. It was an utter impossibility for me to answer all of them—for there were over a thousand. Some came from those high on the tower of happiness, others from those deep in the "slough of despair." My mood often responded to the mood of these writers, but the general emotion from all of the letters was one of joy.

Many asked how I liked to teach. I find it neither the Utopia of some imagination nor the horror of the dreams of others. There is much to encourage and to inspire higher effort, and there is much to discourage and break down the high aims of the real teacher. My school is over and I have permanently left the profession. With my experience, yet without seeming a booster, I hope I may say that no one merits more support and honor from the nation that do its school teachers.

I thank you for advising me to be master of the books I read. If you could see my books, you would not think that I do not master them. Every passage and every theory that I cannot agree with is marked. From time to time, I try to find the author's line of reason. Finally, if we still do not agree, the passage is covered with a pencil mark. How do you like this system of reading?

Oh, yes, don't let me forget! I am no longer living at Greason. I am now one of the busy sections of the state. I am Pittsburgh, with its huge iron mills, only a few miles distant. It has been well called "The Smoky City," for all of the coal entering from the surrounding regions, it seems as if one quarter must pass through the flues into the air. All around is the rushing world. I truly believe this is the age of speed in travel, business and pleasure.

I am very curious to know the name of the person who has been writing to me and signing herself "Hollie Lou and Dean." I have some very important things I would like to say to said person. I would be very glad if she would write me, signing her name.

Sincerely yours, PAUL FINKET.

We'll all be glad to have news of you again, Paul. You do not tell us what you are doing with your wise young brain now that you have given up teaching. Yes, teachers do merit "support and honor." Paul, the worth and influence of a good teacher, a true teacher, is incalculable. Yet the best and truest teaching is fairly rare. Of course, certain facts and rules, the elements and ingredients of knowledge must be given. This is no small task in itself. The tools of the brain must be placed in a child's hands and he must be urged to use them and use them correctly. And then, beyond that, the best of teaching can awaken the child to express himself, to become more than a receptacle for book-knowledge.

No classroom equality, no systems of shortcuts and facilities of mental gymnastics, can give the results often hoped for by our educational specialists. Results are always found to be less or more than the teaching, and this must be always so. It has always been so when schools and systems were simpler and scholars fewer. There are

brains which are sponges, brains which are sieves, brains which are machines—and brains which are dumbbells! You know this if you have been a teacher. Paul, and perhaps the joy, too, of finding the right sort of answering chord in some finely tuned young mind destined later on to make harmonies of wisdom for its fellowmen. A teacher is a giver, Paul—and the givers are the blessed, even when the Takers are many and the Thanks unshun.

ALBUQUERQUE, 410 E. SANTE FE AVE., NEW MEXICO.
DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

Just twenty-three years ago today I received my first piece of mail from the United States Post-office. It was a copy of "COMFORT." I was a very young chap then and I placed great store by that paper, and as well as I can remember I kept that copy of COMFORT for many months. Since that time I have been a pretty steady COMFORT "fan" and considering my naturally talkative disposition and my quill-pushing profession, I think I have held my peace wonderfully well.

Mention of the word "profession," brings me to the principal motive that prompted this letter. By the same many years that I have religiously read the COMFORT Cousins' Page I have seen almost every class, nationality and profession come in for a write-up; all have had champions to extol their virtues and hold up to the world the importance of their particular set in the human scheme.

It hardly seems possible that in all these years no stenographer has "felt the call" to speak out in behalf of this noble calling. Certainly there should be more than one among the million or more members of this profession who would raise a voice to tell Uncle Lisha, the Goat, and the whole cock-eyed world that the quill-pusher is all right. At any rate this silence has existed here in one of the great states of the great army that writes the letters that keep the world's business in smooth running order. The real importance of this calling is sadly underrated by the average individual, but it is nevertheless a fact that fully eighty per cent. of the country's great men made use of that wonderful combination, pencil and typewriter, as a stepping stone to their greatness. By the same method thousands of others are today hammering their way upward to distinction. If the stenographers of the country called a "walk-out" the world's business would be placed in the same position as a motor without oil. It couldn't go.

But enough of that for the time being. Let us hear from some of the back-casters, are asking: "Does he not tell us something about the West?" That is a good large question; so large, in fact, that I hardly know how to start the answer. If all the cousins would pack their bags and come out here I would take pleasure in cranking up the "hoopie" and showing them a thing or two about the West. This state can boast of having the oldest inhabited village on the American Continent as well as the oldest church in the United States. We have all the mountains, deserts, canyons, etc. of the other western States equalled, if not surpassed and no place can show a more quaint, picturesque, or wider range of scenery. The various tribes of Indians here follow many of the original tribal customs and show less effect of the "white man's coming" than in any other part of the country.

Albuquerque is by far the largest and most important city in the State. It is located on the famous Rio Grande, about which whole volumes could be written. It is situated on the edge of the desert, and is an immensely fertile valley, but the Albuquerque of today has far overgrown this valley and now spreads along the entire slope that leads off up to the mesa, or plain, two miles or more from the river. Beyond the Mesa, running parallel with the river, is a beautiful mountain chain; the majestic Sandies, forming a fitting background for the wonderful setting spread out below. These mountains are twenty miles away, but the mesa is so absolutely level and devoid of landmarks, and the atmosphere so clear that the average "tenderfoot" will gamble that the distance is less than three miles.

Health seekers from every point of the compass attest the fact that this is the most wonderful climate in the world. Sufferers from asthma, tuberculosis, and similar complaints find relief in the pure air and become strong again through the action of the atmosphere alone. The sun shines every day in the year, the nights are cool, the days pleasant, and no words can accurately describe the wonderful sweetness of the air as it sweeps along in a gentle, but almost continuous breeze from beyond the Rio Grande.

I haven't space to tell a hundredth part of it, but I have considerable spare time and some postage stamps, and invite everyone who is interested to write. Especially do I want to hear from every other stenographer and typist in the United States. I promise to answer every one of them and send them some literature and pictures. Also would like to have a personal letter, or better still, a personal visit from Uncle Lisha and the Goat.

Regards to all, E. A. BLOUNT.

I'm giving place to your fervent plea for the stenogs. E. A. Yep, your profession is the important first cog upon which the business wheel revolves. It would have to move pretty slow without your army of dot and dash and curlicue makers. If I were just such an army member, I could make our family's always growing wheel grind through its grist of letters much better than I do in my slow old-fashioned way. For I'm a darn poor typist, E. A., and I don't know a curve of shorthand.

You give a shining picture of life down near the Rio Grande, E. A., and in between tapping of the types you and your "hoopie" must get in some fun and sunlight. It's a long trail to Albuquerque and I don't know whether Bill and I will ever get that far from Brooklyn and the trolleys, although I'm sure the climate would be good for Billy's atrocious rheumatism. But here's thanks for your invite, and if I ever hit town, I'll drop in to show you how fast I can write "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog" on any Albuquerque writing machine. I'm some typer, E. A. when I get both fingers going and my eye peeled!

MAPLE HILL, KANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Greetings from a new cousin! And I hope my letter gets by Billy's inspection. First let me describe myself: I am nine feet five—or else five feet, nine inches tall, and I weigh about 160 pounds. I have brown hair and eyes and a tanned complexion. I am not so durned much uglier than anybody else. But, Uncle, don't think that I am a beauty, for I am not.

How many of you cousins would like to go fishing for a week or two? I'll make the flapjacks and bile the coffee, if any of you can catch fish enough for a good mess for me to fry.

Maybe you would like to know what kind of a place I live in? It is a rough hilly country, with lots of rocks. It is mostly pasture land, except along the creeks. The hills pastures are now all full of cattle. I will close with much love to Uncle and all the cousins, and I would like to hear from any that would care to write.

Your nephew, EARL GILLASPIE.

Just as you say, Earl, if you don't want to be entered in our Beauty Contest or in Bill's Album, all right. We'll leave you out and not even put you in the appendix or in the verniform. Yet if I should be durned hungry some cool, dew-kissed Kansas morning after a fishing trip, and you should come into my tent with a tin plate heaped high with steaming flapjacks and sizzling blueberrys—why I'd think you as handsome as William Allen White or the front door of an Emporia restaurant. For it is truly a beautiful thing to be a good cook, Earl. On a fishing and camping trip a chap that burns the flapjacks on one side and makes weak coffee is ugly as sin—no matter how handsome his sideburns may be—even if they are handsome as those of Cousin L. Hollis Bowen!

Earl, if you and I ever fish the Maple Hill creeks, I'll let you wiggle the frying pan and agree to keep it full of perch, blueheads, or any other sort of tinny food that swims in the Kansas floods. We'll even keep two fry pans going, and when you get tired flipping the flapjacks, we'll let Bill hold the handle and bake the flapjacks scientifically and according to the Encyclopedia Britannica formula.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

Mind Your Own Business

A woman stopped here the other morning and asked for permission to blow up her tires. When she had put in 110 pounds, I said:

"Lady, you are putting in too much air. You will blow out your tires."

"Oh, no, I won't," she replied, "my husband told me to put in sixty pounds a week, and we are going away for three weeks."—The Car.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department, subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters. Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

W. T. D., Kentucky.—We are of the opinion that a remarriage during the lifetime of the husband or wife, unless divorced, is a bigamous and illegal marriage under the laws of all the states of the union, and that the party contracting such a marriage would be liable to punishment for such act.

V. B. S., West Virginia.—If as we understand from your communication your father died in 1906, and the present holder of the property in Massachusetts claims title to some land through a purported quit claim deed from him dated and acknowledged in the year 1916, we think you should have no difficulty in having this deed and the conveyance of the property set aside in the proper action brought for the purpose.

A. J. D., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married woman has no interest in her husband's property unless she survives him except that during the marriage she is entitled to be supported by him, unless she forfeits her right to such support, so that if the property you mention all belonged to your father you acquired no interest therein upon her death during his lifetime, but if the property stood in your mother's name, and she died without a will you would have inheritance rights in her estate, depending upon the nature of the property and upon who was left as her heirs at law and next of kin; we think the share of any minor child should during minority be administered by a properly appointed guardian.

Mrs. J. H., Pennsylvania.—We think it will be necessary for your husband to sue the man who refuses or neglects to pay him the wages he owes him.

Mrs. X. Y. Z., Michigan.—We think that if the property you mention stands in your and your husband's names as tenants by the entirety or as joint tenants the whole property upon the death of one becomes the sole property of the survivor.

Mrs. M. H., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that during the marriage a married woman shall have the right to acquire, hold, use and control her separate property except that she cannot sell or mortgage her real estate without her husband's signature and that she cannot bar his right to her dower in the real estate in case he survives her and in case children were born alive to the marriage; we think, however, he is entitled to own and control property turned over to him by his wife even though such property at first belonged to her alone.

Mrs. M. J. C., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think step-children have any inheritance rights in their stepparent's estate, except that they, of course, would inherit from their own parent's estates; such interest as may in turn have come to the parent from the stepparent's estate.

Mrs. J. S. M., Nebraska.—Your mother has a legal right to make a will provided she possesses testamentary capacity and is not under undue influence from another person, but we are of the opinion that such a will cannot dispose of such property as she voluntarily turned over to your stepfather during her lifetime; she can, by will, dispose of only such property as she owns at the time of her death.

A. A. G., North Carolina.—We do not think you can now enforce your claim for damages for personal injuries after a lapse of 17 years.

Mrs. M. C. H., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if you were the sole beneficiary named in your husband's life insurance policy neither your children nor any of your former husband's relatives have any interest in the property purchased by you from the proceeds of that policy, but if such policy was payable to your former husband's estate we think the children of the marriage would have an interest in the proceeds of such policy if they were not cut off by will.

R. L. S., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your mother died leaving no will your father, after payment of debts and expenses, would be entitled to receive one-third of her separate personal estate absolutely, and one-third of her separate real estate for life, and his one-half share of the community property, the balance of the estate going to your mother's children in equal shares, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share; we think any person in interest can, in the proper action or proceeding, compel a division of the estate, or the sale of the property and a division of the money proceeds of such sale.

W. T. D., Kentucky.—We think the remarriage of the man you mention during the lifetime of his wife, from whom he is not divorced, would be a bigamous marriage and would make such man liable to prosecution for such act, regardless of where such remarriage took place.

V. B. G., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your father possessed proper mental capacity and was not under undue influence of any other person, he had a legal right to make such a will of his property as he saw fit, and we are of the opinion that the children of the marriage received larger shares than the others.

A. M. J., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents is necessary for the marriage of other males or females under 18 years of age.

Mrs. E. R. M., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the property rights of the husband and wife are not affected by the fact that the marriage took place in some other place; we think property voluntarily turned over by the wife to her husband becomes his property and is subject to his disposition and control. We think the husband is liable for the support of his wife unless she abandons him without good cause, or unless she has means of her own sufficient to provide for her support.

Mrs. M. S. W., Washington.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a widow, leaving no will, and leaving two children as her only heirs-at-law and next of kin her estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go in equal shares to such children.

Mrs. G. S., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that women become of age at twenty-one, but that married women may make will and bar dower at eighteen.

M. B., Texas.—We do not think you can now recover any interest in the land in Texas, if you and your ancestors have neglected to prosecute your claim to some time since 1875.

Mother, New Jersey.—We do not think you would be entitled to have the name of your small son changed to that of your present husband without notice to his father, if the father is living.

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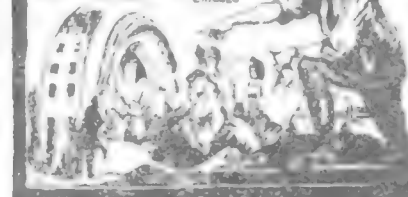
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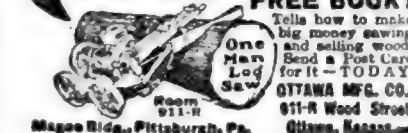
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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

"Let us go and see how it fares with her now; me thinks the proud beauty will be somewhat humbled by this time. But, humbled or not, she will have to stay there until after her marriage, for if Mr. Dredmond should find her now, there would be an end to all your fine plans," said Mrs. Coolidge, moving toward the draped door.

She shoved the heavy bolt, and the two women entered Brownie's prison.

They found her sitting upon the floor, looking pale and wan.

The light which they bore blinded her eyes at first so that she could scarcely see, but she arose as they entered and stood in haughty silence before them, and holding the precious casket tightly clasped in her hands behind her.

"Well, how do you like your place of retirement? Quiet, isn't it?" sneered Isabel, while she began to walk about the place as it to examine it.

The insulted girl desired her no reply.

"Miss Douglas, I have come to make one more appeal to you. Are you willing to accede to my terms?"

"No, madam!"

"Will nothing move you? Cannot I persuade you, under any circumstances, to let Isabel retain those jewels a while longer, and you keep silent about them?"

"You cannot, madam; there is a limit to human endurance I have reached that limit."

But scarce were the words spoken when she uttered a cry of pain and dismay.

Isabel had glided stealthily around behind her, and with one powerful blow had dashed the casket from her hands.

The next instant, and before Brownie could turn to prevent her, she had captured it, and with a low, mocking laugh, glided from the place.

With all her spirit roused to battle, Brownie sprang to follow the artful girl, but Mrs. Coolidge barred the way.

"No, no, miss, you cannot leave this place tonight; you are in too dangerous a mood," she said.

"What do you mean by detaining me here?" Brownie demanded, almost passionately.

"I mean just what I said, that you are too dangerous to be let loose tonight, unless you will solemnly promise not to make any trouble for us."

"You are very much mistaken if you think you can make any such terms with me, Mrs. Coolidge. I do not fear you in the least, and unless you restore my jewels, and let me go at once, I shall make such trouble that you will rue it until your dying day."

"You do not fear me, and I have power to keep you here indefinitely," she retorted, flushing angrily.

"That may be, but there will come a day of reckoning sooner or later," Brownie replied, dauntlessly.

"You do not suppose," she added, scornfully, "that in this nineteenth century you can keep me concealed for any length of time. I shall be missed, if I am not already, and the whole house searched for me."

"You have been missed, and the whole house and grounds have been thoroughly searched for you, but no one has thought of looking here for you, Miss Douglas," Mrs. Coolidge replied, with a malicious gleam in her eyes.

Brownie's heart sank, and she grew whiter about the mouth at these words, but she would give no outward sign of the growing fear in her heart.

"May I ask how long you intend to keep me in solitary confinement? You are aware, perhaps, that people cannot live very long shut up in a dark place like this," she said, thinking to frighten her into letting her go.

The woman started. She had not thought of its being solitary confinement before, and it was a good while before the grand wedding would come off.

She meditated a moment before replying, then she said:

"I will endeavor to see that you do not suffer, Miss Douglas, but I must keep you here for the present. Undoubtedly you know that Isabel is to marry Sir Charles Randall very shortly, and I am resolved that nothing shall interfere with that match. If I should let you go now, you would raise such a breeze for us that everything would be upset. There is only one condition upon which I would release you," she concluded, with a searching look into the young girl's face, and really feeling anxious to let her go, if she would only keep silence.

"What is that?" demanded Brownie, quickly.

"That you would go quietly away from Vallingham Hall and conceal yourself from everybody until after the wedding; then, I promise you, we will return the jewels to you."

The delicate lips curled, and the lovely eyes flashed ominously.

"Will you?" asked her enemy.

"No! I will not yield to you in a single point!" was the haughty reply.

"Very well, there is nothing more to be said, then. I will arrange a good bed for you, give you plenty of books and papers to read, and bring you food three times a day. You shall have plenty of candles, too, so that I imagine you will manage to exist quite comfortably for a few weeks," and she left the room as she spoke.

Mrs. Coolidge soon returned, and Isabel with her, bringing a mattress, bedclothes, and a tray containing a dainty supper, the former having taken care to provide it, knowing that her prisoner had been long without food. They also brought her a chair, and left her a candle, and then retired, leaving her somewhat anxious for the future, but by no means subdued.

Left to herself, Brownie's first work was to eat her supper, for she was really very hungry, and the inner man thus strengthened she felt somewhat more cheerful.

She arranged her bed, for she was weary with sitting for so many hours upon that stone floor, and then retired, feeling rather lonely and sad, but confident that the Lord, her shepherd, would care for her there as tenderly as in her own room, and ere long she was sleeping soundly.

She never knew how long she had been sleeping, for her rest had been unbroken and dreamless, but she was suddenly awakened by a cold clasp upon her hand!

In an instant every sense was unloosed, and she was broad awake, with that instinctive consciousness of a horrible presence which people sometimes have when danger lurks near.

The candle still burned, and lighted the place with a reddish glare, for she had not extinguished it, feeling that the darkness would have been too horrible, and by its light she could distinguish a strange-looking object kneeling by her side.

With a cry of terror she started up to find herself face to face with a form so misshapen, so frightful, so weird and uncanny, that the sound suddenly died upon her lips, and left her paralyzed with fear.

The creature immediately arose and moved away from her a pace or two at seeing her so terrified.

"Have I frightened you? I am so sorry, and yet I might have known. But, do not fear, I would be the last person in the world to harm you," were the words which greeted her ears, in tones so soft and gentle that Brownie involuntarily raised her eyes, and was at once reassured, though still so weak and trembling from her first fright that she could not speak.

His head was very large for the rest of his body, and rested forward upon his breast, while his shoulders came up so high that he seemed to have no neck at all; one hand hung limp, withered, and help-

less by his side, while one foot and leg were twisted entirely out of place, the heel being where the toe should be.

Ah! he was a sad-looking object, but Brownie felt no fear of him now.

He had a true, good face, full of intelligence and mental power, and while she looked into it, a great pity came into her eyes, and the tears involuntarily started.

He was quick to read her sympathy, for he said, with his sad smile:

"Thank you; I see you don't fear me any longer."

"Oh, no," she answered, gently; "but I did not think any one could get in here, and I was startled at first."

"I ought to have been more careful, but I did not like to speak loud enough to wake you, lest I should be heard," and he glanced toward the door.

Then he added:

"Can you trust me sufficiently to let me take you out of this miserable place? I came to release you."

"Can you? will you?" she exclaimed, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, I can trust you fully!"

"But how did you get in here?" she asked, the next instant.

"I have been here many times, and yet I never entered by that door," he answered, pointing to the door by which Brownie had come in, and speaking somewhat bitterly.

"But how did you know I was here?" and she looked perplexed, for she could not detect so much as a rathole anywhere.

"I overheard all that passed between you and those women," he answered, with a nod in the direction of Isabel's room.

She looked more astonished than ever.

"Come this way and I will explain it all to you," he said.

He stooped and picked up the candle, and then moved with difficulty to the opposite end of the cell. Holding the light close to the floor, he continued:

"Do you see that semi-circular block of stone about a foot and a half in diameter?"

"Yes."

"And what looks like a huge iron bolt set close to that small round shaft of stone which runs clear to the ceiling?"

"Yes."

"If you will step upon that block, and press your foot firmly upon that bolt, you will find that this stone pillar will begin to slide slowly down. When you have descended about four feet you will see a short flight of stone steps; step upon these and this shaft will return to its place. Follow the stone steps and they will lead you to a comfortable room; I left the door open, and there is a light within, so that you will have no difficulty in finding the way."

"But you—I will have to remain here," Brownie said, hesitatingly.

"It all seemed so wonderful and mysterious to her, that for a moment she could scarcely comprehend it."

"As soon as the shaft returns to its place, I will join you; only one can go at a time, because the platform is so narrow," he replied.

Brownie lifted her clear eyes once more and searched his face.

It was a noble countenance, and full of marks of pain and patient suffering, and while she looked it seemed suddenly to grow strangely like some other face which she had seen, but whose she could not at that moment recall.

"Yes, I will go," she said, and stepped upon that semi-circular block of stone.

"You will only be alone for a moment," he said.

"For I shall follow you immediately, now lean close against the shaft. There! now place your foot upon the bolt—so. Now you are all right."

Brownie obeyed his directions without a fear for she saw that he was only intent upon serving her, and she felt herself going slowly and smoothly downward.

A moment more and she found herself in another dark closet, or passage, from which a short flight of stone steps led up to an open door, through which a light shone, dimly lighting the place.

She stepped from the platform upon the stairs, and the shaft instantly began to ascend again.

Following the stairs, she soon found herself, as she had been told, in a large, airy, and comfortable room.

The walls were hung with ancient and faded tapestry, but the floor was carpeted with bright, warm colors, and the room was quite tastefully furnished.

It was lighted by two tall wax candles in silver candlesticks, and a cheerful fire burned in the grate. There were several bookcases well filled with nicely bound volumes, and a few fine engravings, with some beautiful drawings, hung upon the walls.

She had not time for a more minute survey of the apartment, for she was rejoined by her strange companion.

He smiled at her look of wonder and curiosity, and after shutting and locking the door, and dropping the tapestry over it, said:

"Now, I will explain how I happened to know that you were in trouble and needed assistance."

He moved a few steps further up the room, thrust aside another portion of the hangings, and Brownie saw the same shaft or pillar of stone that she had seen in the cell. At the right of it she also saw that a portion of the stone wall had been hammered or chiseled away, until only a very thin surface divided the two rooms, and this had been punctured full of tiny holes, through which could be seen the light of the candle which they had left behind. And yet from the room they had just left nothing of this could be detected.

"Ah! I see," Brownie said.

"Yes," the young man replied, while a look of infinite pain swept over his features. "It is always very quiet here, and tonight while reading I was startled by the sound of voices and a low, mocking laugh coming from this direction. Much astonished for nothing like it has ever happened before, I threw down my book, crept to this spot, and listened. Although I could not see very distinctly, I could hear, and soon discovered that some one had been forced into your cell to cover up some dark deed or other. I learned that your name is Miss Douglas, and that you possess a very brave spirit, for you refused to yield to your tormentors, when most young ladies would have begged and prayed to be let out upon any terms."

He concluded with another glance of admiration.

Her lips curled in a little mischievous smile, as she wondered how Isabel and her mother would feel the next time they unbolted that door, and found their bird loose!

"But I don't see how you got the shaft down those stairs," she said, in perplexity. Her spirits were rising every moment.

"It works in the same way from this room that it does from the other, only when it got down, I moved around to the opposite side without stepping off, and then, not pressing upon the bolt, it arose to its place again. I thought it best for you, however, to come up by the stairs, fearing you might fall from the platform if you moved," the young man explained.

"How came those holes punctured here, and this stone cut away so?" she asked, feeling deeply interested in the strange piece of machinery and that riddled wall.

"There is a sad story connected with that, Miss Douglas, which I fear it would do no good to relate," was the pained reply, while the white face flushed a sudden, vivid crimson.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

are busy canning. I started the middle of May with rhubarb.

Your Comfort Sister, Mrs. P. R. Grudny.

P. S. Mr. Grudny's name is Puri, his twin is named Earl.

TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

This is to tell you how much I enjoy the chats and helps of our Corner. Yes, "ours" for having taken Comfort so long I feel that there's a chair for me too and that it is "our" paper.

I wanted to write years ago and tell you about my "dream home" but never did, so I tell you now that it is no longer a dream but a reality. Of course my dream began several years ago but it is only two years since we really went to work in earnest to acquire a home.

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

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Questions and Answers

MAYBE LATE TIMING.—I have a 1915 model Ford car which is giving me trouble enough. It began cranking hard, grew worse until it would not crank hot or cold—even though it had been running a minute before. Then I put in a 1923 engine with a new stationary coil, though still using the old ignition but it would not start with cranking. Since then I have had the magnets recharged three times, but with very little, if any, benefit. Furthermore, since the recharging the engine gets so hot that in driving three miles the radiator boils nearly dry. I also have to run my car with the carburetor open one and a quarter way round. I now have dry cell battery installed for starting with crank. Kindly help me to locate the trouble.

A.—From this distance I am inclined to believe that I would change repair shops. I cannot understand why it was necessary to recharge the magnets three times. This is unreasonable. The carburetor as now set is not badly out of adjustment and should not be the cause of overheating. The new motor should have corrected any motor irregularity which would cause trouble of this nature. Possibly the ignition timing is late and this would be one point which I would check closely.

SPARK PLUGS SHORT CIRCUIT WITH OIL.—Our 1921 model Ford pumps so much oil that the spark plugs short-circuit with oil almost as fast as we can clean and put them back in. Have put in new rings, and cylinders don't appear to be scored. Please tell me the cause of this trouble.

A.—It would be well to first drain off the old oil in the motor and refill to the proper level with a light grade lubricant. In the flywheel casing will be found two petcocks. Run a wire through the cocks to make sure they are not clogged. Pour in the oil slowly until it flows out of the upper cock. Leave the cock open until the oil stops rising, then close it. This is the proper oil level. If this does not correct the trouble it will be necessary to pull the cylinder head and measure the cylinder bores. They may be a trifle oversize and require rings of a different size. If the oil level is correct and the rings are properly fitted the cylinders should not pump oil.

CHANGING IGNITION SYSTEM.—I wish to put a magneto into my 1920 Chevrolet. Please tell me how it may be done. Will any four-cylinder magneto work in this car's ignition system?

A.—I am unable to state just how you would proceed to install a magneto on your car. I assume that you desire to replace the generator with the magneto and if such is the case allow me to point out some of the difficulties you will encounter. You will be eliminating the producer of current. Should you use a storage battery you will have no means of keeping it charged. Use of the starting motor, lights, horn, etc., will quickly exhaust the battery which means that the electrical system will always be a source of trouble. There is no doubt but that a magneto can be installed, but consider the disadvantages instead of the advantages with which you will have to contend and I believe you will decide to repair the present system and enjoy the benefits.

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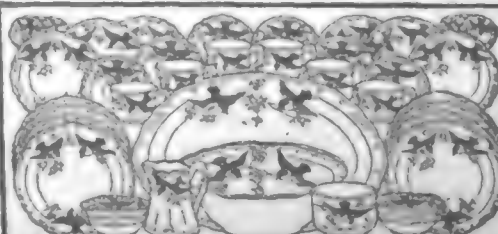
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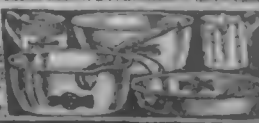
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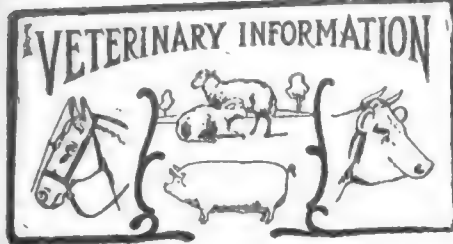
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VETERINARY INFORMATION

Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

EVERY dairy cow should have a rest of at least six weeks before calving. During that time she stores up material from which milk will be manufactured when she freshens. Feeding during the rest period should be complete, to provide all the vitamins and minerals needed by the body. When not so supplied the cow robs her own tissues and bones of mineral salts and other elements and may become dangerously weak or go down paralyzed. Lack of rest and complete feeding commonly causes little or no milk to be secreted at calving time. Start "drying off" the cow eight weeks before she is due to calve. Milk her once daily for two or three days; then once in three milkings; then once in four milkings. Some cows dry off quicker than others. If, for instance, a cow is giving 15 pounds of milk per day and one milking is dropped out she will give perhaps 12 pounds next time. Then milk once daily until milk shrinks to 10 or 11 pounds a day after which drop to one milking in three periods. That usually stops milk secretion. If not stop grain and feed dry hay.

SUMMER ITCH.—I have a mare that has pimples that come every spring and stay until the hair grows longer. I know she must itch because she bites and scratches herself until the blood comes. It is mostly on the neck and front legs.

A.—The mare will be less likely to have the itching skin disease mentioned if you clip her about the time the coat begins to shed and do not feed her green grass or corn until the season of hard work is over. Should the trouble start mix one tablespoonful of granular hypophosphite of soda in the evening feed and apply to the affected parts as often as found necessary, a mixture of two ounces of flowers of sulphur, one-half an ounce each of oil of tar and coal tar dip and one pint of cottonseed oil.

LAMENESS.—I have a mare, ten years old that is lame just above the ankle, in one of her front feet. It seems to hurt her all the time and when she stands she rests on her toes.

A.—Pointing of the foot indicates that the seat of the lameness is in the foot below the fetlock. A search should be made for corns, stone bruise, nail prick or quarter crack. If such a cause is not found clip a hair from the hoof-head and blister it by rubbing in a mixture of one dram of powdered cathartics, one dram of biniodide of mercury and one and one-half ounces of lard. Rub it in for 15 minutes, then tie the mare so that she will be unable to lie down or lick the blistered part. Wash the blister off in 48 hours and then apply a little lard daily. It may be necessary to repeat the treatment two or three times at intervals of three weeks. Do not apply the blister in very hot weather. At that time better keep cold wet swabs upon the hoof-head.

CATARH.—I would like information about my dogs. One, especially, sniffs as though he had a bad cold. Last winter he had a discharge from the nose and eyes and, at times, was weak. The other seems to have a slight attack of it.

A.—Catarrh of the head apparently is present. Syringe the nostrils twice daily with a lukewarm 1-to-1000 solution of chinolol by means of a soft-nozzle ear syringe. Also let the dogs sleep in a small room in which has been placed a kettle of steaming water containing an ounce or two of compound tincture of benzoin or oil of eucalyptus per quart.

CHOREA.—Will you suggest a remedy for my Collie dog, eighteen months old. She had distemper, three months ago, and since then has a twitching of the face, on one side, and a jerking in the sides and stomach and growing worse.

A.—The dog is afflicted with chorea (St. Vitus' dance), which commonly follows distemper and is practically incurable. Let the dog live an outdoor life as far as possible. Once daily feed cooked or raw meat, but not pork, and also give the soup, with vegetables, poured on stale bread. Do not feed corn meal or potatoes. Fowler's solution of arsenic is powerful tonic in this disease. Start with one drop twice daily in a little water and every two days increase the dose a drop. Stop for a time if any alarming symptoms appear and later repeat the treatment. Also give cod-liver oil twice daily starting with a teaspoonful and gradually increasing the dose as required.

RUNNING FITS.—I have a two-year-old dog. When he gets hot he takes spells of running—something like fits. Around my neighborhood dogs are taking those spells. What is the cause and is there a cure? I. M.

A.—In some cases of this sort an abscess in the rectum has been discovered as the cause and liberation of the pus quickly stopped the occurrence of fits. In most cases, however, hookworms are the cause. To dispel them withhold feed for 24 hours and then give carbon tetrachloride in soft gelatin capsules. The dose is one drop per pound of body weight for a puppy and two drops per pound for a grown dog. Great care must be taken not to break the capsules when being administered. At time of a fit confine the dog in a dark, cool, quiet place and give 10 to 20 grains of bromide of potassium in water according to age and size of dog and if necessary repeat the dose in 20 minutes. As far as possible, keep a susceptible dog from becoming excited.

"FREE MARTIN" HEIFER.—I have a cow that has twin calves, a heifer and a bull. Which, if either, will be barren?

A.—The heifer calf twinned with a bull almost invariably is sterile but the bull is fertile as are twin heifers and twin bulls. The barren heifer is termed a "free Martin." Occasionally such a twin heifer proves fertile but it rarely pays to raise such a heifer with the hope that she will breed.

MANOE; WORMS.—I have a dog; his hair is coming off in spots. He is so poor that what we feed him doesn't seem to do him any good. I think he has worms. Will you tell me what to give him.

A.—Tapeworms probably cause the thrifless condition. To expel them give the following treatment. Confine the dog in a clean-swept box stall and withhold feed for 24 hours. Then give one dram of fluid extract of male shield fern and 20 grains of powdered arsenic in one-half an ounce of simple sirup for every 25 pounds of body weight of dog. Repeat the treatment in four or five days. Burn the droppings. When the treatment has been finished clip off the coat, tub the dog in a bath of coal tar dip made according to directions given by the manufacturer and when dry rub in a little of the following mixture on the worst affected spots. Four ounces of flowers of sulphur, four ounces of oil of tar and one pound of melted, unsalted lard. Repeat the application when seen to be necessary. Treat a new part each time and do not cover over one-third of the body at any treatment.

ABNORMAL MILK.—Will you tell me what to do for my cow? She has freshened with her second calf and is giving from two to two and one-half gallons of milk. I fix my milk up at night and by morning it is ready to churn. After churning from one and one-half to two hours I make about one tablespoonful of butter from two and one-half gallons of milk. By night the milk is water on the bottom and milk on top and not sour. I feed the cow meal and hull.

A.—Set a sample of milk from each quarter of the udder in separate bottles sterilized by boiling and label each so that the source of it is contents will be known. In that way you will be able to find if all of the quarters of the udder yield abnormal milk or if one or more is milk utensils may be to blame for the trouble. More scrupulously cleanse, scald and sun-dry the vessels. Set the milk in a new, cool clean place. Use only water for cooling and cleaning purposes. Use only what is better to run the milk through a separator and then set the cream to ripen before churning. Do not churn the whole milk. Churn at a temperature

of 54 to 58 degrees F. in summer. If cream foams add salt and a little water at 70 to 80 degrees F. Do not feed cottonseed meal when there is trouble in churning.

BLOODY MILK.—I have a cow, five years old that gives bloody milk out of her right-hand teat. She has had one calf and it is weaned. She seems to be in good health and is not going to freshen. Please name the cause and give a remedy. M. M. W.

A.—By rolling the teat between the thumb and finger you may be able to feel growths which bleed from irritation at milking time. When such growths are just inside the opening of the teat a veterinarian is best to let a calf nurse or dry off the secretion in that quarter. That, too, is the best treatment when chronic mammitis (garget) is the cause as that disease is incurable.

DISEASED COW.—I have a cow twelve years old. She eats heartily and gives two gallons of milk each day. She has a discharge from the ear, the odor of which is offensive. Chewing, white froth drips from her mouth. When fresh, the milk and butter has a rancid taste. Is it fit to use? M. M. L.

A.—Milk such as you describe is unfit for use. Better have a veterinarian test the cow with tuberculin by the intradermal and ophthalmic methods combined, as she may be afflicted with tuberculosis which is contagious and incurable and makes the milk dangerous for use by man or animals. That disease is more likely to be present if the cow was shipped in from another state. Spinous ticks may be the cause of the ear trouble. They may be removed by filling the ear with a mixture of cottonseed oil and pine tar. Then after perfectly cleansing the ear with wood alcohol fill it with finely powdered boric acid.

FITS IN DOGS.—I have a dog eight months old. She will be walking along and all of a sudden she seems as if something were the matter with her. She will run and bark as though after something, but never bites. She has from one to two a day, but not every day. She is poor and does not eat much.

A.—Hookworms are commonly the cause of fits which are brought on by excitement. To expel the worms withhold feed for 24 hours; then give carbon tetrachloride in soft gelatin capsules. The dose for a puppy is one drop per pound of body weight and for a grown dog two drops per pound. At time of fit confine the dog in a cool, dark, quiet place and give 10 to 20 grains of bromide of potassium in water according to age of dog. Repeat in 20 minutes if seen to be necessary. In some cases a boil or abscess in the rectum has found to be the cause and liberation of the pus by lancing has ended the trouble.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

homes? All well and good, but when the day of adversity comes to those not heavily burdened with this world's goods, what then? I will tell you of my own case.

I have two dear boys, Belmont and James and when they were thirty-two and eleven months old, their father's mind became unbalanced and he was taken to an asylum. It all happened so suddenly I had no time to prepare myself for the terrible shock, but through all the nightmare of the next few weeks, I kept saying, "I mustn't give way for the children's sake, I mustn't." It was the one thing which kept me up. I tried to think what was best for me to do. My parents lived in Ohio but I had been obliged to leave there because of the cold winters for my lungs are weak, so I could not go there.

We had a houseful of furniture, a small car, a couple of hundred dollars and that was all. Before I was married I had graduated from a three-year high school and had six months of college work, which was the extent of my education. I had taught school five years but I realized that the requirements for teachers were much higher than before, and I bitterly regretted my limited education. I have an aunt and uncle here in the Ozarks where the climate is delightful and with their help I got a school. I sold the car and the household goods, and with the help of my parents I bought a little home here, though I was forced to go in debt for it. I am a strong advocate of people buying their own homes. It doesn't pay to rent for a long time. This is my third year teaching in Thayer and now my home is almost paid for and I have been going to college every summer and taking correspondence work every winter.

I have three big lots, fenced in. I hire a girl while I teach and my two boys have been as well and as happy as two little ones could be.

Two years ago my husband left the asylum, but I was afraid the same thing might happen again and I had gotten a divorce. Just before Christmas he surprised us by a visit and he soon convinced me that he was all right. We were married on December 26th, after three years of separation. I have resigned from school here but am going to college next month to stay the rest of the year when I will get my diploma. After having made up the fourth year of high school work and completed two years of college work. Then we are going back to my husband in Savannah, Ga., and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that if the occasion demands I am perfectly capable of supporting myself and children. After what I have passed through it seems like a very happy future. If I see I have daughters I shall do my best to fit them for some vocation in life.

Another thing concerning which I have very decided opinions, is the subject of birth control. I think that every woman should have the right to decide just how many children her strength and the pocket books will allow them to rear properly, and that they should have no more than that. Also I object to the first part of my letter. I think that if every woman is capable of earning her own livelihood, whether she does it or not, it means greater happiness at home than where a man feels that after marriage his wife is tied to him so that she has to stay with him, no matter how little he loves her, simply because she has no way to earn an honest living. What do the sisters think about these matters?

Best wishes to all. Mrs. ETHEL SHAFER MILLER.

ROSWELL, 419 E. 4th St. N. W. MEXICO.

HELLO, Mrs. WILKINSON and COMFORT SISTERS: The main subject of my letter is to let the sisters know about this little western city. Many were anxious to get a description of it. And I want to thank the sisters for their kindness and generosity with their flower seeds. I received a very valuable collection on and hope they will grow well. At least I sent one to one hundred people wrote to me and I shall try and answer their questions through this department.

Roswell is a city of 9,000 inhabitants. Its altitude is 3,600 feet. There are 320 days with more than 20% of sunshine. Very little cloudy weather. It is the gateway to the National Forest and is on the south-west trail, Kansas City to El Paso, Texas. An on Lea Highway from Washington, D. C. to Los Angeles.

Every year Roswell ships out about 1,000 cars of fine apples, 1,500 cars of pea green alfalfa. The cotton crop of 1922 Durango cotton estimated at \$750,000. The wool crop of 1922 estimated at \$850,000. Cattle growing has become a fixed industry. Truck farming is another important feature. The raising of cattle and sheep is done by nearly all in the farming section.

The school system here is excellent, with modern high school and six ward schools. Twelve churches. Ten miles of paved streets. There are 750 flowing artesian wells furnishing pure drinking water and water for irrigation.

In Roswell is situated the New Mexico Military Institute, the second best in the U. S. and the best of its kind in the southwest.

The climate and altitude are especially adapted to patients with lung trouble. They are starting a \$100,000 sanitarium to accommodate the tubercular patients. There are some interesting sights here in this western country, one, for instance, being the bottomless lakes, about twelve miles east of Roswell. Also the Lost River caves are the famous cave at Ft. Stanton, eighty miles west of here. The end of this cave has never been found. I went in one day, with others, to look around. The entrance to the cave is so small you can just squeeze through. We left a guiding string behind us so we could find our way out again. We went two miles or more and on our way out nearly lost our strings and I said when we got out I never would go in there again.

Quite a number of people are coming here to take up homesteads as there is land to be taken up around here. Some people prove upon their land and make enough to buy a modern city home. Others become discouraged and leave. I believe in the saying, "First be sure you are right, then go ahead." Don't let others change your ideas unless for something better. Have a way of thinking for yourself.

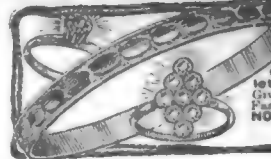
Many of the sisters, in their letters to me, expressed themselves as though I had a lot of grit, nerve, etc. I am glad to hear that. It takes nerve and determination to stick to one thing and win out. One must expect handicaps but face each one bravely. I enjoy the helpful letters to the sisters write. Sometime I'll give my experience in the Great Fire and Earthquake disaster of April 18, 1906, which I encountered in San Francisco.

Mrs. PETE FAHLENDER.

GRAND ISLAND, 303 1/2 WEST 3RD ST., NEBRASKA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have a problem to solve and am coming to the Corner for help.

I am twenty years old and as I lost my mother when



ALL THESE FREE

THIS "LUCKY TIGER" CHARM with 36 inch S.M. COB, (the handsomely engraved Gold plated) is given FREE by us to anyone for selling 12 cents 100 Past-Selling Roswell Dress Patterns, at 10¢ each. NOW, We Trust you and treat you square. Write today to W. C. DALE MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

I was only fourteen, and my father was quite poor and had a large family to care for. I had no opportunity for the thorough education I so much desired. But I found work to do and by saving the money I earned I managed to secure a scholarship to the Business College here. I had gone seven months and had completed the bookkeeping course and made a grade in English, Arithmetic, Salesmanship and Spelling when I was obliged to go to work again. I have a good position here and the work is easy but I want to go back to school in September and finish my course, which all leads up to my problem.

My younger sister came here last fall intending to take the same course in college I was taking. She had finished only the 7th grade in school but had studied at home and after entering school here kept up in her studies with the other students and was doing splendidly. When she became ill with pleuropneumonia. That is when she became in the hospital and doctor's bill and even meant weeks in the hospital and the doctor ordered her to go West for the summer. Fortunately we had a married sister living in the mountains and there Josephine is regaining health and strength. I am afraid she will have to come back here to school. The doctor thinks it would be better for her not to. Do any of the sisters living in the West or the South know of a good girls' school where I could send her and where there would also be an opening for me to work either as bookkeeper or stenographer, and where I could pay her tuition and other expenses for the salary I could receive.

I can furnish the best of references for both of us. I would appreciate it so much if you would write to me if you know of a school of this kind.

Sincerely, ELIZABETH MILLER.

Elmore City, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I enjoy reading COMFORT, especially the Sisters' Corner.

I have been married ten years and have two children living, a girl eight years old and a baby boy eleven months old. My home is in the oil fields. When I tell you there are places where the oil stands in puddles like water you may not believe me. Nevertheless it is true and last winter they brought in a well about a quarter of a mile from my home, that flowed for nearly fifty-six hours. The oil went as high as the ninety-four foot derrick and then drifted with the wind for a distance of a mile and the oil would run back down the hill into earth tanks. The men who worked around the well wore slicker suits and hats and they were dripping in oil. It was a wonderful sight and people came from miles around to see it. There is also a wild abandoned gas well near here. It blew itself out. It was so strong that it blew the derrick and the ground finally fell in. It could not be capped in and the ground finally fell in. The hole is about thirty feet deep around the edge, about two hundred feet in diameter and they say it is 700 feet deep. It is always full of water up to within twenty feet of the top. Why don't the other sisters write and tell of the curious things near them?

I will be thirty years old the 19th of this month. Am five feet seven inches tall and weigh 130 pounds. I have dark hair and eyes and a dark complexion.

I shall be glad to get letters and will answer as many as possible.

Mrs. Augusta Kelley.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for September

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

C. C. Johnson Hebron, Md. Down and out financially as a result of a series of misfortunes, and with a wife lately taken to an insane asylum.

What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Is All Her Own?

OF course she will—no girl could help being delighted with this big, beautiful Dolly which is even more beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. It is a prettier and better doll even than we offered last season. And just think—a club of only six subscriptions to COMFORT brings her right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home.

She Opens And Closes Her Eyes. She Has Real Teeth, Brown, Curly Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Hat And Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will stay in any position you place them. Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has real teeth, her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silvered buckles.

Fathers and mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have, but a limited quantity of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected (\$3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful, Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your mail carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is Reward No. 7856 and please mention this number when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

this worthy man asks a boost from COMFORT. One of our League's old shut-ins who has been helpless within four walls for two years, is now serving and grateful, he again asks for a boost. Mary E. Williamson, Tomahawk, Ky. A woman of fifty-five years, caring for a mentally deranged niece of twenty-one. She asks help in the shape of support, this man's case is pitiful. Sheppard's, Va. Half-blind and pitiful, a capable of support, this man's case is pitiful. W. D. York, Chavies, Ala. An old man of 73 years, whom the struggle of life hangs heavy. Help us to lighten the load. Mary M. McCall, Port Jervis, a brave and loving-hearted woman who has financial help to purchase an artificial limb. Jennie Robbins, Monmouth, Ill. R. F. D. 1. A lonely member of our League asking for a boost. Give her a joy-bust. Pearl N. Cockran, R. B. 1, Box 31, Woodville, La. Weakened by fever so that it is impossible for many months to come of self-support, this man of twenty-three asks temporary aid of one and warm clothing for the coming winter. Ward, Samaritan Hospital, Troy, N. Y. Letter of cheer are asked for this lonely boy of eight who is a long-time sufferer in a hospital ward. Sallie Sutton, Boons Camp, Ky. A motherless child and with two girls, five and nineteen years of age, and two boys nine and fourteen. Three of this family is pitiful in its destitution.

We have a sad listing this month. Read the necessarily short statements of names and conditions—and then try and imagine the true situations the few bald words convey. But truly convey. Strivers, sufferers, help them in pain and darkness these are. Help them with what money and cheer can do to ease their lot.

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of helping the distressed members of COMFORT's immense list of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers who send fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT union is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. C." and a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you pay your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, after you have once joined all you have to do is keep your standing in to keep your subscription to COMFORT just as

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted to COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership within and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year. You are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members is undoubtedly the greatest society of young people on earth. Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the hands of the department for which they are intended.

The number of feet of lumber cut in the United States during the year 1920 amounted to 33,798,800,000.

One Foot One And A Half Tall

Her Arms Hands, Legs And Feet Will Stay In Any Position You Place Them

Her Eyes Are As Blue As The Sky And She Opens And Shuts Them And Goes To Sleep Like A Real Baby Whenever You Want Her To. And She Is Always Smiling And Showing Her Pretty White Teeth In A Truly Lifelike Manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silvered buckles.

Fathers and mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have, but a limited quantity of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

S. B. Fullerton, N. D.—Surely it is pleasant and correct to be willing to take part in the work of a home where you are visiting and where no help is kept. (2.) As to taking sides in an argument between husband and wife, this is a delicate matter and depends upon your intimacy as a friend of the household and whether or no you are strongly pressed by both to give your opinion. We think you might express this, when asked, if it was concerning a matter having no particular bearing on personal home relations or affairs.

M. T. Brownboro, Tex.—Berry, plum, and all pies, are eaten with a fork. In the case of pies containing cherry or plum pits, these are quietly slipped from the lips back to the fork and then conveyed on the fork back to the plate containing the remainder of the serving of pie. (2.) Yes, you should certainly say, "Thank you," when given a plate serving at a social or other like entertainment.

ANDIE, Alabama.—Moles and like facial blemishes may be removed by a capable dermatologist, and we do not recommend that you attempt the removal yourself through any home methods. Scars result.

JUST SIXTEEN, Huron, S. D.—You should thank this boy when he brings you home from any entertainment to which he has taken you, and tell him that you have had a pleasant time. (2.) No expense of peanuts, lemonade or adshew need be borne by a girl who is taken to a circus. This is up to her escort's wallet and it is properly his duty to pay all admittance fees and incidental costs of the entertainment.

MILLIE, Texas.—When introducing yourself to strangers you would not use the title "Miss." It is only necessary to say, for instance, "I am Mary Smith." (2.) You would be the boy's place to say, "I am delighted to have met you." Send us your other questions at another time.

HOPELESS, North Carolina.—Although opinion differs in the matter, our own is that it is best for the lady to follow behind the usher in going down the aisle of a theater or church, and for the gentleman to come last of the three. However, modern-day etiquette does not regard it improper for the gentleman to precede the lady in such instances. (2.) When you want to make what you call a date with this girl, that is, ask her to accompany you to some dance or other entertainment, you do it by stating plainly just what you want. Say, for instance: "Miss Blank, won't you let me call and take you to the dance next Thursday night?" Isn't this easy?

JACK, North Carolina.—By registering at a hotel, is meant the signing of one's name and home address on the book which is open on the desk before the clerk. Before doing this, you may, if you wish, ask the clerk what are the hotel's rates for such accommodations as you require—specifying if you want single or double room, bath, etc. If the rate is satisfactory to you, register, and the clerk will assign you to a room, calling a bellboy to take you and your hand baggage to the quarters assigned you. Should the clerk require you to pay in advance, he will specify this. If not, you pay on your departure, asking for your bill at the desk. Large hotels have the matters of payment handled through a cashier's department to which the clerk may direct you. In smaller houses your payment will be taken by the clerk himself. Bills are not usually rendered for less than a week's stay, although one may be asked for and obtained if desired, or if there have been a number of incidental charges for telephone calls, meals, etc. (2.) You need not remove your hat when at the soda fountain with this girl, although it is correct usually to remove it when the ice cream or soda is taken at individual tables. The hat can be laid on some vacant chair if no other place is more convenient. Usually the waiter bringing the order of soda or cream takes the payment, and you should offer it to him. If payment is made at fountain or cashier's desk, the waiter will give you a check indicating the amount you are to pay.

ROSA, Arkansas.—If you are expecting the arrival of this boy as a caller, it would be pleasant and correct for you to open the door and be first to meet him. (2.) We see nothing improper in this boy taking you to church if your parents do not object.

J. T. C., Oklahoma.—Although as a widower we do not think you should call or pay definite attentions to this widow before a year has elapsed since your bereavement, yet there would be nothing wrong in your attempting a little preparatory chat and friendly relationship with her in church when you meet her there. This will pave the way for asking if you may call to see her, when the time has arrived that you may properly do this without causing unpleasant criticism or comment.

L. B., Montana.—We think you were entirely correct in refusing to dance with this stranger at the street party you tell us about. It was the place of this man to obtain an introduction to you in some way through one of your friends who might be one of his also. And at any rate you did not lack partners.

ANXIOUS, Missouri.—Write just as nice a letter of thanks as you can to your fiancé when he sends you this engagement ring. Tell him how you like it and how much you think of it—and him! And of course you should also, in your various letters, mention with thanks the candy and other gifts he sends you. It is this young man's place to speak to your parents concerning this engagement, and we think he should have done this before affairs had gone so far that he had sent you this ring. But if you have given him reason to believe they already know of your relationship through your telling, why he cannot be blamed for not bringing the matter up before now. Bring it up at once and come out in the open, so that your parents know how things stand between you. When a girl talks of being married in the fall and her parents know nothing at all, even of an engagement, it seems hardly the right thing—to speak mildly!

R. J. S., Fla.—Tiny individual pickles may be regarded in the same way as olives—that is, as food which may be taken from the fingers. Any pickles of a cut, sliced or moist nature should assuredly be eaten from a fork, however. (2.) Consult the menu at this restaurant with your escort, and let him give to the waiter the order for the dishes you select. A simple luncheon in the warm season might be, a soup, a salad of some sort, and any pastry or ice cream which you prefer. Also hot or iced tea or coffee. For dinner you may order oysters, a soup or a fruit cocktail as a first course, to be followed by a roast meat and any potatoes and vegetables you select. A salad may be added before the dessert if you are very hungry. Have a demi tasse, which is a small cup of coffee, with whatever sweet you order for dessert.

L. O., Tennessee.—If you love this young man you may have known for so long, and in every other way he fulfills the requirements of a good husband, we do not think you should let these vague stories of what happened during his school course interfere with your acceptance of his proposal. Surely your knowledge for so many years of his character is worth more than these gossip reports which seem, from your letter, at least, to have no established basis. And at must they are not very serious in a boy in his teens. If you love him, accept him, is our advice. But your letter does not sound as if your affections were seriously engaged—not when you speak of the other strings, you have to your bow—or should we say beaus to your string?

J. C., Macon, Ga.—The proper courtesy is assuredly being shown this young man when he is placed at table at your right hand, yet as he is your daughter's caller, we think as much courtesy and more pleasant results would be established by placing him at the right of your wife, and thus bringing him next to your daughter's seat on the diagram you send us.

B. F. H., Arkansas.—Yes; your choice of white for your September wedding gown is entirely appropriate. Everyone wishes you all happiness.

P. E. T., Colorado.—Bashfulness is another term for self-consciousness—which is, of course "consciousness of self." When you are bashful you are thinking of yourself too much, of what people are thinking about

you and how you may be appearing in their eyes. Youth is naturally conscious of self as it makes a new appearance in the world and in social affairs, and this is rightly so. We would not give much for a boy or a girl who could not blush and did not often do so. Physical nervousness and sensitiveness of temperament may increase the natural bashfulness of youth, but the best remedy is to get outside of self as much as possible and to start thinking of others and not oneself. Try speaking slowly, giving a little thought to what you say before you say it. Do not feel that everyone is looking at you and considering you and your appearance. Very likely they are thinking of themselves or of something totally unconnected with the awkwardness you may think you are showing. Those with the best manners will recognize youth's first social timidity and aid a bashful boy in every way to feel at ease. And Time, you may be sure, will remedy your difficulties and bring you assurance and what the French call "savoir faire."

B. W., Hillsboro, Ore.—We are sure we cannot tell why this young man is so strong with his assurances of affection when alone with you and then neglects you in public. We think you are right in considering it cautious and a matter to feel hurt about. Either by hints or in plain words let him know that his protestations do not seem to be borne out by practice. If he takes you to a party or to a dance and fails in his duties as an escort, he should be brought sharply to account. We fear he feels too sure of you and that you would do well to let him think differently for a while.

V. B., Fayette, Ala.—Of course you should "make up" with this boy whom you once slighted by refusing his escort. If you have thought better of this and he is still at your feet, so to speak, let him know in boy-and-girl language that he is now not displeasing to you. This ought to be easy for golden hair and blue eyes to do.

A. C., Quincy, Miss.—The matter of leaving home to marry at eighteen is one to be carefully considered in the circumstances you mention. We are inclined to say yes if your parents are not too opposed to the project. This young man has waited long and faithfully for you, is able to support you, and has, from what you tell in your letter, the qualities that should make you happy. Perhaps you might make a compromise: obtain your parents' consent to your marriage at the end of one year during which you can continue your schooling. If your faithful suitor knows for certain that you will marry him at the end of this period, he might be willing to add this much longer to the time he has loved you.

BLUE EYES, North Carolina.—Your letter gives us an unpleasant impression of this young man who calls himself engaged to you and continues to break dates with you and to flirt with other girls. If he is as uncertain as this now, he would make a more uncertain husband. Bring him to book and tell him your relation with him must be at an end if he continues his attentions to other girls. We do not see a very happy way for you out of the difficulty. We fear this chap is of the phandering, chasing sort and is not one that your more faithful and tender heart can safely tie to and find happiness. But give him a chance to prove that he really loves you enough to stick to you and his promise. If he fails, let him go to make some other girl unhappy. For better a grief and a short unhappiness now than later years of the same.

A. E., Hamilton, Ala.—You may say to this relative you meet for the first time: "We should have met be-

fore, but it is good that we meet now!" Then smile and shake hands cordially. (2.) When your boy friend brings you back from this "singing," you may say: "Thank you for bringing me home. I enjoyed the evening very much."

INQUISITIVE, Homer City, Pa.—In introducing these relatives and "in-laws" it is well to state relationship. It helps conversation and clears up any chance of misunderstanding. Your nervousness in making introductions will be helped by speaking slowly, and thinking about what you have to say before you say it. No conventional reply is needed to the conventional "I am glad to meet you." It is best to take the remark smilingly and let talk begin.

E. W., Rex, Ga.—In connection with the Thanksgiving season at which your birthday party is to take place, there would be no decorations so appropriate as those of the harvest season. Have Jack o' lanterns made from big pumpkins peeping out with lighted faces from various corners. Frame your doorways with corn stalks tied with big bows of orange colored crepe paper, and have festoons of strings of red apples curving about in appropriate places. And do not forget pumpkin jarlanes filled with flowers and foliage for your main room, where possibly you may dance later on in the evening, suspend a fine big red ear of corn from the chandelier or center of the ceiling by a red ribbon, and have the celebrated and fun-making red ear decorated with a big bow of bright red. Your guests will soon note the red ear's relation to the mistletoe, and merriment is certain to arise. For your refreshments, have your table decorated with yellow flowers, yellow crepe paper, and pumpkins hollowed out and filled with fruit, doughnuts, nuts and candy. As a menu, we suggest cold chicken, bread and butter sandwiches and biscuit, pickles and jellies, coffee, cider and cake.

You and your guest will have suggestions for appropriate and fun-filled games, and we add the following: If you have twenty guests, for instance, let each guest be supplied with ten sheets of white paper, tied together with pumpkin-colored ribbon and bearing at the top his or her name. Pencils are supplied and the sheets of paper are numbered from one to ten. Partners are selected, and at a given signal by a bell or motor horn, each guest begins to draw the picture of his or her partner. Three minutes only are allowed for this, when the signal sounds and a change of partners occurs and the portrait drawing recommences. No names are added to the drawings, and when the ten changes of partners have occurred, the portraits are all called in and pinned up on the wall for exhibition. Each guest in turn tries to guess as many as possible of the likenesses, and a prize should be given to the most successful guesser. Much fun can arise from laughable mistakes. A prize should also be given to the guest who has, by popular vote, accomplished the best-drawn likeness. As another contest a small pumpkin can be hollowed out, its seeds placed inside, and a piece of orange crepe paper pasted over the top of the pumpkin. The guest guessing nearest to the number of seeds can be given a box of home-made candy or other prize.

Let the birthday presents of the party be displayed on a separate table, covered with orange crepe paper and with a pumpkin centerpiece about which the gifts may be grouped.

The evening may end with dancing, and some informal singing.

An Everpointed Pencil and Com Bank come with this



Useful Pencil Set

Gift No. 9153.

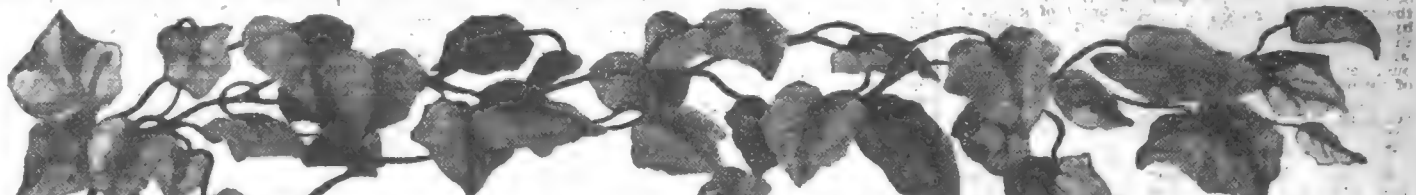
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COMFORT'S host of schoolboys, and big girls too, will be delighted with this convenient pencil case, its rich-grained leatherette with its big supply of writing and drawing supplies.

The particular features of this box are: the Everpointed pencil and the handy compartment bank for pennies, nickels and dimes.

In addition to these two useful pieces each box contains a compass with pencil attached, a pen holder with rubber finger grip, a box of four extra pens, an eraser-tipped pencil, Indian No. 2, a combination ruler and blue pencil, a pencil sharpener and a large rubber eraser. There is also a box of 12 Venus tips, leads and one dozen Perpetual Point reill leads for the Everpointed pencil. The partitions in the box hold everything securely in place. The set is made by the American Lead Pencil Company and is considered by them to be one of the handiest, most useful sets in their assortment. Just to add to the usefulness, the box has an inserted a removable sheet of blotting paper on the inside cover.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at \$3.00 each, we will send you this useful Pencil Set free (parcel post prepaid). Reward No. 9153. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Winter and Summer Enjoy the Beauty of an Everblooming Garden of Flowers

Winter or summer you can enjoy a perpetual garden of everblooming flowers and plants. Winter's frosts and snows need not shut out the pleasant companionship and beauty of growing things. This collection of house plants and bulbs will make the long winter months radiant with an unending series of brilliant blossoms, foliage and fragrance. And when the springtime comes again they will

continue to bloom in your summer garden outdoors.

The collection consists of 5 favorite house plants and 6 popular bulbs. The plants are all well rooted, hardy stock, and guaranteed to grow. The bulbs are from tested stock, and should any fail to grow they will be cheerfully replaced.

Read the description below and the terms of our Free Offer. Then send your order.

Boston Ivy—No. 1

This beautiful Ivy, with its thick, dark, glossy leaves is just what you want to climb around the window. It is a rapid grower and hardy.

Two Narcissi—No. 2

Narcissus bulbs can be grown in a shallow dish partly filled with water and small stones. You will enjoy these beautiful fragrant flowers during the coming months. The flowers are double and extra large and retain their fragrance for a long time.

Fuschia—Black Prince—No. 3

This well-known house plant needs very little description except to say that the variety that we are including in this collection is the prettiest of them all. The flowers are dark purple and extra large. The foliage is glossy, giving the appearance of being waxed. You will like this plant.

Two Hyacinths—1 Blue, 1 White—No. 4

These double flowers may be grown in pots or in the water the same as the Narcissi. The flowers grow on long spikes and are especially fragrant. You will want these flowers for your indoor window garden. They will give your rooms a cheerful atmosphere.

Coleus—Brillancy—No. 5

This is the most beautiful plant to be seen anywhere. It is literally alive with color. The foliage is its chief attraction. Every shade of the rainbow is to be found on its leaves. This is an exceptionally attractive plant that will give your home a cheerful appearance.

Geranium—Ricard—No. 6

The flowers are a brilliant scarlet, each bloom being large and full. This variety is a heavy bloomer and has dense foliage. The Ricard is a new variety which is much prettier than the common red varieties.

Calla Lily—No. 7

This wonderful lily needs but little description with its large leaves and waxy white flowers which are from five to seven inches long. Plant this bulb now and have it in full bloom during the winter months.

Chinese Sacred Lily—No. 8

This is one of the most beautiful of all known lilies. Its coloring is exquisite and with its dark green foliage makes an exceptionally pretty plant. The outside of the flower is white with a slight tinge of yellow. The inside of this lily is a canary yellow shading to pink at the top. When you see this lily in bloom you will thank us for offering it to you. This lily will be included as an extra free gift if you send your order for both collections within 15 days.

Cyclamen—White—No. 9

This attractive plant is one of the prizes of this collection. Large plants in full bloom sell from \$3.50 to \$5.00 each at the greenhouses. The white plants that we supply will be in bloom by Christmas or soon after and you will have a plant that will fill your neighbors with envy. The beautiful white flowers closely resemble Orchids and the attractive variegated foliage combine to make this the most pleasing plant of the lot.

How To Get the Plants and Bulbs

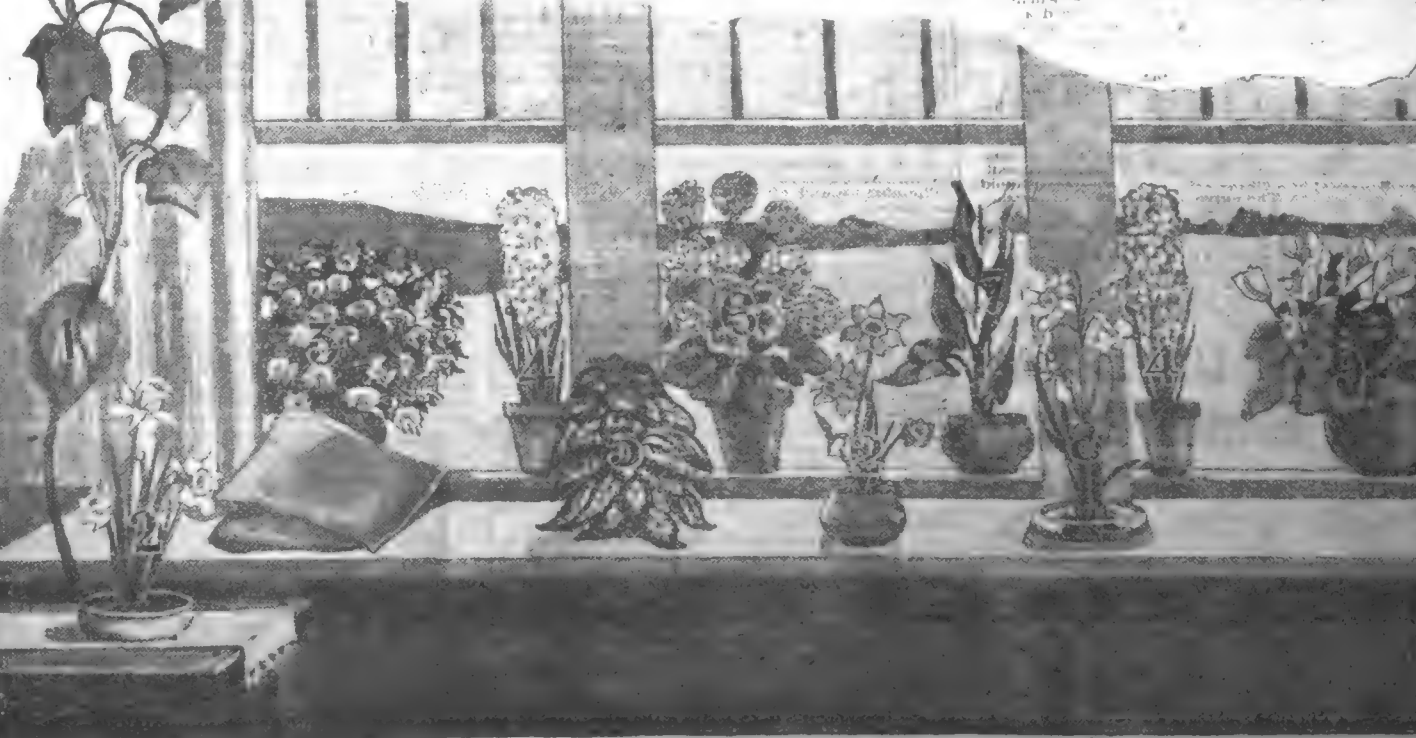
5 House Plants—Collection No. 8901. Consisting of one each of the following plants: GERANIUM, ENGLISH IVY, COLEUS, FUSCHIA, CYCLAMEN, will be sent to you free and postpaid for only one year subscription (not your own).

5 Bulbs—Collection No. 8911. This collection consists of 2 Hyacinth, 2 Narcissus and 1 Calla Lily Bulb and will be sent to you free and postpaid for only one year subscription (not your own).

Order Both Collections and Get Free the extra gift of Chinese Sacred Lily.

Collection 1802. This collection consists of both the 5 house plants and the 5 bulbs and if you send us the two subscriptions required within 15 days we will send you as an extra gift, the Chinese Sacred Lily.

Send all Orders to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor



The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address: The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. S. C. S. Scranton, N. C.—The pain in back isumatic. Take after meals a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium. Drink plenty of water, and avoid colds and pastries of all kinds. You might also, as a local remedy, from the back. Apply a moderately thick iron over several thicknesses of flannel wrung out mustard water.

Mrs. O. B. Roseboro, N. C.—There is no danger far as tuberculosis is concerned; but you should have the boy examined and find out if he has enlarged glands and adenoids. If so have them removed at once and this tendency to constant spitting will be cured.

"Blue Eye," Wenday Gap, N. C.—In your next try kindly give full name and address to warrant a reply. You can develop the chest by proper breathing exercises. Consult your local doctor and have him describe the proper exercises for this purpose.

Miss H. C. Castlewood, Va.—Hayden's Viburnum compound can be obtained at any reliable drug store. As directed in the article referred to in another number of COMFORT.

Mrs. A. G. Mt. Carmel, Ill.—Have the bladder washed out with solution of permanganate of potassium. Use a teaspoonful of a saturated solution of the pint of hot water. Of course you must have this done by your local doctor. You can also take after meals a five-grain tablet of urotropin.

Mrs. P. D. Covington, Va.—Dobell's solution can be obtained at any drug store, as it is an official preparation. Catarrh can be cured if not due to nasal obstruction, which can only be cured by operation.

Mrs. A. R. Shaw, West Va.—Have your son's scalp massaged and apply at night a two per cent. solution resorcin, to stop his hair falling. Dissolve the resorcin in equal parts of alcohol and rose water.

Mr. R. L. C. Cleveland, Tenn.—Basham's mixture is compounded by any reliable druggist. It should be made up fresh and kept in a cool place while being used.

Mrs. S. E. Newville, Pa.—Have the warts removed use of the actual cautery. This is the only sure way.

Miss G. S. W. Holmes, Iowa.—You may or may not have tuberculosis. Have your sputum examined and find out. If you have a beginning tubercular lesion in the lungs, better change your climate at once. Diete Bright's disease is milk, and milk only.

Rev. M. A. T. Addison, Ala.—Better be examined by some good nose specialist and find out whether or you have some nasal obstruction. If this is the case have the obstruction removed surgically. In the meantime you can use Dobell's solution which is official and can be compounded by any reliable druggist.

Mr. W. T. W., Sturgis, Miss.—You probably have a high blood pressure. Take after meals ten drops of saturated solution of iodide of potassium well diluted. Avoid sweets of all kinds and keep the bowels free. The nose-bleeding is a good thing as it relieves the head.

Mrs. M. M. A. Sanger, Calif.—You have ruptured some of the fibers of the large back muscle. Gently massage the back and apply over hot flannels wrung out of mustard water a hot flatiron. In other words on the back in the region of the pain. Think your trouble purely a local strain.

Miss A. H. Richland, Mo.—Have the "birth-mark" removed by use of carbon dioxide snow. Of course this must be done by some surgeon accustomed to the use of the snow. The result will be more than satisfactory.

Mrs. H. C. L. Plaquemine, La.—You seem to have a mild form of epilepsy. Avoid meats of all kinds; keep your bowels free; eat sparingly always, and take after meals five grain tablet of bromide of sodium.

Miss D. L. Surry, Va.—You have a neuritis. Take a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture well diluted after meals. Also massage the limbs at night.

Mrs. E. J. A. Lenoir, N. C.—Have your dentist clean the teeth and remove matter that is present around or between the teeth and gums. Then wash the mouth three or four times a day with a solution of chlorozone. Dissolve one tablet in a glass of hot water.

Mrs. T. B. Southfield, Mass.—The difference in size of the breasts has no significance. Just wait until you are confined and they will be all right again.

Mrs. C. A. S. Condersport, Pa.—Rheumatism have your husband take a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium after meals.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter, North Dak.—May be you have among other things a so-called floating kidney. If so have it replaced. Your weight and rheumatic condition will be helped by taking five drops of a saturated solution of the iodide of potassium well diluted after meals. You should avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds and on the alternate days use only one quart of milk in divided doses as food and drink. If you follow his diet and treatment you will reduce and be benefited every way.

Mrs. L. V. Moccasin, Mont.—Massage your hands and limbs daily. Have your daughter's eyes examined or corrected lenses. The sties come from eye-strain. You can also apply to the lids at night yellow oxide of mercury ointment. Use a one per cent. ointment.

Mrs. B. L. T. Greensboro, N. C.—May be if you take a good tonic to improve your blood during your pregnancy you will have much less confinement. Try a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted after meals for one or two weeks at a time.

Mr. G. B. Evergreen, L. I.—You are rheumatic. Take after meals a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium. Also avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds.

Mrs. G. B. W. Taunton, Mass.—Have your hair shampooed and then apply a two per cent. solution of resorcin dissolved in equal parts of alcohol and rose water. This should stop the hair from falling out.

Mrs. J. C. Belle, Mo.—You have answered your own question. Have your little girl take a prolonged nap in the afternoon so she will not sleep so soundly at night and she will be cured of the bed-wetting.

Mrs. D. M. L. Charleston, Va.—The "brown spots" can be removed by applying with care a one-to-one-hundred solution of corrosive sublimate to the face once or twice a week. This is a poison and must be used with care and not too often.

Mrs. E. G. Madison, Maine.—Have your teeth looked after by some competent dentist and use, as a mouth wash, one tablet of chlorozone dissolved in a glass of hot water. This remedy will cure the mouth condition, if used three or four times a day, and continuously.

Mrs. L. S. Ashby, Minn.—The bats will not hurt any one as far as we know.

Mrs. J. S. N. Denmark, Iowa.—You seem to be suffering from a chronic malarial poison. Take after meals two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture well diluted after meals. You can also iron your shoulders and back with a hot flatiron applied over several thicknesses of flannel wrung out of hot mustard water.

Mrs. E. O. Winchester, Tenn.—By all means have your teeth attended to at once or you may become a chronic invalid.

Miss P. W. Summerville, Ill.—Vinegar is harmful if used too long and will not reduce you. Diet and exercise will do more for you in every way.

Mrs. McC. Gate City, Va.—Your gums need the care of some good dentist. Have them thoroughly cleaned and then use some good tooth-powder and keep them in good condition. Your other trouble is due to a morbid mental condition. Just mix with your friends as much as possible and, in time, you will forget your morbid fear and superstitiousness. There is no other way to overcome this condition.

Miss M. G. Greenview, S. C.—Small moles and warts as well as supposed to come from a bacterial origin. Have one or more removed by use of the actual cautery and the others will disappear.

Mrs. H. A. A. Corinth, Miss.—You must wear an elastic woven bandage during the day for the enlarged veins on leg. You can also take as a tonic a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted after meals. Use the vaginal discharge use a douche of normal salt solution morning and night. Use about a teaspoonful of salt to the pint of water.

THE BLUE HAT

By Ernest L. Thurston

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It happened because John Conrad ran for the street car and caught it. There was no reason for haste. His boarding house, where dinner awaited him, had no drawing power. Rather, it repelled by its lack of home atmosphere and by its overcharge of those varied and heavy odors which present one with practically the whole bill of fare, past as well as present, when one opens the front door. Moreover, another car was in sight. But it is an instinctive habit of the real American to run for a car. So John developed an extra burst of speed, swung aboard as the door closed and instinctively made for the one vacant seat. As he reached it, the car rounded with a sharp curve and he was precipitated neatly and with dispatch against a young girl seated by the window.

"Oh, please pardon me," he added with his ready smile, "of the motorman. I shall write the Traction Company tomorrow, directing it to establish a rule for slow speed on all curves."

The girl looked up with a slight smile and a little nod of acknowledgment. John caught a delightful glimpse of clear, frank dark eyes, a firm but sweet mouth and a positive little chin, all framed by her dark hair and by a dainty blue hat that somehow spoke of spring and out-of-doors. A straightforward little business girl she was, dressed for her work, perfectly capable of taking care of herself, yet, subtly alluring to the clean young fellow beside her.

John Conrad felt strongly the dainty attractiveness of her. Girls had had no place in his life during his few months in the great, strange city in which he was struggling to make his place. The girls and fellows had always been running into his home in the old village and he and his sisters into theirs. Real comradeship had been a natural part of his life. A wave of utter longing and homesickness passed over him.

"You're a thoroughbred and a little beauty. Wouldn't I like to know you?" he said to himself, "Think of getting away from that factory after office hours for a walk in the park, or a tramp out into the country with you, or to the movies, or for a canoe ride, or for a bite at a tea room."

Lonesomely, he pictured her at the other side of a little table overlooking the river. Just then, in the stillness as the car stooped, he heard her say quietly,

"Splendid! And then we'll stop at the Greenwood Inn for a salad and parfait."

"I know just the corner and the table, overlooking the river and the island." The words were out, impulsively, and then he caught his breath as the girl looked up sharply, with mounting color and embarrassment.

"For the— Oh, there I go again. I spoke, without realizing, before I could think. I did not mean to be rude. I—" John stumbled in his distress.

"And I," said the girl, "was evidently thinking out loud about something. It doesn't matter."

John looked down at her as she turned away and gazed out the window, the color still deep in her cheeks, and the suggestion of a smile about her lips. She looked more enticing than ever. A daring thought came into his mind. Again, impulsively, he turned to her.

"Please do not be offended, but may I say just a word? I do not wish to presume in the slightest degree, or to appear unmanly."

The girl looked at him with a queer little flicker of light in her eyes, but said nothing, and gathering his courage, John went on.

"I'm a stranger in the city and I'm absolutely starving for an acquaintance with a nice girl—with you. My name's John Conrad. I'm a chemist for the Randolph Manufacturing Company. I'm working all hours to make my work go there. It's new and untried. And I've missed home and the girls and fellows horribly. You look so delightful you make me homesick. Won't you give me a chance to get acquainted with you? Put me up against anything you wish. I was wishing for all I was worth that I knew you well enough to take you out to supper or just to an afternoon tea room. That was on my mind when I spoke out just now. Would you—could you save my life and do it? You must know I'm honest and straight about it."

The girl gave him a straight, keen look, but hesitated thoughtfully before she spoke.

"I know you are honest, but it's— and then after a moment she went on, a little smile playing about her lips. "I'm nothing but an office stenographer, a business cog, but if you really care to do it I will let you take me to—" she hesitated and then laughed, "the Greenwood Inn."

Joyously he piloted her to the quiet and cheerful Greenwood Inn, sought his particular table, overlooking the river and wooded island. There, over salad and parait and other dishes they established communities of interest. John told her of his work, of his interest in the new field of which he was in charge and of his efforts to convince the president of the company of its value. Her interest was so evident, and her questions drew him on so skillfully that finally he noticed how keen they were.

"Either you know something of the business I am in, or you are an expert at cross-questioning. Do you happen to know anything of our line?"

"Yes," with a smile.

"And where did you learn it, may I ask?"

"In the Randolph Manufacturing Company."

"What? Say that again."

"I'm your president's new stenographer." Then she giggled. "You have possibly seen my back bent over the typewriter when you have been in the office recently."

John gasped, then reached out and seized her hand. "Why is your voice I've heard over the telephone when I've been summoned to the office. I knew it was familiar. Why we're not strangers after all, are we? When I'm in that office, facing the Old Man's cross fire of questions, I can't save me tell who else is there. Thundering crickets! What have I been missing all these weeks!"

"And do you think, sir," she laughed, "that I would go off to a tea room with a young man who does not know me, and who does not even know my name, unless I knew quite a little about him? However, Mr. Randolph has given you a very good word in my hearing. So I dared, and I'm not sorry."

"Well, this is sure my lucky day. Now I want to be made properly acquainted with your name. And, say, I've a hankering to know what you were thinking about when you spoke out in the car."

"My name is Elizabeth Robinson. As to that remark," she began to color but looked him straight in the eyes. "do you think it proper to inquire as to the secret thoughts of a young woman, on so slight an acquaintance? However, I will tell you. This city is very strange and cold to me too, and I'm but a boarding house girl. I was—sort of—wishing a young man would take me out somewhere this evening."

"The fates are smiling on me," said John reaching over to shake hands again. Somehow he felt impelled to shake hands on every slightest occasion.

A little later, as they wandered through the park Elizabeth told him just a bit about her life. Her parents had died when she was a child. Then had come a few years of schooling under the care of distant relatives. Now she was supporting herself and in training for an executive secretaryship. Then she turned the talk back to him and to his home life in the distant village. Somehow she drew him on to talk of his friends and neighbors, seemingly deeply interested in the little sketches he gave of them. Gradually she carried him back to reminiscences of his boyhood days.

"When I was a kid," said John, "harvesting was the great time."

"Gathering fruit, and having all the apples one wanted."

"Yes, and choosing the best pumpkins for Halloween."

"And probably sneaking off with mother's best sheet to help make the ghost."

"You sure know it. And going chestnuting up the Back Ridge."

"And going fishing, I suppose."

"Sure, with most of the girls afraid of the worms. And then came the winter coasting and the maple sugar run. Funny thing, it comes back to me now. A small crowd of us kids used to go together in those days, but my boon companion was a girl. She was my age, about twelve or fourteen, when she suddenly left town. She was grumpy and game for anything. She was my first and only love. I was going to marry her when we grew up, but I've never seen or heard of her in all these years since she moved away. Let's see, what was her name? Betty, that's it. Betty what? Betty, Betty, Oh, Robinson, Betty Robinson. Why, Great Guns! He looked across at a hot-faced laughing girl. "You're Betty Robinson."

Later, considerably later, Betty said they really must go home.

"There's a car, let's run for it," and hand in hand they raced across the grass and caught it.

As they swung on the straps on the way back to the now warm and friendly city, and he looked down at the bright face beside him, his eyes kept going to her hat, with a puzzled look.

"What is the matter with my hat?" said Elizabeth finally. "Don't you like it?"

"John thought for a moment. "Prettiest ever. Now I have it," he exclaimed triumphantly, "my first and only love always used to like to wear a pretty blue hat."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

CHARLESTON, 410 WALNUT ST., ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I wish you would publish a few words of thanks for me to the many kind sisters who sent me letters, tracts and books, in answer to my request some time ago. I am not able to write personal letters, as I have tuberculosis. I am sixty-five years old and have read COMFORT half my life and I like it better all the time.

Love to everyone, MRS. MARY E. GRAY.

OLDS, ALTA, CANADA.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR SISTERS OF COMFORT: I am coming to you with a request. We have lost a dear brother in our home and my mother is grieving her heart away. This is the second child she has lost. My brother was twenty-five years old and was sick just a few days. I thought maybe the sisters would write comforting letters to her and help cheer her up, as I am a long distance from her. Her address is: Mrs. G. E. Gadd, Colome, So. Dak.

MRS. J. C. CRAMER.

DEAR READERS: I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time and enjoy it, especially the sisters' letters.

I am a school teacher and they deserve sympathy but you will find few to acknowledge her need of it. While I have been teaching only a few years, I think I am competent to say a little on that subject. To my way of thinking it is a great and particular work. If children love their teacher they are almost sure to try to imitate her in one way or another. Therefore, not only do we impart to them our knowledge of the subjects taught, but we also help to mold their character. The minds of children are as an unwritten book, upon which the parents, teachers and experience may imprint the thoughts and ambitions that may help in forming a noble character. Hence, it behooves us to "watch our step."

Wishing all good luck, SMILES.

God's Girls

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I think God took a patch of blue To make your baby eyes; They are so much alike, the two God's babies and God's skies. I think God took a robin's call To make your baby words; I cannot tell your song at all From music of the birds. I think God took a woodland rose To make your baby lips. They are pink petals like to those The honey-merchant sips. I think God took a bit of sun To make your baby curls— Of all His treasures, every one, God makes His baby girls.

Sent by Mrs. W. Schoenfeld, Wentworth, S. Dak.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

At fruit time make a screen frame to run different kinds of fruit butter through. Mine is about twelve by eighteen inches. Nail four boards together for frame, then tack the window screening on to boards. If the screen is used, apples do not need coring, as the screen catches the stems, seeds, etc.

Before using a new quilt or after washing an old one, bind the top with a piece of goods, old or new, about eighteen inches wide. Practically all the handling will come on this piece which, when soiled, can easily be removed and washed, thus saving washing the entire quilt. I take my quilts apart to wash them. Then after beating the cotton fluffing, I tack them together again and they are as fluffy as when new.

Mrs. HELEN JACKSON, MAXWELL, N. W. MEXICO

How many of you ever tried: Putting about a tablespoonful of water in the whites of eggs when beating them? They are much easier and more quickly beaten and it makes almost twice the amount without changing the quality.

Putting a cushion of some kind (I use a quilt or pillow) on a chair or stool and sitting down to iron. It is as easily done and much less tiresome.

Using a vegetable ladle for taking up butter. Much of the milk will drain out; it is especially good if the butter is too soft.

Cooking over your old butter for shortening purposes. Just cook the milk out and pour in a jar. I like this much better for cake and cookies than I do fresh butter. It will keep indefinitely.

Using warm vinegar to wash arms and hands when you get lye on them.

Binding a place where a rusty nail has stuck, or a thorn or cut for that matter, with turpentine on sugar. If you haven't turpentine, coal oil is almost as good.

When baking soda to the consistency of paste and binding to a string of any kind, centipede included change about every ten minutes until two or three applications have been put on.

Add a little cocoa to bread pudding when making it. It is a "nice change." —FIREKICKS.

Cayenne pepper will drive ants away if put into cracks.

Cloth wet in vinegar, wrung dry and strapped around cheese will keep it from moulding. Keep in a cool place.

Pour a little kerosene into trap of kitchen sink occasionally. It keeps it clean.

Crooked Spines Made Straight

If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be relieved—and probably wholly overcome your affliction—right in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. Eminent physicians are endorsing it. The Philo Burt Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertebrae is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed, and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. Each appliance is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. We guarantee satisfaction and let you use it 30 days. Write today for our new book. It gives full information and testimonials.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 324-1 6th Ave., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

Don't Wear a Truss



BE COMFORTABLE—Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove. MR. C. E. BROOKS Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. Name other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope. BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 1577 State St., Marshall, Mich.

The Bee Cell Supporter

A BOON TO WOMANKIND Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us \$2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. 10¢ FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 163 White Hg., Seattle, W. T.

"FIBRE-LITE" LIMBS

Easy Payment—Do Nature's Work. AGENTS WANTED who wear Leg Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO WORMAN CO., 252-C Hennepin, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A pair of scissors are essential in a kitchen. Use them to open fish and chickens and to cut meat into small pieces.

When making gelatine, use one-quarter the amount of boiling water called for to dissolve the gelatine and use ice water for the balance. This causes the setting to take place more quickly.

THE KITCHEN STUNT SISTER, GEORGIA. Grass stains may be quickly and easily removed from white serge by covering the spots thickly with powdered magnesia. Leave the powder on for a day or longer and then brush off.

To remove mildew, put one teaspoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of water, strain twice through a cloth, then saturate the mildewed article in this and lay in sun. A more simple way is to soak the article in sour milk one day and night and let remain in sun next day.

Grease spots on velvet may be removed by rubbing briskly with alcohol.

Oil spots may be taken off white linen with turpentine. This will also remove tar, paint and varnish.

Ink may be removed by soaking in fresh milk.

Ten stains will come out if they are covered at once with salt.

Common lump starch made into a paste is fine for cleaning silver.

To clean white iron beds, use one-half cup of soda dissolved in one cup of vinegar.

LUCK, WEST DUREAM, N. C.

Requests

Cure for chronic constipation.

Wanted: To hear from sisters living in Arkansas as to land, weather, labor conditions, etc. —MRS. ANNA JAY, FLAT CREEK, STAR ROUTE, MISSOURI.

Where to get an American Family Cook Book.

How to make a toy horse on wheels.—ALICE ENGMAN, WANNASKA, MINN.

Poem: "The Old Negro Preacher on Prohibition," and any other negro recitations.—MRS. CHAS. M. ANDERSON, FORT PIERCE, P. O. Box 605, FLA.

Poems: "Bingen on the Rhine" and "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."—MRS. CHLOE GASTON, MILBRIDGE, R. R. 2, MAINE.

Wanted: To hear from sisters who can knit the man's vest described in January issue of COMFORT.

Poem beginning: "I've got an older sister, who's got a stylish beau."—GERTRUDE MILLER, CHETEL, R. R. 5, WIS.

Poem: "Soerates Smokes."

Wanted, the following songs, with or without music: "On the Beach at Long Beach," "The Drummer Boy of Waterloo," "Banks of the Wabash," "Waxford Town."—MISS OMA NEWELL, WESTVILLE, R. R. 1, ILL.

The following with back numbers of COMFORT. Write first as only one copy is desired.

Mrs. Albert Parton, Las Cruces, P. O. Box 1052, New Mexico, October, November and December 1922.

Mrs. Joe Helget, Williamstown, R. R. 2, N. J., September, October, November and December 1922.

Mrs. A. M. Bland, Sedalia, 410 S. Hancock St., Mo., January and February 1923.

Mrs. Lee F. Norton, Lake Toraway, N. C., February 1923.

Miss Alice L. Fielder, Park Falls, Box 50, Wis., May 1922.

Eleanor Heck, Barthage, R. R. Box 8, Mo., January and February 1923.

Mrs. Tara Conner, Osceola, Ky., December 1922, February, March and May 1923.

Mrs. Frank Moffett, Williamsport, P. O. Box 40, Indiana, January and February 1923.

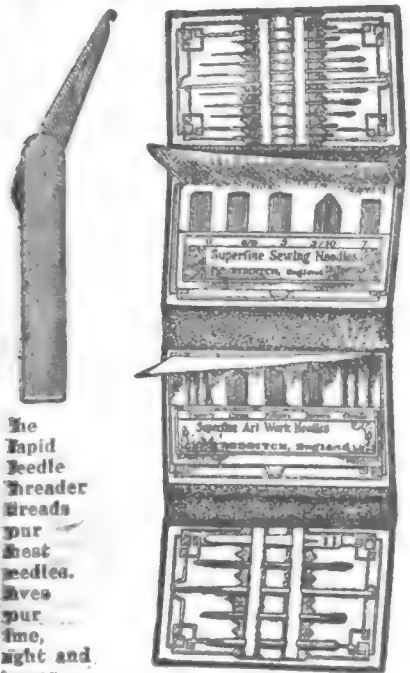
Mrs. Nettie Warren, Miles, Box 41, Texas, July and August 1922.

F. A. Thorpe, Wynot, Nebraska, November 1922.

W. W. Hopkins, Darlington, Maryland, January, February and March 1923.

Mrs. W. E. Barnes, Syracuse, 124 East Pleasant Ave., N. Y., February 19

Any Gift on This Page Is Yours for 2 Subscriptions

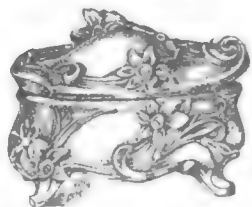


Gift No. 1132.

Rapid Needle Threader FREE with Every Needlecase

The addition of the new handy needle threader makes this favorite sewing set still more useful. COMFORT'S needleworkers. The complete set comes in a neatly folding leatherette case 14 1/2 inches and consists of 75 gold-eyed sewing needles, 15 milliners' needles, 15 silk and cotton bobbins, 15 embroidery needles, ring needles, all sorts of crochet hook and several other useful pieces. In all 142 useful pieces.

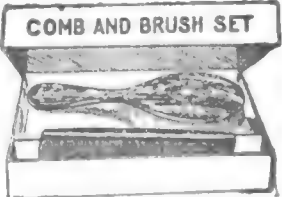
All the needles are made of the finest steel, with eyes perfectly beveled and gauged. This needleworker's companion is a practical necessity in every home.



Antique Jewel Box

Gift No. 9952.

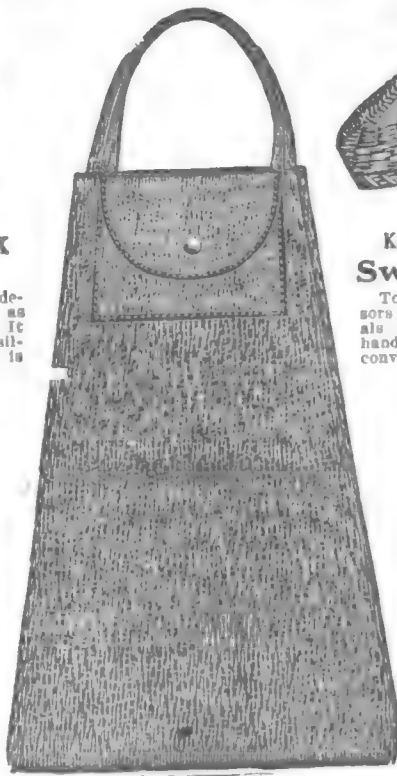
It seems hardly necessary to describe this beautiful Jewel Box as our illustration speaks for itself. It is made entirely of rich oxidized silver which will never tarnish. It is heavily embossed on all sides and on the cover. It is silk lined throughout and sufficiently large for all kinds of small articles of jewelry, trinkets, etc., measuring four inches in length, two and a half inches wide and two inches high.



2-Piece Toilet Set

Reward No. 9982.

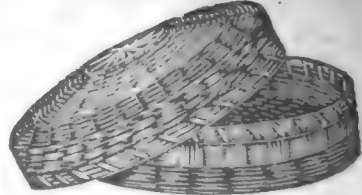
This is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverline shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and they never fail to please. Each set is carefully packed in a strong carton which will bring it to your home in perfect condition. Why not order one today?



Gift No. 1752.

Yes, Two Subscriptions Get 3 IN 1 SHOPPING BAG

A handier bag than this has never been devised. It may be used as a hand bag or opened up to twice its size (as shown in the illustration) for shopping purposes. When folded it measures 9x9 inches, when unfolded, 11x16 inches. It is made of waterproof, art-grained leatherette. Closes with snap fasteners. Large and roomy when opened. Serviceable and neat when closed. This change purse (also shown in illustration) adds the finishing touch of utility. It is the right "3 IN 1" bag—change purse, neat hand bag and roomy shopping bag, all three in one.



Gift No. 1512. Keep Your Sewing Work in This Sweetgrass Basket

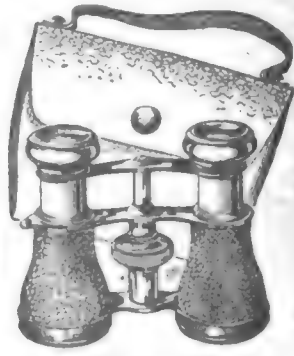
To keep needle and thread, scissors and thimble, embroidery materials and buttons all conveniently at hand every woman needs one of these convenient work-baskets. Fragrant sweet grass and colored reeds combine to make a basket of rare beauty. It is 6 inches in diameter and about two inches deep. Every basket is fashioned by hand by American Indians.



Gift No. 9992. 10-Inch Cuddly Teddy

Every little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, chubby fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him.

The soft, smooth plush of which Teddy's furry hide is made is steadily growing more difficult to obtain. This year, in order to be sure that there would be enough bears to supply our club-rangers we began buying last April. To make sure of your bear better send your club at once.



Gift No. 1232.

Opera or Field Glasses

Although commonly known as opera glasses, these glasses can also be used out of doors for identifying people, animals and objects within a reasonable distance. Farmers, motorists, Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, etc., will find these glasses to be just what they need to take with them on their trips through fields and woods.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

Reward No. 7833.

Reduced from Three to Two Subscriptions.



Hundreds and hundreds of our club-rangers have sent us three subscriptions for this stylish mesh purse and have felt abundantly repaid for their efforts. Now to make room for new gifts we offer the remainder of our supply for only two subscriptions. We can assure you that the value is the extreme value that can be offered for so small a gift.

The new "Gate Top" mesh purse comes with a 10-inch wrist chain, is handsome, stylish and perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables. A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as an inch wide over which the brightly polished silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost.

Classic Design Silver Bon Bon Dish

24-K Gold Lined.



Gift No. 9912.

This beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes: for candy, nuts, salted popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and 24 K gold lined.

We have sent out many thousands of these dishes to club-rangers and have received many compliments on their beauty, utility and extreme value.

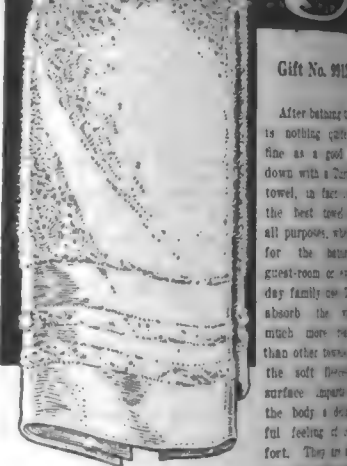
Mirror, Powder and Puff In This Handy Vanity Case

Gift No. 1772.



A high-grade mirror, a generous-sized powder compact and a satin covered powder puff all neatly enclosed in a beautiful golden case with hinged cover briefly describes this new gift. The cover of the case is beautifully chased and lacquered to prevent tarnish. Case can be refilled with new powder compacts. Powder comes in three shades—flesh, white and brunette. Which shade shall we put in your case?

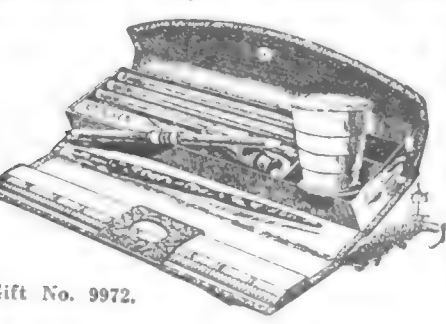
Two Turkish Towels



Gift No. 9112.

After bathing there is nothing quite so fine as a good towel. A good towel is a good investment. The best towel is the one that is made of the finest cotton, is soft, absorbent and durable. These towels are made of the finest cotton, are soft, absorbent and durable. They are the perfect gift for the bath.

School Days Pencil Set

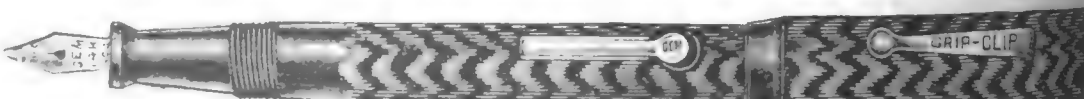


Gift No. 9972.

Here is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolgirl—a log cabin—assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10 1/2 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket of the children's lunch basket. Inside the case there are three high-grade pencils, with eraser, one quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil (in quality two pencils in a combination holder), one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler and an aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.

Every Scholar Needs a Serviceable Fountain Pen Like This

Gift No. 1462



Self-Filling Pen

We have examined many fountain pens, first and last, but we have never before found such a good writing pen as this self-filler.

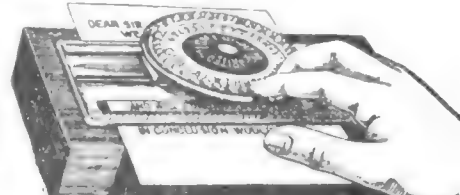
To fill all you have to do is to raise the lever on side of barrel, dip the pen point into any good writing fluid and, after the reservoir has filled, snap the lever back into place.

Pen is 6 1/2 inches long, made of best hard rubber, finely chased, with genuine 14 K gold nib. The manufacturer fully guarantees this pen to give satisfaction. It combines the quality of pens that sell for several dollars.

When school begins there will be a call for a serviceable pen like this. Why not send for it today?

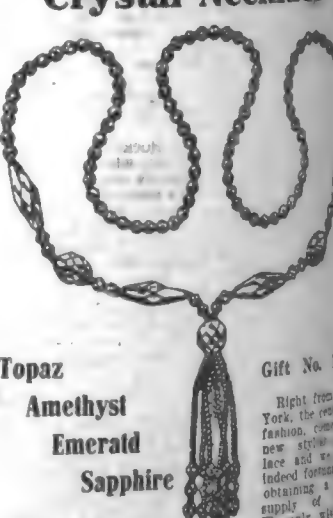
Little Giant Typewriter

Gift No. 1202.



This is a practical, satisfactory machine that writes very distinctly. It has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from one to ten, and the punctuation marks. You can use any size letter paper on it up to five inches in width and any length desired. For personal or business correspondence, making out statements, bills, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work very well. It is very easy to understand and operate, in fact a child can write on it after a few hours' practice.

Crystal Necklace



Gift No. 1112.

Right from New York, the center of fashion, comes this new crystal necklace and earrings set. It comes in four different styles—Topaz, Amethyst, Emerald and Sapphire.

This is your opportunity to secure a necklace set that will be as stylish as any that will be worn anywhere this season. And of all, it will not cost you a cent if you will accept the following special offer.



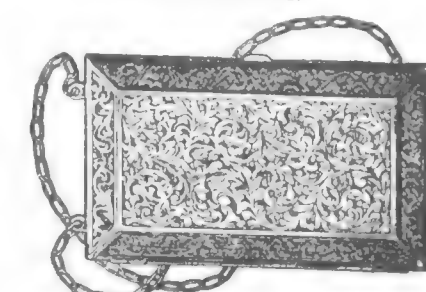
Every Home needs a Handy Flashlight

Gift No. 1212

Don't stumble around the house or barn in the dark with the uncertain aid of dangerous matches or lanterns. A flashlight will throw a penetrating beam of light far in front of you or wherever you want it. This flashlight is 6 inches long, 1 1/4 inches in diameter, equipped with powerful battery that will last many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple pressure of the thumb turns the light on or off as desired. Absolutely safe. Can't blow up, blow out nor set anything afire.

Nifty Vanity Case

Gift No. 1152.



Every woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed silver finish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest model watch, is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—3 3/4 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs.

Any Gift On This Page for Only Two Subscriptions

You can have any gift on the page if you will send us only TWO subscriptions.

Look the gifts over, make your selection and then send us two yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c a year. Each subscriber will receive COMFORT one full year and you will receive whatever gift you select. Remember that your own subscription counts one in any club of two or more.

All gifts sent free and prepaid.

Send All Orders to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

After Five Years

By Jean O'Brien

Copyright, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

He called himself a fool, a romantic fool, for going where he was going. It was always ridiculous for a man to walk back to the past this way. Why had he ever urged her to meet him here? Why, having done so, was he twice a fool to go reaping his promise? Well, he told himself, "I'll never do it again. For all I know she may be a graven creature by this time, who'll jump at the chance to fasten herself on me, maybe for life."

He recalled their last interview, and the little, but charming supper at the Casino, as he walked up the steps and seated himself on the first bench to his right, as agreed. It was the time when the wisteria bloomed, even here in the city, it had been blooming then, for they had come over here to look at the blossoms and to inhale the delightful perfume of them.

Nervously, he sat down to wait. She was not here—yet. What a relief it would be, he thought, if she did not come at all. He helped himself to a cigar and smoked while he waited. Before him, on the Mall, lovers, or people who thought they were lovers, strolled northward and southward aimlessly, trying to lose themselves in the shadows of the park.

At last a voice—hers, though different from that of five years before—made him start. Turning, he looked up into her face. What he saw was not altogether pleasant.

He could see very little of her hair which he fancied must be "dragged" back into an unlovely tight knot under her shabby, formless hat. She had forgotten, apparently how to adjust a hat; she knew, once.

How poor her clothes were too. Poor black, of all hues the cheapest. As he said gently, "Oh, how are you? Won't you sit down?" he noticed that her skirt was almost touching the ground as she stood, and that her coat sagged, and her shoes—poor—were cheap, unblackened, and so large that they actually turned up at the toes. He was glad the place was secluded; all the better for this disillusion with a vengeance.

"I thought," she began seriously, "You might not be here. But I came anyway. Even when I saw you I almost planned to walk on without speaking."

He wished she had. Yet he said, "I'm glad you didn't do that. Well, how have you been all these years?" and he laughed a little as he motioned her to the seat beside him.

She sat down, twisting her hands nervously. Ungloved hands were and less beautiful than they had been five years ago. She too, laughed as she replied to his question. "I've been up and down," she admitted. "Mostly down. It doesn't matter though."

"That's too bad. You should have succeeded if you've kept the character and the mind you had—five years ago."

"Ah—but I haven't. When I met you I believed in people, and in myself. After—I doubted everyone, including myself. It's easy to fall when you feel so."

"You mean—I was perhaps responsible for your lost faith—even your lost fortune?"

"Oh, no." She turned frank, shining hazel eyes upon him for an instant. "No one is to blame in my life, but myself. Nor in anyone's I suppose. But if you please, I'd rather not be too serious—just now."

"Very well; after another minute I'll excuse you from explaining. But first, let me say I was at least honest, wasn't I, when I said I couldn't marry you—because of your family?"

"Yes," she agreed calmly. "You were honest—then. But were you honest when you married?"

He made a gesture of impatience, almost of anger. "No, I wasn't. I deserve the rebuke. She had no family, nor character either. I married her for money. With the money I've won a career. She is—dead. You knew?"

"Yes, so I read. So—you've succeeded?" She eyed him appraisingly.

"I see," he said, "That's a question, not a statement. Well, I am a failure, in some ways."

"Oh, so am I. But I might have been worse. Might have done worse."

"Yes. You too, might have married for money; or sold yourself without marrying. I ought to congratulate you. Somehow, I thought you would go under. You loved company, you were temperamental, warm-hearted, gifted, poor. The proud kind that no one—'helps! Yet—you've been strong enough to keep your freedom."

"If," she interrupted bitterly, "I ever had it."

"Well, there, let's not make this a wake. I proposed this meeting and so it's up to me to make it as pleasant as I can. After we'd had our 'understanding' that night, about my being unable to marry you, I thought you'd never keep the promise I'd exacted earlier in the evening. Somehow, I got you to promise because, honestly, I was more interested in you than in any woman I'd ever met; and to me, psychically, financially, every way. Well, there—enough of the past. Suppose we go to some place and have a little supper as we did five years ago?"

He really trembled for having said this, fearful lest she use a woman's privilege and say she would like to sup at the Casino. How embarrassed he would be, under the circumstances.

But her answer relieved him greatly. "I'm hardly dressed," she said smiling, "for any nice place; my level would be the 'Busy Bee' or some such joint."

He laughed. "Well, choose the place, I'm game."

"Very well," she said rising. "Let's walk east; that will be toward my home anyway, and we can choose some place we pass."

They had walked several blocks in silence, and had come to a dingy restaurant, where she stopped and said, "would you care to try this?"

He entered readily, though frankly he was averse to trying it. She ate heartily, explaining truthfully that she had come out without any supper. She seemed quite at home in the dinginess. He noticed with pleasure that her table manners were above reproach and her conversation as good as ever before.

The voice which seemed a little harder, and the enunciation, which seemed more careless, changed at times. As if, in his presence, she felt, she regained her old possibilities. He remembered how well she used to read, and her clever imitations of various players. How interesting it would be to resurrect that old self, which lived once, mostly for him; how charming to make it greater than ever.

When the meal was finished and paid for, he walked out with her again. At the door she said casually, "It'll be all right not to come beyond the corner."

"But why not—go to your door?" he asked. She hesitated.

"Any good reason?" he smiled down at her. "Yes," she said seriously, "there's a good reason."

And suddenly, she smiled too but only for an instant.

"Oh!" He thought possibly her house was so poor she did not want him to see it. He felt very sorry. Standing irresolutely under the corner electric lamp, he looked down at her and said, "When can I see you again?"

"I hardly expected that," she confessed. "Well, let me see. In two weeks about—if you'll give me an address, I'll write and let you know."

He gave her a leaf torn from a pocket note-book with his address written on it. "I'll be glad to call on you—at your home—if you'll let me," he said. He was much surprised to learn he really meant this.

"Thank you—I'll write in about two weeks. Good-by."

He put out his hand, and only then did she extend her own. "Good night," he said, "and good luck. I'm glad to have met you again."

Two weeks and a few days passed, when he saw a plain, shabby little envelope on his table with the

rest of the morning mail. Just as he thought, the note inside was signed with her name; Julia Fair.

He read it curiously. "Dear Mr. Landon. If you care to call next Friday I'll be glad to see you here. About four o'clock if that suits you." She gave an address on Avenue A, which sounded hideous, he thought. He answered at once, reflecting that a poor woman deserves the highest courtesy.

On Friday afternoon, when he walked far eastward, he anticipated real pleasure, and he smiled to himself at his first idea that he could "do something" for her. It began to look as if she would do things for him. Wake up his soul, his ambitions, his old ideals.

The reveille of all these finer things, he reflected, curiously, would be all the easier because she used no personal charms such as once fascinated him so greatly. Charms which had kept him contemplating her changing face, graceful hands, light figure, instead of that character which had stood so nobly the test of years, defeats, and want.

At last he reached the number he sought. A poor shabby house almost tumbled down. It looked almost as if she had tried to find a bad one. The iron rail was broken away from its moorings on the stoop; the stone steps were broken and empty sockets gaped where once were old bells to be pulled.

In the halls, as he ascended, for she lived up four flights, smells of cooking, soap-suds, disinfectant, assailed his nostrils. The cries of children vied with the shrill voices of women scolding, and of a girl singing, who shouldn't.

Julia Fair had her name written on a slip of paper and nailed to the door. He knocked, and she let him in, at once.

As he murmured a greeting, he took in swiftly the place where she made her home. A poor, bare place, not a thing in it to stir one's soul unless it was the realization of the fortitude necessary to live and grow there.

The wash-tubs were covered with clean oil-cloth, and a small table too. A cat and a plant fought for the sunniest spot in the window. Two chairs, a few dishes and utensils, completed the furniture of this "living-room."

He caught a glimpse of a poor bed, in a narrow adjoining room which reminded him of a cell. A little trunk stood by the bed, evidently serving as both seat and dressing-case at times.

Julia wore a calico house dress and gingham apron, both ironed badly evidently by herself. On her feet were old felt slippers. But she looked much better even so, than in the seedy black of their last meeting.

He was very glad she did not allude in any way to her surroundings, nor to her poverty. How well-bred she was in this, he thought. He talked to her of such things as they used to speak of five years ago: ambitions, art and artists, Greek plays, nature—his own work and travels.

It pleased him to imagine he was carrying her once more to her Holy Land; to the sort of Arcadia where she really belonged. It pleased him still more to hope he might, delicately, somehow, offer her means to reach something like that Arcadia and stay there forever after.

Every hour she spent in this place would hurt him now; he knew that it must be the wrong place for her. Finally, deciding he must offer something he said, "you should have a better at least a different—chance. Tell me what you would like to do and I'll find means for you to get it."

She smiled, and considered for a full moment. Then she said seriously deliberately, "the thing I'd like to do—is what I'm doing. Please don't ask questions; and above all, don't worry. The thing I like to do is to develop my own soul in my own way; without help—without—excuse the harsh word—without interference—from others. Poor people—she seemed instantly to regret having used the word 'poor'—we love our liberty of choice of renunciation—always shall be glad—to see you—if you care to continue coming here."

"I didn't mean to offend you," he said gently. "surely you must know that. Then I'll ask no questions. Indeed, I'm very willing to accept you as you are. Surroundings of course, matter much less than character."

She appeared to dismiss the whole subject of herself and her affairs and began talking of trivial things. And after about an hour she announced "we must have some tea now."

He protested against it, fearing it might cost her more than she could afford; but she insisted. "The cake is baked already," she said, "and I've put the water on to boil."

Presently they sat down to the tea; the oil-cloth was left on, and she did not furnish either him, or herself, with a napkin. The dishes were common and heavy, but by way of pleasant balance, the cake was uncommonly light and good.

As he sat opposite her he found himself trying to calculate how much a yard her dress might have cost; it was so very like what one sees in prisons; this, and the common spoons, and dishes, almost made him feel she must be trying to destroy his illusions about her. He wondered how she could be so brutal to herself; surely, in these circumstances, nine women out of ten, would have either kept him away from her house, or else, bought just a few decent things.

He fancied that the sting of his parting words to her, five years before, his light rejection of the love he knew now she must have given him, had awakened a resentment in her which lived and flourished all this time, and his presence made it burst forth upon him, to hurt him in these little ways by showing him what she lived with, and rose above; to show him that she was above acting for such as he; that she would not spare him but let him see the naked truth everywhere.

When he left her, he asked if he might come "next Friday; every next Friday." She considered and then said, "well, yes, but in the evening; about eight. At four, I'm usually busy."

For seven weeks he called. Each time he offered her something. Even though she refused "help" he thought she might change her mind. He was really sorry to see her buried, psychically, by poverty which he could relieve. He offered her a chance, on the stage, and the wardrobe which would be necessary there. He offered to pay the rental, to buy furniture for a nice apartment. Then he offered money—to be used in any way she thought best. But she refused everything. Then, just before his seventh visit, he sent her a basket of fruit and some violets.

Even this she seemed to resent. From him. "I'd rather you didn't send me things," she said. He felt confused, cheap.

"I'll be giving up this place, in a few days," she said. "I've been thinking perhaps it might be better if you didn't come to see me."

His own shock at this news, announced so quietly, astounded him. He wondered why he felt so hurt. "Why"—he stammered, "what have I done?"

She only smiled. "Oh—please—don't feel hurt. You've been kind as you could be. Only—I don't think it's well to go on; these weekly visits, they can't be spontaneous; you've just made coming here a habit; maybe a bad habit. I think probably you've drifted into a situation you'd like to extricate yourself from. But you can't—gracefully. I don't mind being disgraceful; so there you are. I just want to give you back your liberty; and to thank you once and forever for having left me mine."

"You think," he stammered, his face reddening. "I've come here because I pity you? Nothing more?"

"Well—yes. That's a natural impression, isn't it? Why else?"

"It's not true," he said. "Not true. At first I did pity you. But now—I think I'm beginning to pity myself. Of course, I recognize your right to dismiss me from your house; from your life. I dismissed you, far more coolly, far more cruelly. I thought flashed upon him, and his color mounted still more. "Is it possible you are trying to 'pay me back'—"

"Oh—please," she protested, "don't think me so mean. I admit you did hurt me five years ago. Perhaps ever since I've been a little too much on my guard to prevent anyone, especially any man, from hurting me again. If I thought that—I'd be sorry."

For no one has the right to be always saving her own soul regardless of the rest of the world.

"You have the right to dismiss me," he repeated mournfully, "but before I go I'd like to say something. When a man has something to give, the best thing he has, he should offer it; whether it's to be taken, or left. I love you. I've divided it for some time; at first I admit I fought against loving you; but now my whole will is my ally. I love you more than I've ever loved any other, more than I can ever love any other. I want to marry you. I'll be glad to give you as much time as you want, to know me better; to know your own feelings better."

He thought her smile was very beautiful as she began to speak. "You—are so much better than I imagined," she said. "I really don't know what to say. Maybe I'd better not try to answer you just now. Only of course I must thank you. I realize you've offered me—more than any other man has offered. More, doubtless, than any other ever will offer me. But I hate to be mercenary. A generous man deserves better than such a woman. I would like to be sure I did not accept a generous man as a last resort—from the poorhouse. I'd like him to be sure, too. So—I'll wait; and only say thank you, now." She put out her hand.

He clasped it in his own and asked, "When can I see you again?"

"Next—Saturday," she said, pondering, "about eight." Then she wrote an address on a slip of paper and gave it to him.

He put it in his pocket. "Perhaps I'd better go at once and leave you to think, he said, smiling, "the more time I give you, the sooner I may hope for a decision."

"Yes," she agreed, "good-by."

"You will see me though," he asked anxiously. "You're not thinking of going away where I can't find you?"

"Oh, no. I'll see you. And—if you change your mind—just write. I think you're acting on impulse; generous impulse. A week isn't much time but it may be enough to warn you that you've done a foolish thing today. If such a warning comes, please—for my sake and your own—write and tell me. It will be better than to go on misunderstanding."

"I see you can't believe I've changed in five years," he said. "I deserve the very worst you can think of me; I admit that."

"Indeed, I think you deserve the very best. But we can't help our impulses; they will lead us astray. I was only trying to protect you from your better self."

"That's hardly moral is it?" he asked with a smile.

"Well, maybe not. I'm not always moral. Good-by."

So he left her. More charmed than ever by her personality. All the way home he asked himself, "how could I have known her so well and yet so ill, five years ago? What a young fool I must have been."

The following Saturday, just just before eight, Roger Landon walked along Eighth Street, till he reached the address she had given. He liked the aspect of her new home. It was a broad house, old for New York and its hall was suggestive of class, atmosphere.

He wondered could Julia be a servant for someone here? But no, she would have told him the name of the family. Perhaps she had a tiny, dark room up at the top of the house.

He examined the bells and saw her name beneath one. He touched the button and a second later the hall-door was opened.

Opened by—was it Julia? Yes, and this was the face, the figure, the taste the air, of five years before. But with an added charm of fuller womanhood. His charmed glance took in gratefully her soft satin dress of a beautiful blue with a billow-lace blouse beneath a nice little satin jacket. Her bronze hair was swirled about in a sculptural fashion he loved and remembered. An artful artlessness, just right—for her. As he followed her in, he noticed the snugly fitting black pumps on her pretty feet.

She led him into a large and lovely room on the lower floor. The walls were lined half way up, with books; above these, good sketches hung. Casts, bowls filled with brushes, an easel, portfolios, betrayed the home of an artist.

The old tapestry furniture showed the taste of its owner. Two candles in old brass candlesticks, and shaded by rose colored shades, cast a soft light upon a table, where a Cupid and a Psyche upheld a row of little books.

Julia, indicating the easiest chair, near the little circle of light said, "won't you sit down, please?"

As Landon sank gratefully into the chair, he said, "well, this is the sort of place you ought to be in."

Julia smiled. "I'm so glad you like it. Here I have lived—for nearly three years."

He started. "What?"

She colored a little. "Yes, I've deceived you," she confessed. "I wanted to see, that night, if you'd care even if, as you thought, I'd gone down. I wanted to see if you'd pretend you didn't know me, or, if you'd agree, hypocritically, to help me, and then disappear. So I made a plan. When I found you really wanted to do something kind, if you could I took these two rooms in that tenement to see how you'd wear. I wore the old clothes so you wouldn't be—you know—sex-attracted and I succeeded better than I deserved. You were serious, and you really tried to learn what my soul was like; that's what I've always longed to have a man do. Most of them never get beyond a woman's white skin. She was white and scornful."

"I'm so glad," he blurted out, "so glad you—lied. I might have acted worse if you had looked that first night as you look now."

She smiled. "When you asked me—that last time—to marry you, and told me you loved me, I could not believe it; it seemed too good to be true."

He got up quickly and took a step toward her but she rose too, and said, "don't. You must let me finish all I have to say. I was so happy. But I was a little bit afraid you might be saying it all from pity; so I couldn't take a mean advantage; I had to let you see this place; I'm not so poor; I teach the rich debutantes, and glided youths to draw a little and paint, and to chatter knowingly about art. You see, I have made some compromises to 'get on.' I want you to know—you don't have to marry me to save me from starvation, or the streets. He took another step toward her, but again she said, "no. Wait. I have more to say; I've always loved you, even when you didn't deserve it. I'm not skilful at showing how much I care. It would take me a lifetime. I—I'd been keeping you in a shrine, and I wanted to see whether you deserved it. I'm so glad you've been what I hoped, for there could never be any other for me; there never has been; I'm like that."

"I'm so glad you are," he said. "Though it's more than I deserve." Then he went swiftly to her and took her in his arms. "I've been punished," he said, "whether you realize it or not. I've lost five years of you. Nothing worse could have happened, unless I lost you forever. But maybe I can make up for the lost time."

"I hope you can," she said mischievously, "because you haven't only cheated yourself; you've cheated me."

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Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts direct from our factory to wearer. No capital or experience required. Easily sold. Big profits. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

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Agents—\$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Free Auto—Big weekly Bonus—\$1.50 premium Free to every customer. Simply show our Beautiful, 7 piece, Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 503 Madison St., Dept. 32-R, Chicago.

Earn \$10 to \$25 a Day. Sell beautiful, durable, "Novo," Hosiery. Knitted Neckwear and Pull-out Hosiery. Direct Mill to Wearer. Complete family line, silks, sport wools. Customer satisfaction defies competition. All or spare time. Investigate. Novo Mills, Dept. R, 3rd & Sedgely, Phila., Pa.

Free Offer captivates customers. 30 first day—\$20.00 profit. 100 celebrated necessities. National Products Co., 646 Grand St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Agents: A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of nearly 1000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

Agents—New style guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. All colors. Must give satisfaction or new hose free. Full line of silk hose. Write for particulars. Parker Mfg. Co., Sample 117, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents Make \$10 Daily—Big line guaranteed Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, Toilet Goods, Household Necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free Sample Case and instructions. Write for amazing offer. Perkins Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

Agents—Earn \$50 cash every week and get your own clothes Free besides, taking tailoring orders. We are the only house that pays double. No experience necessary. Real cloth samples sent Free. Full or part time men write at once for this real house. Established 1896. A. R. Stern, Sales Manager, 151 W. Harrison St., Dept. 334, Chicago.

Agents—Sell shoes direct to ladies at home or at work. Fast selling line. Liberal pay. Splendid opportunity. Apply now. Style-Arch Shoe Company, 502 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Tailoring Salesmen. Add 50% to your profits. Get the Wright line of Men's and Boys' Clothes. Lowest prices in America. Every customer for men's suit is a live prospect for a boy's suit. Women buy too. You double your sales and profit. Large samples of men's and boys' clothes in one outfit—handsome carrying case—Free. Write for full particulars. Wright & Co., Chicago, Congress, Throop & Harrison, Dept. C 32.

Rummage Sales make \$50.00 daily. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. "Wholesale Distributors", Dept. 72 609 Division Street, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Sells Like Hot Cakes; Big Profits; New Ironing Wax Pad and Adhesive Rest; Clamps Board; Perfumes Clothes; Outfit 10c. Yankee Mfg's, 380 Atlantic Ave., B'klyn, N. Y.

Agents—New Luminous Glass Name Plates, House Numbers, Glass Signs, Etc. Shine at night—Everybody wants them—Big profits. Your pay in advance, we deliver and collect. Elegant samples furnished. Crystal Products Company, 69 Wayne St., Big Prairie, Ohio.

Agents—Steady income. Large manufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

We manufacture an article of wearing apparel that can be sold in most every home by men or women agents. Enormous demand and no competition. No other firm is selling this same article direct to consumers. Our prices are 50% less than retail stores. Our agents make big profits and get them the minute they make the sale. Absolutely no experience is necessary. We can use part or full time workers. If you want a big money making proposition—easy sales and no competition write us at once for full details. Wright & Co., Chicago, Congress, Throop & Harrison Sts., Dept. D 32.

Salesmen! Sell boys' suits. The biggest money-making side line in America. Boys' suits can be sold right along with your present line to both men and women. No competition. Big profit. Sample outfit that fits in pocket. Write for full particulars. Wright & Co., Chicago, Congress, Throop & Harrison, Dept. B 32.

MALE HELP WANTED

\$133—\$192 month. Railway Mail Clerks Steady work. Sample questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B-12, Rochester, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage men, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). \$140-\$200. Experience unnecessary. 628 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Earn up to \$400 monthly, living expenses paid. We place men and women; trained in spare time at home for hotel executive positions. Easy Terms. Free Booklet. Stand. Business Training Inst., 299 Carlton Court, Buffalo, N. Y.

Railway Postal Clerks: Start \$133 month. Railroad post; expenses paid; questions free. Columbus Institute, A-1, Columbus, Ohio.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—everywhere; beginners \$150-\$250 monthly (which position?). Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Girls—Women, 16 up. Become Milliners. \$35 week. Learn at home while earning. Experience unnecessary. Sample lessons. Franklin Institute, Dept. B-800 R, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies—\$10 to \$15 daily possible selling a line of factory priced rubber goods specialties for women direct from manufacturer. Free catalogue. American Rubber Products Co., Dept. 906, Pittsburgh, Pa.

U. S. Government wants girls—women 18 up. \$1400-\$1800 year. Steady work. Short hours. Vacation. Experience unnecessary. Common education. List positions—free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B-9, Rochester, N. Y.

Women wanted as representatives of Priscilla Dress Fabrics, Dry Goods, Hosiery, etc. Pleasant work. Good pay. Beautiful samples, instructions furnished. Write Fitzcharles Dry Goods Co., 619 Fitzcharles Bldg., Trenton, N. J.

Girls—Women. Learn Gown Draping—Making. \$30 week. Learn while earning. Fascinating. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 501, Rochester, N. Y.

Earn \$20 weekly, spare time, at home, addressing, mailing, music, circulars. Send 10c for music, information. American Music Co., 1658 Broadway, Dept. 2-Y, N. Y.

FARMS FOR SALE

\$400 Secures 120-Acre Farm. 9 Cows, Horses, 4 pigs and Hungarian, acre corn and potatoes. Large vegetable garden. Hay, 100 poultry, hog, furniture, full implements included to settle quickly; convenient 2 RR towns; fine 7-room house, big barn. Price \$2000, only \$400 needed. Page 308 Bk Catalog. Strout Farm Agency, 150BG Nassau St., New York City.

California has more independent men and women than any other state. Investigate at first hand; go now. Round trip summer excursion fares, on the Santa Fe, until Sept. 30th, limited to Oct. 31st, liberal stopovers. Opportunities in California for the man of moderate means, who desires to establish a home in a delightful country, are better now than ever. Lands reasonable in price; long time payments granted. California State Land Board offers choice twenty acre farms at Malibu, Merced County, on unusual terms. Write us if interested. California folders free. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventions Commercialized on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91 St. Louis, Mo.

Patents promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-M, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Procured; Trade Marks Registered—A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N. Y.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Wagdale, Drawer 6, East Orange, N. J.

Sell us your spare time. You can earn Fifteen to Fifty dollars weekly writing showcards at home; no canvassing; pleasant profitable profession; easily quickly learned by our simple graphic block system; artistic ability unnecessary. We instruct you and supply work. Wilson Methods, Limited, Dept. 68, Toronto, Canada.

Gov't Positions, \$1400-\$2300 yearly. Many openings. 26-page information booklet free. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago.

Make Money silvering mirrors, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfit furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. D, 311 Fifth Ave., New York.

Wanted—Local Manager in each county for outdoor advertising. Big Pay. Whole or spare time. No experience required. National Co., 311 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky.

Earn money at home during spare time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 223, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, \$117-\$300, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Osment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

Silvering Mirrors, Headlights, Tableware, Replate stores, jewelry. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 99, Marion, Indiana.

\$4-\$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

REMNANTS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

POULTRY

Purebred Chickens: 7c up. Twelve best varieties. Catalog free. Missouri Chickeries, Box 10, Clinton, Mo.

FARM WANTED

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State Cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make \$15 per 100. Send 2c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENTS

338 Screaming Acts, Sketches, Monologues, Parodies, Recitation \$2. Complete Minstrel Show \$5. Gamble Pub. Co., East Liverpool, O.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

\$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Writers—Attention! Stories, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit Mus. or write Literary Bureau, C6, Hannibal, Mo.

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experienced unnecessary. details Free. Press Syndicate, 431, St. Louis, Mo.

For Ideas. Photoplay Plots accepted any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 200 Security Bldg., Santa Monica & Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Big Money In Writing photoplays, short stories, poems, songs, etc. Send today for free copy America's, greatest magazine for writers. Filled with practical help in writing and selling. Writer's Digest, 609 Butler Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5c; prints 3c each. Over-night service. Get a Free Auto. Ask for details. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Kodak Prints 3c, Developing 5c per roll. This is our regular price. Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1902 Kinney Ave., Cincinnati, O.

First trial offer—Any size kodak film developed and six glossy prints 20c. Camera Photo Co., C-3418, Burch Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Films developed 5c; Prints 3c each. The new Dovo finish. Davis Photo Shop, Dept. C, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 1c, Prints 3c each. Moser & Son, 3123 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Use Tailor's Mending Tissue to mend your garments. Needed in every home. Three yards 25c. The A. Bauer Co., 8 Arcade, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Increase Your Family Income knitting socks at home. The way to independence. The Home Profit Knitter is the world's most profitable and reliable home knitting machine. Be first in your town. We pay you \$1.75 for every dozen pairs, furnish free yarn with each machine and replace yarn used in socks you send us. Enormous demand. Free instruction anywhere. Immediate application necessary. Home Profit Hosiery Co., 338-B Hudson Avenue, Rochester, New York.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 50c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 628 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write for Style Booklet. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Dayreport, Ia.

Switches—\$2 Made the sanitary way. From your own combings \$1.50. Booklet free. Mrs. E. Mack, Canton, N. Y.

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING

Hemstitching and Picotting Attachment, works perfectly on all sewing machines. Improved, superior in every way. The only attachment made that does perfect work. Price \$2.00 prepaid with instructions. Fully guaranteed. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Box 71-B, Hamtramck, Mich.

Guaranteed Hemstitching and Picotting Attachment. Fits any sewing machine. Makes beautiful work. Literature and testimonials free. \$2.00 prepaid or sent C. O. D. LaFlech Hemstitching Co., Dept. D, Sedalia, Mo.

POST CARD CLUBS

Exchange Letters and Postcards. Either sex. Write Correspondence Club, 1013-89th St., Woodhaven, N. Y. (Stamp).

LAND SEEKERS

Opportunity awaits you near thriving city in Lower Mich. 20, 40, 80 ac. tracts, only \$10 to \$60 down, bal. long time. Write for free bklt. Swigart Land Co., 6156 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

BUSINESS BY MAIL

\$25,000. I made it small Mail Order Business. Booklet Free. Tells How Plan 25c Free 12 Articles worth \$3. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

Three Wheel Chairs in August 1923 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The recipients of the three August wheel chairs are: Mrs. Maude Hall, R. 1, Kadebilla, Ala.; 1507 Sherman Tidwell, Annis, Miss.; 74; Ethel M. Long, McSkill, Ark. 64. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or their friends for them. Mrs. Maude Hall, age 38, has been disabled the past sixteen months due to obstructed lymphatic circulation in her lower limbs in consequence of which her left leg had to be amputated just below the knee, and she has lost the use of her right leg. She is a great sufferer, and her husband, who is a farmer, has exhausted his financial resources for her medical and surgical treatment in the effort to restore her to health. She is the mother of five bright little children. It is a sad case in every aspect, but the wheel chair will mitigate her suffering and alleviate the distress of her family. Sherman Tidwell, age 18, is unable to sit or stand because of white swelling of his legs. The wheel chair will be a mother in caring for him. Ethel M. Long, age 4, has never been able to walk, due to hydrocephalus (enlarged head with water on the brain). Her head

is larger than that of a grown person should be. She can sit supported in a rocking-chair, and can use her hands and arms, but cannot stand. Both of her parents are living, and as there are three other children, two boys four and five years of age respectively, and a baby girl, they have their hands full providing and caring for the family. Needless to add that this wheel chair will be a blessing to Ethel and her parents.

The three chairs awarded in August being only half the number awarded in July may seem a considerable decline, but it is no discouragement to me because it is no greater drop than usual at this season when summer work, summer vacations and hot-weather lassitude cause an annual temporary abatement of effort on the part of our subscribers in behalf of the wheel-chair applicants. With the advent of crisp fall weather the Wheel-Chair Club will quicken its pace; and I beg our readers to start the acceleration immediately, for we have a list of poor shut-ins distressfully in need of wheel-chairs.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GARNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. for the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 new subscribers

to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL-CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. His a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little better each month than you do yours.

Comfort's Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Joshua Baker, Ala., for Mrs. Maude Hall, 180 subs; Mrs. Claude Camp, La., for Eunice Camp, 43; Miss Ruby Greer, Texas, for W. A. Greer, 21; H. F. Fielden, Texas, for W. A. Greer, 21; Mrs. W. A. Yeats, Texas, for Leola Yeats, 25; Mrs. Ella Burkall, Mo., for Mrs. Amanda Wilkinson, 35; Mrs. Whit Afford, Ala., for her daughter, 18; Mrs. Essie Tidwell, Ala., for Mrs. Frances McKroy, 13; Geraldine Ball, Nebr., for Arline Klingaman, 12 subs. and \$1.50; Mrs. W. A. Wilt, Texas, for R. B. Banks, 11; Mrs. Minnie Owen, Mo., for Jewel Lightfoot, 19; Mrs. L. A.

Smith, Texas, for Mary Woodall, 9; Annie McGahee, for Annie Carpenter, 9; Philip Bentel, S. C. for General, 7; Mrs. Cora Blackwell, Tenn., for Jack Brooks, 7 subs; Mrs. A. N. Welbe, Texas, 6; Mrs. Ruby McBrayer, Ark., for Ethel Long, 5; Mrs. L. G. Camp, Ark., for Oneda Garman, 5; Mrs. J. M. Davis, Ark., for own wheel chair, 5 subs. and \$3.00; R. B. Banks, Texas, for Carl Banks, 5 subs. and \$1.00; Mrs. Laura Frase, Md., for J. L. Swanson, 1 sub. and \$1.00; Lafayette Swanson, N. C. own chair, \$20.00; Mrs. A. McClellan, Mont., for General, \$5.00; From a Friend, \$5.00 for General; Mrs. J. C. Seafar, W. Va., for General, \$4.50; Weems Chapel Sunday School, Tenn., for General, \$3.50; J. B. Banks, Texas, for Carl Banks, \$2.00; A Florida Friend, Fla., for General, \$2.00; Ricardo Belden, Conn., for General, \$1.25; Mrs. W. S. McCulloch, Ill., for General, \$1.00; Sarah E. Smith, Fla., for General, \$1.00; From a Friend, Mass., for General, \$1.00; Betty P. Doubt, for J. L. Swanson, \$1.00.

Turn About

Smith got married. The evening of his first pay-day he gave his bride \$14 of the \$15 salary, and kept only \$1 for himself.

But the second pay-day Smith gave his wife \$1 and kept \$14 himself. "What John," she cried, in injured tones, "how on earth do you think I can

manage a whole week on a paltry dollar?" "I'll admit I don't know," he answered. "I had a rotten time myself last week. It's your turn now."—Topeka State Journal.

Blame Him

A man to praise
Is Henry Grouser;
He never says
"I pulled a boner."
—Birmingham Age-Herald



This superb 110-piece Set, with initial in 2 places on every piece, decorated in blue and gold, with gold covered handles, consists of:

12 Dinner Plates, 9 in. 12 Cups
12 Breakfast Plates, 7 in. 12 Saucers
12 Soup Plates, 7 1/2 inches 12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6 1/4 in.
12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches 1 Platter, 13 1/2 inches
12 Fruit Dishes, 6 1/4 in.

1 Platter, 11 1/4 inches
1 Celery Dish, 8 1/4 inches
1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7 1/4 inches
1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
1 Vegetable Dish, 10 1/2 in., with lid (12 pieces)
1 Deep Bowl, 8 1/2 inches
1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
1 Small Deep Bowl, 5 inches
1 Gravy Boat, 7 1/4 inches
1 Creamer
1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

Brings 110-Pc. Martha Washington Blue and Gold Decorated Dinner Set

A superbly decorated Dinner Set, so beautiful and of such splendid quality that you must see it to realize what a bargain it is. Send only \$1 and Hartman will ship the complete set. Use it for 30 days on Free Trial. Then, if not satisfied for any reason, send it back and Hartman will return your \$1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep it, take nearly a year to pay—a little every month. Remarkable Presents Given Free—See Below.

Your Initial in Gold, Surrounded by Wreath of Gold, in 2 Places on Every Piece (Gold Covered Handles)

Beautiful Colonial Martha Washington shape. All handles are of solid design and are covered with gold as found only in costliest sets. Every piece decorated with a rich gold band edge, a mazarine blue follow band and 2 pure gold initials in Old English design, surrounded by gold wreaths. Notice the beautiful white lustrous body. It's a set you will be proud to put on your table—and at our price an unrivaled bargain. And if you act quickly you also get

FREE Beautiful Centerpiece, Six Dainty Doilies to Match and 6 Silver Plate Knives and Forks

We want to prove to 50,000 more customers that Hartman gives the best merchandise, biggest values and most liberal terms ever known. And to get these 50,000 new customers at once we send, absolutely FREE, the centerpiece and 6 doilies; also the 6 heavy, richly patterned knives and 6 forks pictured above. The centerpiece is 36 inches in diameter and the doilies are 12 inches in diameter. All are "Indian Head" line and are finished with dainty embroidered scalloped edges. The 6 knives and 6 forks are of fine extra silver plate decorated in artistic fleur-de-lis pattern. To get these free articles you must send AT ONCE. The offer is limited. Only 50,000 will be given Free—so act quick.

Order No. 320EEMA18. Bargain Price, \$34.85. Pay \$1 Now. Balance \$4 Monthly.

The Centerpiece, 6 Dainty Doilies to Match and 6 Silver Plate Knives and 6 Forks are FREE

Important!

Hartman guarantees that every piece in this set is absolutely first quality—no "seconds." This is a standard or "open" pattern. Replacement pieces may be had of us for three years. Each piece wrapped in tissue paper. Excellent packing to prevent breakage. Shipped at once.

FREE Bargain Catalog FREE GIFTS

316 pages of the most astounding bargains in furniture, rugs, carpets, sewing machines, silverware—everything for the home; also farm machinery, etc.—all sold on our easy monthly payment terms and 30 days' free trial. Also explains Hartman's gift plan by which you receive many splendid articles such as glassware, dishes, silverware, tablecloths, napkins, etc., absolutely FREE with your purchases. Send a postal for this big free bargain catalog today.

"Let Hartman Feather YOUR Nest"

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co. Dept. 5616 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Enclosed find \$1. Send the 110-Piece Dinner Set No. 320EEMA18, Price \$34.85, as described, and with it the centerpiece and 6 doilies; also 6 silver plate knives and 6 forks absolutely FREE. It is understood that if I am satisfied, I will send you \$4.00 monthly until full price of Dinner Set, \$34.85, is paid. Title remains with you until paid in full. If not satisfied, after 30 days' free trial, I will ship all goods back and you will refund my \$1 and pay transportation charges both ways.

Name _____ Occupation _____
R. F. D., Box No. _____
or Street and No. _____

Post Office _____ State _____
If your shipping point is different from your post office, fill in the below
(Send shipment to)

HARTMAN Furniture & Carpet Co.
Dept. 5616 CHICAGO, ILL.

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